July, 1963
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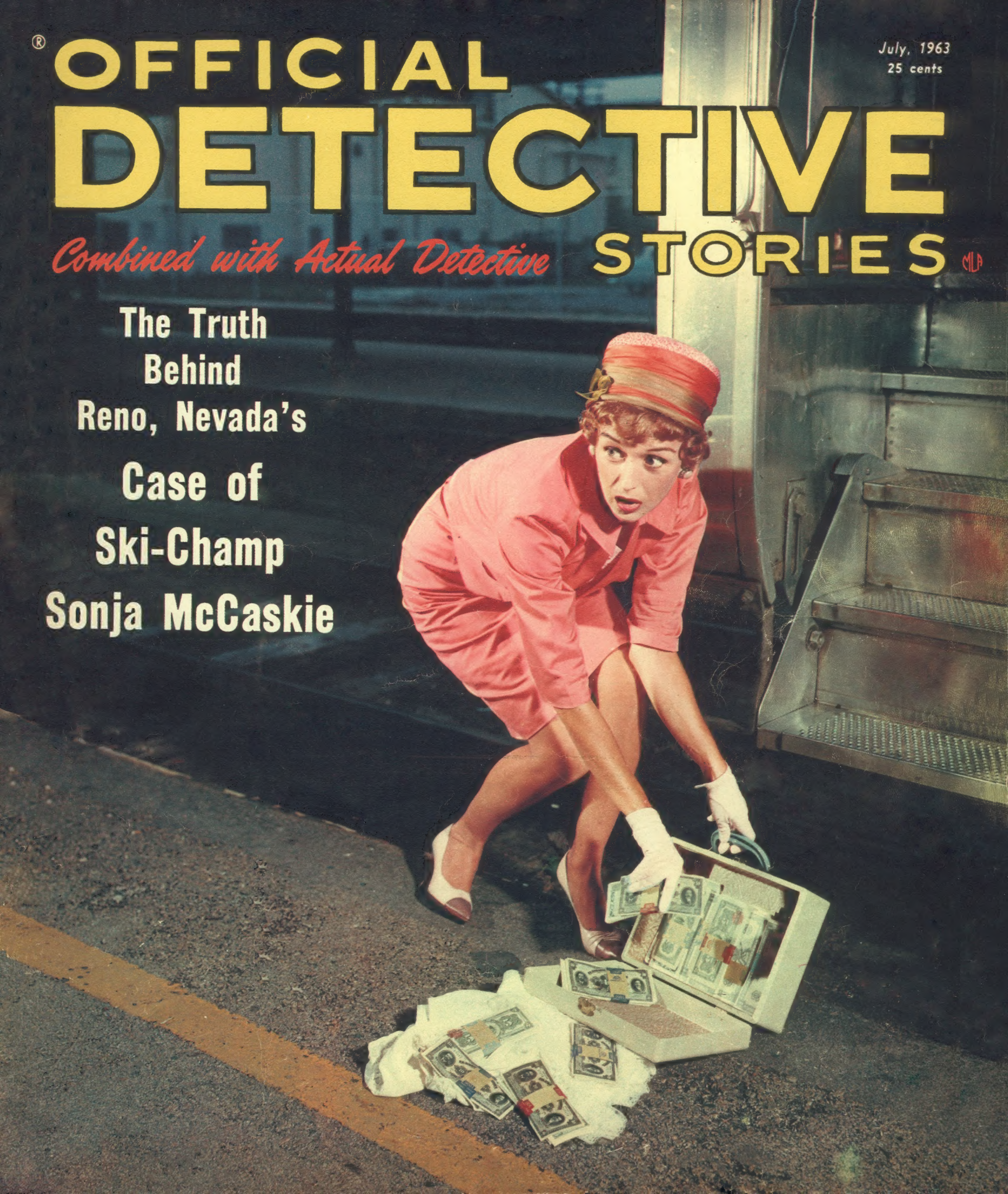
® OFFICIAL DETECTIVE STORIES

Combined with Actual Detective

MLP

The Truth Behind Reno, Nevada's Case of Ski-Champ Sonja McCaskie



NOW YOU CAN SOLVE "TOUGH" MATH PROBLEMS LIKE THIS!

47892 X 39421 = ?

AS EASY AS 1 + 1 = 2

GET A BETTER JOB WITH HIGHER PAY, SECURITY IN THIS ATOMIC AGE!

This man is multiplying numbers that should ordinarily produce the answer in about 4 minutes. The answer appears on his blackboard in less than 15 seconds flat! Yet he knows little about math! As a matter of fact he failed arithmetic in school. Read on to discover the fantastic new method that even a child can learn easily in just a few short hours — at home . . .

Yes, in just hours you can turn into a "math wizard" even though you know little about arithmetic! Surprise your friends with your "E-Z MATH" ability . . . enjoy job security and advancement . . . a better job . . . Increase your self-confidence and prestige—all through amazing new "E-Z MATH".

The world is moving *fast* these days. In good times and bad the ability to handle mathematical problems in our age of electronics, automation and nuclear science is becoming more and more necessary for promotion on the job and for higher pay. If you don't think you have what it takes—and if you believe that "math" is beyond your power—then you're in for the biggest surprise of your life!

For now you CAN learn to DIVIDE, MULTIPLY, ADD and SUBTRACT figures not only *quickly* and *easily*—but also in a FRACTION of the time the average person requires! You can actually solve such tough problems as multiplying a 5-figure number by a 7-figure number in your head without ever touching pencil to paper . . . or dividing 836791 by 284, for example, in exactly 15 seconds—even if you "flunked" math in school!

The secret of success in "math" is NOT laborious study and wearisome practice—but, on the contrary, knowledge of SPECIAL SHORT CUTS, LITTLE-KNOWN METHODS of calculation and arithmetical "tricks" that take the work and gamble out of figuring. These methods—so new and radical that they have not yet been incorporated in our school systems—take but a few hours to learn. Yet they permit you to OUT-THINK and OUT-FIGURE the average high school and college graduate who hasn't had the benefit of these amazing methods! You can even BEAT AN ELECTRIC CALCULATOR in answering many problems!

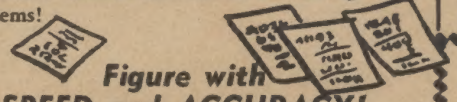


Figure with SPEED and ACCURACY!

"E-Z MATH" shows you in plain, easy-to-understand language how to cut figuring time in HALF and even in QUARTERS—and at the same time arrive at the *correct* answer in every case! The methods and short cuts you learn in "E-Z MATH" are *foolproof* . . . require almost NO memorization . . . and are so *practical* that you'll find yourself using these systems virtually every day. You'll become an expert in no time at all. Before you know it—you're ready to move into that important job you've always wanted . . . to drive ahead and in greater responsibility at higher pay . . . and to amaze, surprise and delight your friends with your new magic powers of mental arithmetic! Yes, "math" will open up new opportunities for you, since the person with "math" know-how can just about "write his own ticket."

Sharpen Your Brain Power— with Short-Cut "E-Z MATH"!

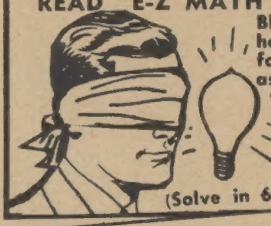
Imagine being asked to divide 38634 by 89½—and rattling off the answer absolutely correctly in 7 seconds! Or—multiplying 369.34 by 982.7 and coming up with the correct result in 11 seconds! Or adding 29 numbers each with 6 digits—and supplying the right total every time! People will GASP at your fabulous lightning-quick mind. You'll be able to JUGGLE numbers . . . do STUNNING TRICKS . . . amaze your friends and boss—and be a "master mind!"

With a knowledge of "E-Z MATH" you no longer need be puzzled by such every-day figuring as computing interest charges on installment purchases . . . division, multiplication and addition of fractions . . . adding long rows of numbers with 100% accuracy . . . adding and subtracting fractions from whole numbers—plus many, many other practical and valuable pointers you will use daily to your advantage. The few hours you spend with this course will really pay off. Numbers are the basic instrument of all scientific and technical work. The man or woman who can use "math" is rewarded, recognized quickly, moves *ahead* in his job faster and more surely!

Order Today on No-Risk Free Home Trial!

Send for "E-Z MATH" today on our no-risk money-back guarantee: use the book for 30 days . . . prove to your own satisfaction how far a knowledge of "E-Z MATH" can advance you in business and social life. If you don't agree that this is the *best investment* you've ever made . . . if your family and friends aren't AMAZED by your new ability—return the book for full and prompt refund.

CAN YOU SOLVE THESE EVERY-DAY BUSINESS AND SOCIAL ARITHMETIC PROBLEMS IN THE TIME ALLOWED? YOU CAN DO THEM EASILY EVEN WHEN BLINDFOLDED—AFTER YOU'VE READ "E-Z MATH"!



Blindfold yourself and have someone call the following numbers to you as you add them:

739
463
906
785
642

(Solve in 6 seconds) ?

$\frac{9864372}{8146}$ = ? (Solve in 9 seconds)

$\frac{4}{7} \times \frac{9}{4}$ = ? (Solve in 4 seconds)

1¾% interest per month amounts to what percentage yearly? (Solve in 4 seconds)

367 X 75 = ? (Solve in 3 seconds)

WHAT IS "E-Z MATH"?

"E-Z MATH" is based on an amazing new method of working with numbers—easier to learn and remarkably faster and more accurate than you ever dreamed possible when you took math in school. You'll be shown the newest way of *reading* numbers—just as though they were *words*—and of adding and subtracting them almost at a glance—INSTANTLY! You'll be shown a unique new technique for adding hundreds and even thousands of numbers without ever making a mistake . . . yet you'll never add higher than eleven! Yes, from now on you'll whiz through all figuring problems without wasting your valuable time—through income tax, checking grocery lists, homework—as fast as a calculator. You'll never again dislike or avoid numbers—you'll actually ENJOY using them to get ahead in business!

WHAT THEY SAY:

"My 10-year old had nearly always failed arithmetic with old-method arithmetic. Then he found my copy of 'E-Z MATH'. Now in less time than you can put the numbers on a blackboard, he can multiply 8391726547 by 12. It's amazing and incredibly easy. I use it myself on my job and my wife uses it to check grocery lists."

A Father

"You have a unique new teaching approach for which I compliment you. It's the best I have ever seen. Pupils' marks seem to be climbing as a result. Should help in any job. Excellent for home tutoring use."

—SCHOOL PRINCIPAL

"Thank you! Thank you! Thank you! All our children are using your system too, and it is terrific. My husband and I are using it—and it works! My husband has already received a job advancement with tremendous boost in pay. Best investment we have ever made!"

-HOUSEWIFE

"My employee, Joe Malone, asked for a better job. I recommended he read 'E-Z MATH'. Now that he can do 'tough' problems easily, I've promoted him to head of his department with a $35. weekly increase in pay. I now suggest all employees read 'E-Z MATH' if they want to get ahead in their jobs."

Business Executive

MAIL NO-RISK FREE HOME-TRIAL COUPON NOW!

E-Z MATH PROGRAM DEPT. 27
285 MARKET ST., NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

OK! Prove to me that "E-Z MATH" can bring me higher pay, prestige and social advancement! Rush book to me postpaid in plain wrapper for 30-day free examination and use. If I don't agree with everything you say about "E-Z MATH"—I may return book for prompt refund. I am enclosing $1.98 as payment in full.

NAME ..... AGE.....
(Please Print)

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... ZONE..... STATE.....

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NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

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Medical DOCTOR SHOWS YOU *Amazing* NEW Way TO REDUCE that

FLOATS FAT RIGHT OUT OF YOUR BODY -WHILE YOU SLEEP! thru SLUMBERSLIM!

NEWS About A Revolutionary Reducing Plan Based On 20th Century Discoveries

that has virtually swept the overweight population of the nation, available for the first time in a new book. Easiest way to reduce known to science.

This NEW book, "THE AMAZING SLUMBERSLIM PROGRAM" causes your body to LOSE WEIGHT THE FASTEST ACTING WAY! NEW WONDER SLUMBERSLIM ACTS DIRECTLY ON THE CAUSE OF YOUR OVERWEIGHT - yet it's SAFE, AUTOMATIC. This complete program that works WHILE YOU SLEEP, melts up to 37 pounds off men and women.... WITHOUT a SINGLE HUNGRY MOMENT, WITHOUT STARVATION, WITHOUT TORTUROUS OR CALORIE COUNTING DIETS, WITHOUT EVEN GIVING UP THE FOOD YOU WANT TO EAT.

Here it is! The method that's been quietly whispered about for months. The revolutionary SLUMBERSLIM Program that up until now leading doctors in the field have only given to a few selected patients. The new Slumberslim Program referred to by doctors as THE FAT MELTER PLAN that works while you sleep..... while you relax - and while you take it easy - the plan that takes all the torture out of reducing - that produces amazingly remarkable results quickly and easily so that when your friends see you in as little as twelve days they may hardly recognize you! Does it sound too good to be true! You can try this revolutionary program for those first twelve FABULOUS days ENTIRELY AT OUR RISK! This book must work for you. You must get the same fantastic results reported by Doctor after Doctor in case studies OR YOU DON'T LOSE ONE CENT!

Stop torturing yourself! Here's why Reducers SUCCEED THIS WAY---- when others always failed!

Doctors have known that ordinary reducing plans that you pay $5, $10 and $20 for in stores cannot work unless they use the priniples of the SLUMBERSLIM PROGRAM! You can use these same principles and reduce Painlessly and Effortlessly without spending any more than the cost of this revolutionary NEW twentieth century book. The SLUMBERSLIM PROGRAM is better than spending money for pills, powders or liquids that do nothing more than dull you hunger for only a short time. SLUMBERSLIM USES THE DYNAMIC LAWS OF PERMANENT WEIGHT REDUCTION and begins when you fill out the coupon below! Not one of the products sold in stores today does ANYTHING to ACTIVELY help you REDUCE your weight! or take the strain off starvation dieting! to help you OXIDIZE that fat.... to help you BURN UP those ugly pockets of fat.....to MELT IT AWAY FOREVER!

How often have you struggled to do the job of reducing all by yourself? How often have you spent week after week of torture and after all this you were lucky if you whittled away 5 or even 10 lbs. And then your will - power snapped! You broke your torturous diet. You gave up your USELESS pills and the FAT FLOWED BACK - uglier and heavier and more deadly than before!

NOW---AT LAST YOU CAN LOSE WEIGHT PERMANENTLY

faster and safer than you ever dreamed possible! This amazing NEW book written by a noted physician is now the GREATEST weapon you can use against deadly excess fat. Even as you read this message thousands of people are using this book because it shows how to scientifically melt away the large deposits of fat which give so many overweight people their ugly appearance!

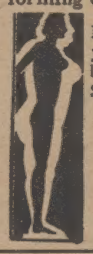
The author of this book employs principles of reducing that all medical science agrees with because the principles in this book are PERFECTLY safe and easy to follow. Many doctors have used it themselves when they wanted to lose weight.

UP to 37 Pounds Gone---FOREVER!

Doctors instructed dozens of their patients to follow the principles of the Slumberslim Program in their own home under their supervision. These men and women did NOT torture themselves in any way - did NOT take unknown tablets and pills - they did NOT give up eating amounts of food they loved... they did NOT do any exercises - as a matter of fact they enjoyed themselves.

And then - as they awakened each morning, faster and easier and safer than they had ever known before, the excess ugly fat around their bodies melted away! Without suffering a single hungry moment they were SHEDDING those extra pounds and ugly fat while they were enjoying three delicious meals a day.... most even eating between-meal snacks while they were losing inch after inch from around their hips, waistline thighs------ all over their bodies! Yes, they SHED pounds and inches faster than ever before. Amazingly enough they began to fit into the smaller size clothing they had put away YEARS before in closets and storage attics-they began to notice a NEW YOUNG LOOK to their faces and chins, that they thought was gone forever.

And by following the plan ... in a matter of weeks these men and women lost as much as 15 - 29 and even 37 pounds. They could continue to keep their weight exactly as they wanted it for as long as they lived! Because from now on, for the rest of their lives, they had an active FAT-REDUCING PLAN that would actually help keep that ugly fat from forming on their bodies again.



Free yourself from your Death Trap. If you are overweight today, then the possibility is that you may die up to 2- years SOONER than you otherwise would !

Lose Weight the FASTEST ACTING WAY-----WHILE YOU SLEEP-----SAFELY AND EASILY. USE THE FAT MELTER PLAN AND gain a NEW YOUNG LOOK

USERS REPORT AVERAGE of 5 lbs. LOST IN THREE DAYS!

"I felt it working for me right away..... lost 5 lbs. the first 3 days, and maybe by the time you receive this, I will have lost more.
Mrs. F.J.M., Somerville, Mass.

"Can't thank you enough, have already lost 19 lbs. in a few weeks.
Mrs. N.M.P., Los Angeles, Calif.

"Lost all my excess pounds in only 19 days - and I was extra heavy.
Miss E.S.M., Battle Creek, Mich.

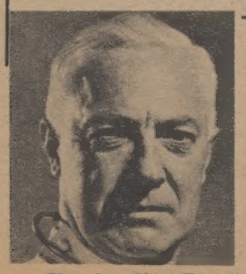
"Please rush copy to my friend..... have already lost 7 pounds.
Mrs.S.R.A., Baltimore, Md.

"Carved off 15 pounds in first, few weeks. Must compliment you."
Mr. J.V.S., Newark, N.J.

Test it for 15 days at OUR risk! Prove it to yourself at no cost!

And now this same tested and proven Slumberslim Program complete with nothing else to buy - is yours to try in your own home without risking a penny - available now for the first time.

Yes, you try the amazing Slumberslim Program ENTIRELY at our risk! It must melt your ugly, excess fat - both pounds and inches - RIGHT OFF YOUR BODY, BEFORE YOUR VERY EYES in the first fifteen days alone - OR EVERY PENNY OF YOUR MONEY BACK! There is no guesswork or exaggeration with the Slumberslim Program. IT IS BASED UPON ESTABLISHED MEDICAL FACT! YOUR OWN DOCTOR can confirm these facts. The principles behind this AMAZING treatment have been praised by leading medical journals all over the world. The "Amazing Slumberslim Program" is ALL you need to buy to melt that excess fat off your body... there is nothing else needed whatsoever to help curb hunger or reduce even faster. You MUST get the Results you've always dreamed of - or your full money back. Act TODAY!



MEDICAL PROOF

NO BETTER METHOD EXISTS THAN the NEW Amazing SLUMBERSLIM. This REVOLUTIONARY METHOD has been acclaimed by America's Leading publications! Tested by leading Doctors for Safety and Effectiveness, the results were so amazingly successful, they were published in LEADING journals so others could be acquainted with these astounding discoveries.
(Posed by Professional Model.)

Slumberslim, Box 322, Lenox Hill Sta., New York, N.Y.

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SLUMBERSLIM PROGRAM, Dept. FR-6
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Yes, I want to reduce pounds and inches PERMANENTLY and PLEASANTLY without starvation dieting... even while I am eating everything I wish. RUSH my copy of the complete SLUMBERSLIM PROGRAM in plain package, which includes everything I need for quick and easy weight reduction. I understand SLUMBERSLIM is absolutely safe and that my money will be refunded if I am NOT THRILLED with results in 15 days after using . I enclose $3.95 in cash, check or money order as payment in full.

I WANT TO LOSE:
- ☐ 5 lbs
- ☐ 10 lbs
- ☐ 15 lbs
- ☐ 25 lbs
- ☐ 30 lbs
- ☐ ? lbs

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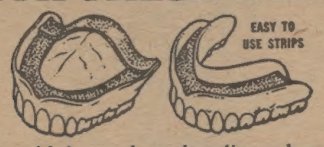

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OFFICIAL DETECTIVE STORIES

Combined with Actual Detective

Vol. 32 No. 7 July, 1963

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WHAT DOES AN ELECTRONIC SUPERCHARGER DO?

Every single mile you drive, your Electronic Supercharger delivers about 14 million volts of cold, high-frequency electricity into every cylinder—**breaks up** the molecules of your gasoline, making it **ignite faster** and more thoroughly. Regular ignition is like trying to **set fire to a log. Electronic Supercharging** is like breaking that log into tiny shavings—making it easy to ignite. The result is **instantaneous firing of fuel in the gas chamber.** That means: **1. Instant Starting. 2. Smooth Idling. 3. Instant response to gas pedal. 4. 15% to 35% more miles per gallon. 5. Freedom from ignition problems. 6. A cleaner, more efficient engine — freedom from knocks, pings, bucking.** You get all this using only the **extra electronic** power every car generates but wastes.

INSTANT STARTING

. . . the result is instantaneous firing of the fuel in the gas chamber. You must get instant starting even in below zero weather, the smoothest idling you ever hoped for, freedom from ignition problems, instant response to the gas pedal . . . PLUS an always cleaner, more efficient, more dependable engine free from knocks, pings and bucking — even under the heaviest loads. **You accomplish this with using only the electronic power that everyone is now completely wasting!**

SIMPLE 2-MINUTE INSTALLATION

No tools or mechanical skill required — it's easier than changing a spark plug. Just snap off the clips that hold your distributor cap and lift if off gently. Inspect the cap and points; then, simply lift out the old rotor with two fingers and drop in the Electronic Supercharger. Seat the cap back on carefully and snap on the retaining clips. That's all you have to do!

YOUR CYLINDERS BECOME LITTLE GAS REFINERIES

. . . the gas in your tank is loaded with lead and other chemicals to increase octane ratings (high test). You really pay through the nose for chemicals that lead foul your plugs and damage pistons and cylinders. Instead of giving you these damaging chemical octanes, the Supercharger makes the extra octanes by refining the gas after it is in the cylinder. You get greatest power potential from gas that is cheaper because it is not loaded with harmful lead and other additives.

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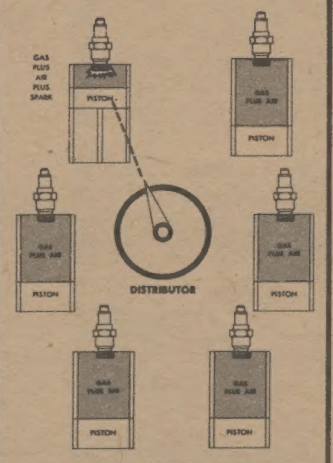
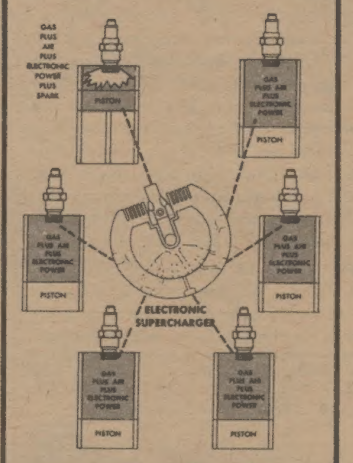
From the MOTOR EQUIPMENT WHOLESALERS ASSN. NEWS BULL.

"Revolutionary gas-saver! Our Studebaker Commander has been averaging 10.2 miles per gallon. After installing the Solar Volt, we got 18.6 miles per gallon in heavy traffic — and 22.5 coming back along the same road in less traffic. Unbelievable as it is, that is an increase of 13.5% to 35.6% in gas mileage!"



ORDINARY IGNITION SYSTEM

Ordinary ignition sends a mixture of hot electricity (amperage) and cold electricity (voltage) only to **one cylinder at time.** Only the hot electricity (amperage) is used to explode the gas-air mixture. **The power from the cold electricity (voltage) is completely wasted.**



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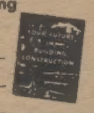

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The lonely roadside where the barefooted woman was found and the long hunt for her killer began

But Jessie May Wanted to Go On Singing

Her love of music led her from Bakersfield to Lamont, California. Could it help police learn whose fist had made it her swan song?

By J. K. Harris

Special Investigator for ACTUAL DETECTIVE STORIES

THE driver hit the brakes hard. Tires screamed and the pickup truck came to a shuddering halt. He jammed it into reverse and went back to take another look at what he thought he had seen alongside the road in the glare of his headlights. It was 1:30 in the morning.

Yes, it was there. The body of a woman, sprawled on the road shoulder.

The driver, Rannel Green, jumped out and went over to her. She was dressed in black Capri pants and a white blouse. The blouse was pulled up, almost over her head.

"Lady!" Green called to her. "Lady, are you hurt?"

She gave no answer. The lady was dead.

At this time of morning little traffic moved on Herring Road, about 30 miles south of Bakersfield, California, and six miles south of the small community of Lamont. Green stood beside the body, wondering what he should do.

Car headlights loomed some distance up the road. Green hailed the driver down.

"What's the trouble, Buddy?"

"There's a dead woman over there."

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"What happened?"

"Search me. I was just driving by and happened to see her."

The other driver got out. He took a look and said: "Suppose it could be a hit-run?"

"Maybe, but why would anybody be walking on the highway out here?" It was a deserted stretch of road, with no homes in sight as far as either driver could see.

"What do you figure we ought to do?"

"Suppose you drive in to the Sheriff's Office in Lamont," Green suggested. "I'll stay here with the woman."

The driver of the other car eyed Green quizzically. Green said quickly: "Look, I didn't hit her or kill her. I was just driving by and happened to see her."

"Okay. You wait here."

Captain Al Loustalot, with Deputy John Williams from the Kern County Sheriff's Office Substation in Lamont, returned to the scene. Green told them how he happened to spot the body as he was returning to his farm, after picking up some tractor parts in Bakersfield earlier in the evening.

"You don't know her?" Loustalot asked.

"Never saw her before in my life."

The victim was possibly in her 40's, slender and very attractive. The investigators looked for any signs of bullet wounds, stab marks or strangulation. They could find nothing.

Williams said: "You know, there's something pretty screwy here. The woman is barefooted and she doesn't have a purse. She wouldn't be walking out here without shoes, and there's no sign of any skid marks on the road to indicate she was hit by a car."

The only disarray of clothing was the blouse pulled up around her head. Loustalot observed that it could have happened if someone had dragged the body out of a car.

"What are we going to do about it, Captain?" Williams asked.

"We're going to leave her right where she is and notify Headquarters," Loustalot said. "This could be a case for the Homicide Bureau. We'll just stick around until they arrive."

"What about us?" Green asked. "I've got to get these tractor parts back to my place. If I don't get that machine running by tomorrow morning, I'll lose a day's work."

LOUSTALOT asked for identification of the two witnesses. Both were residents of the area. He told them they could leave but that the sheriff's investigators probably would be by to ask them additional questions later.

"I can't tell them a thing more than I've told you," Green said. "I was just driving by and happened to see her."

"And he hailed me down," the driver of the other car said. "All I did was to drive in and report that she was here."

"You didn't see anyone or any car around here?" Loustalot asked Green.

"I didn't see a thing until I happened to spot her in the headlights of my truck. I backed up and that's it."

Soon, Chief Criminal Deputy Loren Fote, with Detectives Harmon Cooper, Leo Blair and James Walston, arrived from the Sheriff's Office in Bakersfield, followed a short time later by Coroner Stanley Newman.

"The only marks on her appear to be a bruise on her cheek and one across the bridge of her nose," Loustalot told the investigators. "We've examined the road all along here. I don't think she was hit by a car. No indication of it."

"No identification?"

"Not a thing. She was wearing a bra under the white blouse and a pair of pink panties under the Capri pants. That's all."

"Pretty hard to tell what killed her," the Coroner said, after a preliminary examination. "About all I can say for sure is that she wasn't shot, stabbed or bludgeoned."

"How long has she been dead?"

"Only a couple of hours."

Resident Deputy Dick Jordan, who patrols the area, arrived on the scene and told the investigators he had passed the spot at 11:30. He hadn't seen the body or noticed any automobile parked alongside the road. "If I'd seen anything I'd have stopped," he said. "Nobody would park out here unless they were in trouble."

Cooper scowled. "It doesn't make much sense," he said.

"What do you mean?" Blair asked.

"Dumping the body out here. It must have been dragged out of a car. I can see somebody bringing a body out here if they wanted to hide it, but why leave it right alongside the road where it would be sure to be found?"

"Suppose somebody wanted to make it look like a hit-run?"

"Why not run over her, then?" Cooper asked. "But that doesn't make sense either. No woman would be walking out here in the middle of the night barefooted."

Nothing was found along the road shoulder or in the nearby field that could be connected with the dead woman. And the road shoulder was too hard to have retained any tire impressions or footprints.

"You may as well take her in," Fote told Newman. "There isn't much else we can do out here. And I guess there isn't much else we can do anyway, until we can get her identified and find out what killed her."

The investigators stopped at farm homes along the roadway for several miles but were unable to locate anyone who had heard or seen anything to shed any light on how the woman's body happened to be left at the spot. They returned to Bakersfield.

"Our best bet is to give the woman's description to the newspapers, television and radio stations," Fote told the detectives. "Somebody probably will recognize her or discover that she's missing. And by then, maybe the autopsy will tell us something, too."

"You know, the way she was dressed, she might have been on a picnic," Blair said. The previous day had been July 4, 1962.

"There's not much use guessing," Cooper said practically. "When we know who she is, maybe we can find out where she had been."

DOCTOR TILDON I. MOE performed the autopsy the following morning. The detectives, with John Wertz, Chief Investigator for the District Attorney's Office, were on hand at the Kern County General Hospital, hoping that the pathological examination would provide a lead.

Even before Doctor Moe began the post mortem, he was able to tell the investigators several pertinent things. He pointed out that several "fox tails," small weeds that grow in the area, were matted in the woman's hair.

"None of those weeds were at the spot where the body was found," Cooper said. "That means she must

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have been killed in a field someplace and then taken to where she was dumped alongside the road."

"That hardly adds up," Wertz pointed out. "I mean, if she was killed in a field, why take the body to a spot where it would be certain to be located quickly? Why not leave it where it was?"

"I don't know why," Cooper answered. "All I'm saying is what the evidence indicates."

"What killed her?"

"You're going to have to wait for that answer."

"Anything else?"

DOCTOR MOE motioned to the investigators. He pointed out scratch marks on the victim's back, indicating she had been dragged.

"How soon will you know the cause of death?" Cooper asked.

"It depends upon what I find. Why don't you stop back in a couple of hours?"

A call came into the hospital for Cooper. It was Captain Fote at Headquarters, to say that a call had come in from a woman who had heard the broadcast describing the body that had been found. "She says her daughter didn't come home last night. You'd better follow it up."

Cooper was given an address on Loma Linda Drive in Bakersfield. The investigators drove out to a small home where a woman was waiting for them.

She told them that her daughter, Jessie May Cornell, had gone out the previous evening and hadn't returned. Jessie May was divorced from her husband and had been living with her parents. She was employed in a packing house.

"Do you have a picture of your daughter?" Cooper asked.

The woman nodded and invited them inside the house. The photograph she showed them left little doubt in the minds of the investigators that the dead woman was Mrs. Cornell.

"What was she wearing when you saw her last?" Wertz asked.

"She had on black Capri pants and a white blouse," the woman answered. "That's why when I heard on the radio . . . " She broke off her words to ask in an anguished voice: "Is it Jessie May? Is she the one they found?"

Cooper hesitated over the reply, but finally said: "Yes, I'm afraid it may be her. You'll have to come down for a positive identification a little later. Will you try to answer some questions for us now?"

It took the mother a while to regain her composure, but she made a gallant effort and, wiping the tears from her eyes, nodded.

"When did you see your daughter last?"

Jessie May had worked the previous day, even though it was the Fourth of July, because there was a rush on at the packing house. She came home about six o'clock in the evening, ate, bathed and changed her clothes. She left the house at about seven o'clock.

"Alone?" Cooper asked.

"I don't know. Jessie May went out on the porch. I saw her there. Then I heard a car drive up and she left. I didn't actually see the car."

"Did she tell you where she was going?"

The woman said her daughter seldom told her where she was going, whom she would be with, or when she would get home. She lived her own life and went out quite frequently in the evenings.

"With a steady boy-friend?"

The mother explained that Mrs. Cornell had been divorced for a number of years. She had two grown children. Although she had a number of admirers, none could be considered as a "steady." Mrs. Cornell often had said that she never would get married again. She enjoyed her freedom as a single woman.

The detectives were keenly interested in the fact that the woman's mother told them Jessie May had been carrying a large white purse. It had not been found, nor had the ballet-type slippers she had been wearing.

"Do you know how much money she had in her purse?" Cooper asked.

The mother couldn't say positively, although she knew that her daughter usually carried from ten to 20 dollars with her.

"Jessie liked to dance and sing," the woman told them. "She sang very well, particularly western ballads. What she really wanted to do was to get a job with a band as a singer of western or cowboy songs, but she never had the opportunity."

The mother gave the investigators the names of several men friends and several photographs of Jessie May. The detectives left and told the woman they would be in touch with her as soon as the post-mortem examination was completed, so that a positive identification of the body could be made.

"Seven o'clock in the evening until one-thirty in the morning," Cooper said, as the investigators returned to their car. "That's six and a half hours. All we've got to do now is find out where Jessie May was during that time."

"And whom she was with," Blair added.

"Let's stop in at the hospital and see if they've determined how she died," Wertz suggested.

At the hospital, Doctor Moe told the investigators that the pathological findings indicated the woman had died from a massive hemorrhage in the skull. It had been caused by three blows, one behind the left ear, another on the left cheek and one across the bridge of the nose.

"What would be your theory as to the type of weapon?" Blair asked.

"A fist," Doctor Moe answered.

"A fist?" Cooper repeated in amazement.

"That's right. We found no abrasion as we would have if she had been struck by a solid object. Unless it was a sack filled with sand, or something like that, then my guess is that it was a fist. Somebody hit her and hit her hard."

Doctor Moe said it was possible that the blows had not killed her immediately. She might have been knocked unconscious either in a field or in a car and later carried into a field.

It left unanswered, however, why the slayer took her body to where it was found alongside the highway.

"She'd been drinking," Doctor Moe added. Tests indicated that there were two hundred and sixty-one milograms of alcohol in the victim's blood.

"Drunk?" Wertz asked.

"Let's say she must have been feeling pretty good."

"What about the time of death?"

DOCTOR MOE was nearly certain the victim had been dead at least two hours before the body had been discovered. It would place the slaying at about 11:30 p. m. "We'll be able to set it definitely with further tests," he added. "But you won't be far wrong going on the assumption she was killed about that time."

"That helps some," Cooper said. It would narrow the time down to trace the movements of Mrs. Cornell, to around four and a half hours.

But it brought up the problem of where the body had been during the two hours between the time the woman was slain and when her body was found. It seemed impossible that the body had lain beside the road for that length of time without being spotted.

As a starting point, the investigators decided to try to find the person who had picked up Jessie May at her home. "The chances are pretty good that it was somebody she knew," Cooper said. "We might ask some questions at the packing plant where she worked and see what we can get there."

"Yeah," Blair said. "And finding her purse and missing shoes might be a pretty damning piece of evidence, particularly if we should happen to find them in somebody's car."

"I'll call Captain Fote and tell him where we're going," Cooper said.

After the telephone call to Headquarters, Cooper turned to Blair and announced jubilantly, "We've got a start!"

"What now?"

"A cab driver just called the office. He heard a news broadcast that the victim had been identified as Mrs. Cornell. He says he picked her up at her parents' home last night. He's on his way into the office now."

At Headquarters, the investigators questioned Bill Lynch, the cab driver. He told them he had received a call from Mrs. Cornell and picked her up at the house around seven o'clock in the evening.

"She was alone?"

"Yeah."

"Where did you take her?"

"To a club out on the Edison Strip."

Outside of Bakersfield, on the Edison Highway, is a stretch with several night clubs and bars. Lynch named the club where he had taken Jessie May.

"You knew the woman?" Wertz asked.

"I've driven her out there several times before."

"Did she usually go there alone?"

"Yeah. I guess she was lonely, although she seemed to be a pretty nice sort of person."

"Can you tell us anything more about her?"

"Only that she liked to sing." Lynch said that Jessie May often sang western ballads while riding in the cab. "And she was pretty good at it, too," he added. "Other than that, I don't know much about her."

THE investigators went out to the club Lynch had named. A lone bartender was on duty. He told them he had not been on shift the previous evening. He called the bartender and two cocktail waitresses who had worked the night before.

One of the girls, Ellen Rae, told the officers she recalled Jessie May's coming into the club. "She stayed a couple of hours and left," Miss Rae said.

"Do you remember whom she was with?" Cooper asked.

"She wasn't with anyone. She had a few drinks and wanted to sing. She complained because we didn't have live music. Finally, she left to go to a place up the road that has live music."

"What time was this?"

Miss Rae said it was roughly 9:30.

"And she went out alone?"

"I'm sure she did. I was talking to her right before she left. She was feeling pretty good and said she felt like singing. She liked western songs. I saw her go out."

"Did you see anyone follow her?"

"I'm almost certain no one did. We didn't have too many customers right then. Most of them were in Bakersfield watching the Fourth of July fireworks display. Later on in the evening, things got busy."

The next stop was at the club Miss Rae had mentioned. The employees who had been on duty there the previous evening were located. Several of them knew Jessie May from previous times she had been in the club.

They were positive Jessie May had not arrived there, although it was only a two-block walk from the club she had left.

"If she'd been around, she'd have been singing," one of the bartenders told the investigators. "Every time she came in, she'd ask the band to play western music and then she'd sing with them."

The members of the three-piece combo that played at the club were located. They knew Jessie May, and were equally certain she hadn't been in the club the night before.

"If she'd been there, we'd have known it," the piano player said. "She'd have been pestering us to play western ballads. She had a pretty good voice but the customers who come in to dance don't go for western music or singing."

(Continued on page 52)

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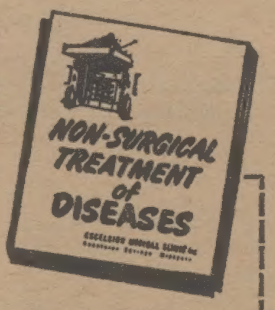

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The Truth Behind Reno, Nevada's Case of Ski-Champ Sonja McCaskie

By

Franklin Sharpe

Special Investigator for ACTUAL DETECTIVE STORIES

Sonja McCaskie, beautiful blonde divorcee who was brutally slain in her Reno home, liked outdoor sports, as shown in beach scene

Multitudes from California to Europe shuddered at details in this horrible crime, waited anxiously for news of a killer's arrest. Could investigators name the man from a footprint—after a fingerprint proved no use to them?

THE crime against Sonja Yvonne McCaskie, British Olympic ski champ, in Reno, Nevada, is destined for the annals of the most malevolent homicides, not only because of the lustful violation and ghoulish defilement of the beauty's body or for the erotic and flaming passions of the victim, but also for the superlative sleuthing which combined the efforts of the top West Coast investigators.

Like most sensational crimes, this one started with a relatively quiet and routine request to the Reno police on the Friday evening of April 5, 1963.

The caller identified herself as Mrs. Marvin Nielson, a resident of Sparks, a town that joins Reno on its eastern boundary. She told the desk sergeant she was caring for the infant son of a Miss Sonja McCaskie, who resided in a duplex apartment at 2640 Yori Avenue in Reno.

"I'm worried because I haven't heard from Sonja since Wednesday afternoon," Mrs. Nielson said. "Usually she stops by on her lunch hour or after work to see her baby. I've called her home and where she works, but can't get her."

Sonja's private life amazed police with its weird extremes

The sergeant made notations on a complaint form, then asked: "You say the woman's name is Miss Sonja McCaskie and you're taking care of her baby?" He emphasized the identifying prefix "Miss."

"It's rather complicated," Mrs. Nielson said. "But he is her son. I was just wondering if there had been any report of an accident, or if it would be possible to have someone drop by her apartment. You see, Sonja is a ski instructress and it may be she went to the mountains and something happened."

The officer obtained the information that Miss McCaskie was 24 years old, had honey-colored hair, blue eyes and drove a powder-blue Triumph sports car with a ski rack attached on back. She worked as a private secretary at the Blue Ribbon Meat Company in Sparks and at the Reno Ski Bowl on Slide Mountain on week ends. She was rather well known among ski enthusiasts, as she had been a member of Great Britain's team in the Alpine Olympic events at Squaw Valley in 1960.

"We haven't had any accident reports for anyone matching her description, or that of her car," the officer said. I'll have someone go around to the apartment. If she's there, we'll have her contact you, or if we learn anything I'll call you back."

The sergeant radioed Officer Mort Ammerman in his patrol car. "Check it out, Mort," he said. "If she isn't around, maybe the neighbors can tell you where she's gone. The woman taking care of her baby sounded pretty concerned."

"Will do," Mort said.

Ammerman drove out to the four-room duplex. The apartment was dark. The window shades were not drawn. The powder-blue sports car was parked in the driveway. Ammerman went up to the front door and knocked briskly.

No answer. He rapped again, loud

Skiing ability put Sonja on Britain's 1960 Olympic Team

enough to certainly attract attention inside, and possibly to awaken anyone who was sleeping.

"Gone out with somebody else," Ammerman reasoned aloud. He was about to leave when he had a premonition, the same kind of premonition he'd had once before—and that time it had saved the lives of an entire family.

It had been a similar call, placed by worried relatives. No lights had been on in the home and the place appeared deserted, but Ammerman had tried the door. It had been unlocked and a blast of escaping gas had told him what was wrong. His prompt action saved the lives of the family.

Remembering this, Ammerman tried the door.

It was unlocked.

HIS flashlight spread a ribbon of light inside the living room, danced through the darkness, and then came back to rest on an object just inside the doorway.

Ammerman scowled, perplexed, for the glistening object appeared to be a piece of raw meat. He studied it closer. It looked like a bloody organ of some kind. The thought occurred to him that possibly a dog in the house had dragged some meat from a refrigerator. But how would a dog open a refrigerator?

Sonja's car and, top, her hope chest—where her body was found

It did not immediately occur to Ammerman that this was a human heart.

A heart carved from the body of a beautiful girl and left just inside the threshold!

The light danced again through the darkness, this time coming to rest on a pile of bed clothing and sheets in the center of the room. The cone of visibility singled out and focused itself upon another object.

It was a human foot, encased in a nylon stocking.

A human foot, neatly severed at the ankle and then carefully placed inside the sheer hosiery!

Then Ammerman caught the odor. The fetid smell of death. The stench of spilled blood assailed his nostrils, stifling, overpowering.

He backed away, took a deep breath of the clean air outside and then plunged into the apartment, still not completely aware that he was advancing into a charnel house—not until the flashlight once again came to rest. This time Ammerman stared in shock and disbelief.

This had to be some kind of vulgar joke.

The headless body crammed into a small hope chest, the handles of two knives protruding from the alabaster back—it had to be a mannequin, it couldn't be real.

But this was no ghoulish prank, no eccentric caprice. The crimson blood and the odor told Ammerman that neither his eyes nor his senses were playing tricks.

He whirled and the light stabbed, probing everywhere, not for more evidence to the grisly slaying, but in search of the fiend who had committed this unbelievable assault. His hunt quickly took Ammerman through the apartment. Then he raced outside—outside, where stars showed in the sky above and the moonlight cast its shadows below, back to normalcy and away from the macabre scene he just had witnessed.

Ammerman's voice was hoarse as he radioed Headquarters. "My God, send everybody you've got!"

"What's up?"

"You wouldn't believe me if I told you."

"You have to tell me something."

"I just found a girl with her head cut off and her heart cut out."

"What?"

"I knew you wouldn't believe me."

"You're on the level?"

"I'm about ready to pass out from all I've seen and smelled. You get the Chief and the detectives out here as fast as they can make it."

THE call emptied Headquarters. More calls brought out Chief of Police Elmer Briscoe and Detective Sergeant Carl Shoemaker, who was given charge of the case.

Police lines hurriedly were thrown around the entire area to keep the curious, attracted by the screaming sirens and flashing red lights of the police vehicles, from destroying any evidence.

Briscoe and Shoemaker and Lieutenant Stan Willaman made only one swift inspection of the blood-splattered house to verify Ammerman's almost unbelievable report, then left quickly so everything inside would remain intact for the lab crew.

Captain Dallas J. Seevers and Lieutenant Frank Hart took charge of that work.

"We didn't see her head," Shoemaker told Seevers. "Let us know if you find it. The killer may have hacked it off and taken it with him."

Notebook of victim's poems and her skiing trophies are examined by officers hoping to find some lead to man who turned her little home into charnel house

"It's pretty gruesome," Seevers said later. The statement was probably the most understated pronouncement he ever had made.

Briscoe sent for Doctor James Decker, county pathologist, and District Attorney William Raggio. Lieutenant Willaman and Lieutenant Bill Backer had been dispatched to Sparks to get more information from Mrs. Nielson. Other officers were questioning neighbors.

The first to be questioned were Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Baskas, who occupied the adjoining duplex. They were shocked, as was everyone, at the news of the brutal butchering of the blonde ski star. They knew her only slightly, they told the officers. The girl had seemed to lead a quiet, normal life and to their knowledge never entertained any boy-friends in her apartment.

They had heard no noise, no screams, no outcry that would have signaled a struggle taking place.

"The walls are thin between our places," Baskas told the investigators. "We often heard her record player. But we didn't hear a thing yesterday or last night."

Ammerman already had reported finding the front door unlocked. The back door had been found ajar. A preliminary examination showed no sign of forced entry. All indications were that the victim had voluntarily admitted her killer to the house.

Assistant Chief William Brodhead arrived.

"Is it true the victim is a girl named Sonja McCaskie?" he asked Chief Briscoe.

"We can't tell for certain because so far we haven't found her head, but it must be. It's her apartment and that's her car parked over there. She was reported missing by a woman who cares for her baby son."

"She's a skier? The one who competed for England in the Olympics at Squaw Valley?"

"She's the one."

"Then she's the girl Worting and I gave the polygraph test to on Wednesday morning."

"Lie test? You had her at Headquarters Wednesday?"

"Yeah."

"What for?"

"It's about a paternity suit. The request came from the court. I've got quite a bit of stuff at the office on it."

"We'll want it right away. Wait until I talk to Seevers and then we'll go in and get it."

SEEVERS and his men had a difficult time determining where to start inside the apartment. Blood and bloody rags, and what could be important evidence were strewn almost everywhere. They tentatively had determined that the bed had been used as the butcher block in hacking up the body. The mattress was saturated with blood.

"We've found her head," Seevers reported when Briscoe came up to him.

Intact, unmutilated, the head with the attractive features and honey-colored hair had been found wrapped in silk panties and a lace table cloth beneath the body in the hope chest.

"She's been ripped open from pelvis to chin," Seevers reported, his face pale. "We know her heart was removed, but we don't know how many other organs the killer took out. It's awful."

Briscoe told him that he and Brodhead, along with District Attorney Raggio, were returning to Headquarters for the information Brodhead had on the slain girl. "If you find anything at all that indicates who the killer might be, call me immediately," Briscoe said.

On the way to Headquarters, Brodhead revealed that he had been contacted by the District Court of Judge Grant L. Bowen to administer a lie-detector test to Miss McCaskie. She had filed a paternity suit against Michael R. Stevenson, a part-time English instructor and graduate student at the University of Nevada, naming him as the father of her young son.

Stevenson had denied the accusation, and countered with the claim that Miss McCaskie had been consorting with a number of other men when he had known her. He had named several in his answer; however, they were skiers and several were out of the country and could not be reached to testify in court. Miss McCaskie had volunteered to take the polygraph examination to refute the charge that she had been intimate with others.

At the court hearing on March 28, she had asked for hospital and medical expenses, incurred at the Stanford-Palo Alto Medical Center, where her son had been born on June 11, 1962, and for reasonable support of the child.

"They gave us quite a bit of background on the girl, so we could make up the test questions," Brodhead said. In a polygraph examination it is necessary to ask many questions of the subject that will cause no emotional disturbance, in order to establish a reference level against which an unusual reaction will stand out.

"What did you find?" Briscoe asked.

"Our report was inconclusive."

The file supplied by the court showed that Sonja McCaskie had been born on February 19, 1939, in Elgin, Scotland, a small marketing and manufacturing town about 80 miles northeast of Aberdeen. The year she was born, her father, Captain Henry McCaskie, who was serving with the Seaforth Highlanders, had died. Captain McCaskie, before entering the service, had been a partner in a shoemaking firm. After his death, Mrs. McCaskie had moved with her family to Tauton in the County of Somerset in southwest England. She and her children had come to the United States in 1946, to Tahoe City in the High Sierras.

Sonja remained a British subject. She attended the Tahoe-Truckee High School and the Sierra College in Auburn, California. She was an avid skier and during the 1960 Olympic Games in Squaw Valley had become a member of Great Britain's Alpine team.

"She was married and divorced from a fellow named Jeffrey Schmidt," Brodhead said. "She had a son by him. I understand his parents are now caring for the child."

"What about this guy Stevenson?" Raggio asked.

"He's married. He simply says that any one of a number of guys could have fathered the child and he doesn't want to pay the support money asked.

Chief Briscoe said: "We'll want to talk to him."

"Want me to have him picked up?"

Briscoe nodded. "But before we question him, I want some more information from out there at the scene. Have him brought in. I'll check with Seevers to see what he's found before we talk to Stevenson."

The telephone jangled.

Lieutenant Willaman, who had gone with Lieutenant Backer to interview Mrs. Nielson, was on the line.

"We may have something pretty hot," Willaman reported.

"What is it?"

"Mrs. Nielson may have spoken to the killer."

"How's that?"

WILLAMAN reported that Mrs. Nielson had called the Blue Ribbon Meat Company in Sparks on Friday afternoon. Robert Horrigan, the office manager, told her Sonja had not come to work. He had called her apartment several times during the morning and received no answer.

Mrs. Nielson called the apartment at 5:30. A man's voice answered. She asked: "Is Sonja there?"

Gruffly, as if an attempt were being made to disguise his voice, the man answered: "No, she isn't."

"Do you know when she will be in?"

"What number are you calling?"

Mrs. Nielson gave the number she had for Miss McCaskie.

"You've got the wrong number."

Mrs. Nielson very carefully dialed the number again. The same gruff voice answered, and again told her she had the wrong number.

"But I'm sure I didn't," Mrs. Nielson told Willaman. "I dialed it very carefully."

"What did you do then?" Willaman asked.

"Nothing."

"You didn't try to reach her again?"

Mrs. Nielson explained that she felt she had reached the right number. If a man was in the apartment and he didn't want it known that Miss McCaskie was entertaining a man there, then it was Miss McCaskie's business and Mrs. Nielson had let it go at that.

"Look, Stan," Briscoe said, "this could be very important. If Mrs. Nielson did reach the apartment and a man answered as late as five-thirty, it could mean plenty."

"Yeah, I know."

"Okay. So let's check it out as thoroughly as we can."

Briscoe suggested that Willaman and Backer call all the possible combinations of the telephone number listed to Miss McCaskie. They were to ask if any had received a wrong-number call from someone asking for Sonja at 5:30 in the evening.

"I don't think Mrs. Nielson called a wrong number," Willaman said. "She dialed it twice, and the second time she was very careful."

"I don't either. But this way we'll be sure. Get going on it right away."

Assistant Chief Brodhead, who with Detective Sergeant Harold Worting, operated the polygraph machine, remained at Headquarters to prepare an examination for Stevenson.

Briscoe and Raggio returned to the crime scene to determine what developments had transpired there. Before leaving, Briscoe told Brodhead: "We'll be able to get enough stuff so that if Stevenson has any knowledge of the crime, it should show up in a test."

At the scene, Detective Sergeant Carl Shoemaker told them residents in the area had said Miss McCaskie's small sports car had been parked in the driveway since 4:30 on Thursday afternoon.

"It's the usual time she came home from work," Shoemaker said. "We haven't found anyone who saw the car moved, after it was parked here—but there is something unusual."

He pointed to a damaged right rear fender and a bent rim on the tire. The damage was sufficient to cut the tire if the car had been run any distance.

"And one thing all the neighbors have told us is that she was crazy about her car," Shoemaker added. "She kept it shined up and in top condition. They don't think she would have run the car if she knew the fender and rim were damaged."

"You think the killer drove it somewhere and then returned?" Briscoe asked.

Shoemaker shrugged. "One thing sure, the killer must have been in there quite a time hacking up the body. It's possible he left, went someplace, and returned."

In part, the theory fitted the telephone call made by Mrs. Nielson. If Sonja had been alive and unharmed, she would have gone to work in the morning. No one had answered the telephone earlier in the day, but a man had answered it around 5:30 in the afternoon.

Had he killed the girl during the night, left, and then returned to decapitate and partially dismember the victim?

Raggio asked: "Anybody around here see or hear anything?"

One neighbor had noticed a car in front of the duplex about 11:30 Thursday night. It had been there only a few minutes. "We talked with the people next door, and no one called on them," Shoemaker said. "But we haven't been able to get a good description of the car or driver."

Pointing at the small sports car, Briscoe said: "Take it in and Seevers and Hart will go through it for prints and any foreign materials." He added: "When we talk to the people she worked with and knew, we'll ask them if she mentioned having an accident. If she damaged the car, she'd probably have told somebody about it."

Seevers and Hart came out of the apartment. They breathed deeply of the fresh night air. Both men looked haggard and gray.

"What have you got?" Briscoe asked.

"Who can tell," Seevers said wearily.

Jeffrey Schmidt, victim's ex-husband, tried to help police

Dist. Atty. William Raggio, at left, and Chief Elmer Bricsoe headed intensive police hunt for slayer of skiing enthusiast

Suspect, above, helps officers look for a discarded shirt

"It'll take us days to go over everything, and I can tell you I've worked in more pleasant surroundings. You can't imagine how awful it is."

Seevers said that in addition to two paring knives, a large kitchen knife had been thrust into the body.

A fourth knife and numerous razor blades had been found on the blood-smeared floor. "It probably took hours to cut her up that way," Seevers said. "It's almost impossible to believe one human being could do that to another."

"Anything we can go on right now?"

"One thing," Hart answered. "A bloody footprint. A bare, bloody footprint."

"The killer was barefooted?"

"Must have been. The print doesn't match the girl's feet."

Seevers explained that the print had been found in the bedroom, where the victim had been dismembered. It was a clear print, showing five toes and the ball of the foot. However, it was about medium size, and there was no means of telling whether the person who made it had been a man, a large boy or a woman.

"Doctor Decker is about ready to remove the body," Seevers said. "We'll get back to work then."

Items at right, found in this youth's home, held great interest for police

"Ask him to come out now," Briscoe requested. "We'd like to talk to him."

Doctor Decker told the investigators it was impossible at this time to accurately set the time of death. From the dried blood and the condition of the flesh, it was his opinion the slaying had taken place around midnight. "But as of now, you can go from four to six hours on either side," he added.

"What about the way the girl was cut up?" Briscoe asked.

"In my opinion, the killer knew something about anatomy," Doctor Decker answered. He explained that the foot had been neatly severed at the ankle, and there had been no hacking or chopping in removing the head. The slash that had opend the torso from pelvis to chin was, as Doctor Decker put it, "a neat incision."

"A medical student?" Briscoe asked.

"Not necessarily."

"How about a butcher?" Shoemaker asked, knowing Miss McCaskie had worked as a secretary at a meat packing plant.

"It's possible."

THE investigators asked if anything significant was in the fact that the slayer had removed the girl's heart and severed her foot and then placed it carefully in a stocking.

"You'll have to consult a psychiatrist on that," Doctor Decker said. "If he simply was going to cut up the body so it would fit into the cedar chest to take it from the house, there would be no necessity to remove the vital organs. I'd say the killer must have had psychotic or extreme sadistic tendencies, but that's out of my field."

"Was she killed first?"

"I can't answer that yet." Doctor Decker said he would call in another pathologist, Doctor V. A. Salvadorini, to assist him with the post-mortem examination. As soon as anything of value was learned he would contact the officers.

Briscoe and Raggio returned to Headquarters. They filled in Brodhead and Worting on the various things they had learned at the scene, especially those which could be put in significant questions for use in polygraph examinations.

Stevenson had been located at his home and voluntarily accompanied the officers to Headquarters. He claimed he had not seen Miss McCaskie for more than a year, except for the time in court. He accounted for his time from

(Continued on page 42)

KIDNAPED

From the Midnight Laundromat Gabfest

From her home at Wamplers Lake, Mich., to the Brooklyn laundry was a six-mile ride, and it was not much farther to the unusual graves prepared by the man who killed her and buried her twice

By W. T. Brannon
Special Investigator for
ACTUAL DETECTIVE STORIES

Young married couples in the Brooklyn area made this laundromat a social center

WITH flash bulbs popping, television cameras focused and reporters busily making notes, the distraught young husband stood before the microphone and made his impassioned statement:

"I would like to make this plea to Joan Watkins, my wife, on behalf of myself and my daughter, Laura, her parents and all those who love her, to please come back or to contact us so that in some way we may know where you are, Joan.

"Your daughter and I need you more than anything in the world.

"I want to also plead that anyone who knows her whereabouts or anything that may be of help in finding her to please contact the police."

Emotionally spent, his sober face mirroring his grief, the young husband turned from the microphone and faced the reporters . . .

SHIVERING, Detective Lieutenant James S. Myers had slid behind the wheel of his car shortly after four o'clock that frigid Sunday morning of February 17, 1963. He turned the ignition key and the engine roared to life. While he waited a few moments for it to warm up, he reached for the microphone and contacted the office of the Sheriff in Jackson, Michigan.

After he had given a few terse instructions, he broke the connection, stepped on the gas and sped out Highway M-50. Twenty minutes later, his car skidded to a stop in the parking area beside the Brooklyn Laundromat in Brooklyn, a town of some 1,000 people, sixteen miles southeast of Jackson.

Other cars already were there and Lieutenant Myers recognized one—the official car of Marshal Floyd Morey, who heads the community's small police department.

Myers went inside the brightly lighted laundromat, where two men stood between a washing machine and a row of chairs against the wall.

Marshal Morey shook hands and introduced Lieutenant Myers to his companion, Douglas Watkins. "It's his wife who disappeared," Morey explained. "I'm afraid she's been kidnaped and that's why I called you."

"Tell me about it," Myers invited.

Between the two men, they gave this account:

Mr. and Mrs. Watkins—Douglas, 31, and Joan, 28—had put their ten-month-old daughter, Laura, to bed and had settled down to watch television. Then the young mother discovered that she had no clean diapers for the baby. Usually when it was necessary to wash diapers or other garments, the couple drove the six miles from their Wamplers Lake home to the Brooklyn Laundromat, taking the baby along. But tonight, she was sleeping so soundly they were reluctant to disturb her.

"After we watch TV awhile," said Mrs. Watkins, "I'll drive to the laundromat myself and do them."

They continued to watch television and both dozed off. It was after midnight when Mrs. Watkins awakened and gathered up the diapers. Her husband offered to do the chore, but she said she'd like a little air. She left the house at about 12:30 a. m.

Watkins dozed again while he waited for his wife to return. When she wasn't back by three o'clock, he telephoned the laundromat. He knew that no attendant was on duty, but it was customary for anybody who was there to answer. Now, there was no response.

Assuming that she was on her way home, the husband waited about fifteen minutes. This was ample time for the return trip and now he was apprehensive. He expressed his fears to a neighbor, who offered to drive him to the laundromat while his wife stayed with the baby.

The Watkins car was in the parking area and they stopped beside it. The keys were in the ignition and a box of soap powder was on the front seat.

They hurried inside the laundromat, which was deserted. On a bench beside one of the machines were some of the laundered diapers; others still were in the machine. Mrs. Watkins' coat was on the bench and beside it were her cigarettes.

Watkins called her name and his voice echoed through the still, empty building, but there was no answer. The two men went outside and looked, but found no trace of the young mother.

Watkins telephoned Marshal Morey, who hurried to the laundromat. He in turn called Lieutenant Myers. "I'm afraid something has happened to her," the husband concluded.

"What do you think might have happened?" Myers asked.

"Some man must have grabbed her; she must have been kidnaped."

Lieutenant Myers suggested the possibility that she had encountered a friend and gone away for a short time.

"I don't think so," the husband said.

He pointed out that the thermometer hovered at ten degrees above zero, entirely too cold for her to leave the building without a coat. Besides, she was a heavy smoker and habitually carried her cigarettes wherever she went. Nor would she go away and leave the ignition keys in the unlocked car, inviting theft.

These were the purely physical aspects. In addition, Watkins was convinced she wouldn't have gone any-

Mrs. Joan Watkins, inset, who vanished while she was laundering her baby's diapers, and the makeshift grave where State Police workmen found her

A young father, right, pleaded for an answer the victim could not give, as volunteer posses sought her in vain

Another young father directed Lieutenant James Myers and Detective Thayer to spot where he threw a pistol

where voluntarily, even for an hour, knowing that he would be expecting her back home, that he would worry about her.

He explained that going to the laundromat in the early hours of the morning was not unusual; many residents of the community did it.

Marshal Morey confirmed this. The brightly lighted building actually was a social center in Brooklyn, especially during the night hours when young fathers and mothers chatted while they fed laundry into the machines or transferred it to the dryers.

If there ever had been any violence or any attempt to molest women at the laundromat, it hadn't been reported to the police.

TWO squads of deputies and sheriff's police arrived as the first gray streaks of dawn heralded the beginning of a cold, bleak day. Lieutenant Myers sent them to search the streets and alleys of Brooklyn, after obtaining a description from the husband:

Joan Watkins was 28, five feet, four inches tall, weighed about 120 pounds, had brown hair and blue eyes; she wore glasses. When she left home, she was wearing red-plaid-lined blue jeans and a white sweat shirt.

The squads left and Lieutenant Myers took a close look at the self-service laundry. All the machines were empty except one which contained laundered diapers, obviously the machine used by Joan Watkins. Some of the diapers had been dried, folded and stacked in a neat pile on a bench beside the machine. Her coat had been folded across the bench and beside it was the package of cigarettes.

Nowhere in the big room could Lieutenant Myers find any sign of violence or a struggle.

"There's just one place left—the ladies' room," he said. He went inside, searched it carefully. Then he tried the men's room. Neither yielded anything that could be considered a lead.

Outside, the young husband, now distraught, pointed out the family car. Apparently, the young woman hadn't been afraid to leave the keys in the ignition, since the car could be seen from the laundromat. The box of soap powder on the front seat was the same box she had taken with her, Watkins said. Apparently, she had used all she needed and had taken it back to the car, a normal practice. For such a brief trip outside, she wouldn't have needed her coat.

But, after she put the soap powder in the car, had she returned to the laundry? Myers asked himself. Had she encountered an acquaintance who had coaxed her into his car? Or had an unknown man, lurking in the parking area, seized her and carried her away against her will?

If that had happened, surely she had screamed. Why hadn't her cries attracted the attention of others in the laundry?

"You think she might have been here alone?" Myers asked.

"I doubt it," Marshal Morey replied. "Nearly always, somebody is here until about three o'clock, often later."

"Well, the first thing we've got to do is find out who else was here," said Lieutenant Myers. "How can we do that?"

"Broadcast it over radio and TV," Marshal Morey replied.

Myers nodded and turned to Watkins: "Did your wife carry a purse?"

"No. She had a turquoise-blue billfold with about three dollars in it," he replied.

"What kind of shoes did she have on?"

"Black slippers."

Lieutenant Myers strode to the wall phone and soon was in contact with an official of Radio Station WJCO and Television Station WILX-TV in Jackson. He told briefly of the strange disappearance and described the missing woman. The official agreed to broadcast frequent bulletins on both radio and television programs, repeating the description and appealing to any listeners who had seen Joan Watkins to call the Sheriff's Office.

"There's one other thing," Myers said, "and it's important. We'd like to talk to everybody who was in the laundry this morning, from midnight on."

"All right," the official replied. "We'll ask for that information when we broadcast the bulletins."

After he had hung up, Watkins went to the phone and called his parents, whose home also was in the Wamplers Lake area. They said they would care for the baby.

The squads returned and reported that they had cruised through the quiet streets and alleys of the sleeping town. They had found no trace of the missing woman.

Lieutenant Myers walked outside and took a look along the highway, which also was Brooklyn's main street. "As soon as the restaurants and bars open, I want you to question the employees and any customers in them. Stick around and talk to everybody who comes in. Meanwhile, search the parking lot and the ground around this building, inch by inch. If she was kidnaped, she might have dropped the blue wallet or lost a slipper. Or the abductor might have lost something."

When they had gone, Lieutenant Myers turned to Watkins. "I agree that this looks like a kidnaping," he said, "and we'll work on that assumption. But we can't overlook the other possibilities."

Police officials unearth the young mother's body near new house being built by this man

"What other possibilities?"

"That she wanted to go way and that all this was very carefully planned. Or, for some unpredictable reason, that she went to visit a friend or relative. Or that she developed amnesia."

"I don't believe any of those happened."

"I don't either. But in the absence of any evidence of violence, I have to check them out. That means I'll have to ask you some rather personal questions. Okay?"

The husband nodded.

"Tell me about your wife," Myers invited. "Is she a native of this area? Where did she go to school? Did she work before you were married? When did you meet her? Where? How long have you been married? How well do you get along with her? Do you have any serious problems, any worries about money? Was she ever interested in any other man?"

WATKINS said his wife had been graduated from high school in Sand Creek and that her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alva Ferry, lived in Waldron. Joan went to a school in Elkhart, Indiana, where she took a two-year course to become a dental technician. She had worked for a while in Ann Arbor and had been engaged to a man named Whitney Roe. The engagement had been broken and she had taken a job in the personnel department of the Clinton Engine Company in Clinton, Michigan, where both Douglas Watkins and his father were employed. That's where he had met her.

They were married in the Presbyterian Church in Adrian on October 17, 1959. Joan had continued to work in Clinton until she became pregnant. Both she and her husband believed that a mother's place was in the home and she had resigned to devote full time to their infant and to her duties as a housewife. She was very energetic and the house always was spotless.

They had bought their own home in Wamplers Lake and had worked together to remodel it. They had no quarrels and got along fine and Joan was very devoted to the baby. They were not wealthy, but were in comfortable circumstances and had no financial problems. Joan never had even hinted that she was dissatisfied.

"I'm positive," the husband concluded, "that she wouldn't go off willingly and leave the baby."

"What about Whitney Roe—did she ever hear from him?"

"No, I'm sure she didn't."

"Do you know where he lives now?"

"Still in Ann Arbor, I suppose."

Lieutenant Myers noted this, went on to the next point. Who were friends and relatives that she might visit in the area?

The husband named a few close friends, but said he'd have to go home to get the names and addresses of relatives.

"That can wait. We'll contact the close friends first." He went outside, summoned Sheriff's Detective Sergeant Carl Hendges and gave him the names of the close friends. "Contact them and find out when they saw Mrs. Watkins last and whether they know where she is now."

When Sergeant Hendges had left on this mission, Lieutenant Myers continued:

"What was your wife's state of mind recently? Was she nervous and impulsive? Did she suffer from unusual headaches? Did she have spells of dizziness?" All these, he explained, could be the forerunners of amnesia. "It could hit her suddenly, causing temporary loss of memory. She could forget even her name and where she lives."

"Her state of mind was cheerful and she was in excellent health," Watkins replied.

"All right, we'll concentrate on the kidnaping angle," said Lieutenant Myers. "The others can be checked later, if necessary."

"What do you plan to do now?"

"I have to get help. We'll begin a search as soon as we can get it organized," Myers replied. "Can you give us a good picture of your wife?"

"Yes, there one at home."

Lieutenant Myers left the officers to carry out the instructions he already had given them and followed Watkins as he drove the family car home. The picture was turned over to Myers, who raced on into Jackson and his office in the Sheriff's Department.

There, he outlined the case to Sheriff Fred Hammer and Captain Joseph Massoglia, commander of the State Police District.

"First, I want to search the roads in the area around Brooklyn," Lieutenant Myers said. "We can round up the ham radio operators with their cars and use as many policemen as we can get."

"We can give you two cars today," said Captain Massoglia, "and more tomorrow if you need them then. Detective Sergeant Charlie Southworth will work with you full time as long as you need him."

"We'll send out as many cars as we can man," said Sheriff Hammer. "I'm sure we can get help from sheriffs of surrounding counties."

Rounding up the necessary manpower got under way. It wasn't an easy task on Sunday, when many officers have the day off. Lieutenant Myers handed the picture of Joan Watkins to a technician, who promised to copy it and provide 50 blowups within an hour.

(Continued on page 45)

Two Victims — In 15 Miles.

Sheriff's car, above, received full force of head-on collision when fleeing fugitives refused to stop and surrender near Fairfield

With one man shot in Lodi, Cal., and an officer dead in Rio Vista, this pair hit a roadblock at 130 miles per hour to kill once more

ANY day is a day a cop may die. There is no special time or place; nor even any special way. The possibility of dying is part of the job for every man who takes the oath of a police officer. It comes with the badge, handcuffs and gun.

In a way the job is like that of a soldier. A policeman must stand ready to sacrifice his life in the line of duty to protect the lives and property of others. But unlike the soldier who knows his enemy, a policeman may be killed by anyone. The enemy is not distinguished by a uniform, race or nationality—not even by age or sex. The enemy may be anyone and the day any day.

On this day, Friday, March 15, 1963, two officers would die. Two police officers who did not know each other would be killed fifteen miles and fifteen minutes apart, each in a different manner by an enemy neither of them had known.

It hadn't started out as a special day. It had been a routine, warm afternoon in the last days of winter in the San Francisco Bay Area. It was the kind of a day that holds the promise of spring and makes one glad to be alive and part of living.

IN LODI, between Sacramento and Stockton about 65 miles northeast of San Francisco, 65-year-old William Kempe of Chewelah, Washington, stopped at a service station on Route 99 and said, "Fill the tank and check it over. I'm driving back to Washington in the morning." He had been visiting relatives in Lodi.

"You want it lubed?" Bob McCaulley asked.

"Just check the oil, water and tires and fill it up with gas," Kempe decided.

While McCaulley serviced the car, Kempe stepped around in back of the station to the rest room. It was 4:30 in the afternoon.

A pimply-faced youth and a younger boy had been standing on the sidewalk alongside the station. The older boy followed Kempe into the rest room.

"Listen, Old Man, I want your money."

Kempe felt something hard press into his back. He turned and saw the youth was holding a pistol.

"Are you joking?"

and 15 Minutes

Investigator Hale Humphrey, inset, was killed instantly when this stolen patrol car smashed into his vehicle, threw him 75 feet

"Does this gun look like a joke?"

"You're making a mistake, Son."

"You'll make the mistake if you don't hand over your money."

"You can't get away with this," Kempe warned. "How do you expect——"

"Keep your mouth shut. Are you going to give me your dough, or do you want me to kill you?"

"Don't be a fool. You're right in town. You can't——"

In the confined space of the rest room, Kempe tried to edge by the youth. The gun exploded. Kempe let out a cry, as a slug tore through the flesh of his upper thigh.

Outside, McCaulley heard the muffled shot, but against the sound of passing traffic it was impossible to tell what it was or where it came from. The first sign he had that something was wrong was the sudden appearance of two youths from behind the building. They dashed across the paved area of the service station toward where McCaulley had his car parked. The keys were in it.

The boys jumped into the car.

"Hey! What do you kids think you're doing?"

McCaulley's words were lost as the engine roared. He stared wide-eyed. It was unthinkable that anyone would steal his car right in front of his eyes in broad daylight and in the busy city. But the car lurched out of the station, careened wildly into the street. At the corner it swung drunkenly to make the turn, tires screaming, and disappeared.

Kempe came staggering out of the restroom, clutching his leg. Blood seeped between his fingers.

"What happened!" McCaulley shouted, rushing to help him.

"I—I'm shot. A kid came in there and shot me."

"They must be the ones who just stole my car. How badly are you hurt?"

"I don't know."

McCaulley half-carried Kempe to a chair in the station office, blood from the wounded man's saturated trouser leg leaving a trail on the floor, then hurriedly phoned the police.

In a rush of words the service station operator told what had happened. They said an ambulance would be dispatched immediately, and asked the make, model and license number of his car. He gave the information and then added: "There's a loaded thirty-eight revolver in the glove compartment. Those kids may find it."

The call to the police completed, McCaulley anxiously asked Kempe: "You going to be okay?"

"I'll be all right until the ambulance arrives."

"Can I use your car? I may be able to spot those punks."

"Go ahead."

McCaulley leaped into Kempe's car and took out in pursuit. The youths had turned onto Highway 12 at the corner, headed toward Rio Vista.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN Charles "Chuck" Sorenson drove along the route he had covered for the past four

By Tom Walters *Special Investigator for OFFICIAL DETECTIVE STORIES*

Police say Ptl. Charles Sorenson was shot by one of youths shown at left following the car smashup

years. He was familiar with every turn, every bump in the road, as well as many of the people who lived along it. Chuck had become a member of the California Highway Patrol after being graduated from the Sacramento Junior College seven years before. He had studied criminology.

It was good duty, patroling between Walnut Creek and Lodi. Chuck made his home in Walnut Creek with his wife, Melinda, and his eighteen-month-old son, David.

He was headed toward Lodi now. After he made the return trip, it would be time to be relieved and go home. Melinda would be waiting, for when he left in the morning, she had suggested they have a barbecue in the backyard that evening because the weather was so nice. Chuck liked to cook over the charcoal grill and had a special sauce he used on the steaks.

Suddenly his radio crackled. "Proceed toward Lodi," the dispatcher at Patrol Headquarters directed Sorenson. A short account of the shooting was given, then: "The two youths last were seen headed toward Rio Vista, but they may turn off the main highway."

SORENSON speeded up, scanning each car that passed. Then he saw the car roaring down the highway toward him. He was almost certain it was the one being sought, even before it reached him. He slowed down and, as it passed at high speed, wheeled his patrol car in a U-turn to give chase.

"I've picked them up," he reported over his car radio. "We're about ten miles east of Rio Vista and they're really burning up the road."

With red light flashing and siren screaming, Sorenson pushed his accelerator to the floorboard. He gained on the fleeing car.

"They're shooting at me," Sorenson reported to Headquarters. "They haven't hit me, but one of them is leaning out the window shooting."

"Don't press them," the dispatcher ordered. "Fall back out of range and just try and keep them in sight. We're getting a road blockade set outside Fairfield."

Fairfield had been chosen as the ideal spot for a roadblock because it was the last town on Highway 12 before the intersection with Highway 40. The Solano County Sheriff's Office had been notified and was sending out officers to put the blockade into operation.

Sorenson fell back out of range of the pistol. The turns in the highway made it impossible for him to keep the vehicle in sight at all times, but at the speed they were traveling, often in excess of 100 miles an hour, there was little chance the fleeing suspects could turn off the highway without slowing down enough so he could pick them up.

"We're approaching Rio Vista," Sorenson said. "They're still on the highway."

The two youths in the stolen car, aware they were being pursued, pushed the machine at top speed. As they came to the Rio Vista bridge across the Sacramento River, their car swerved.

Tires screamed as the driver fought to pull it back on the highway. A grinding crash split the air as one fender smashed into a lamp standard and the car spun in a dizzy circle. It rocked from side to side and skidded to a halt in the parking lot of a construction company yard, just off the highway. Miraculously, the youths were unhurt.

They scrambled out and began to run.

Sorenson came on the wreck moments later.

"They've cracked up the car," Sorenson reported to Headquarters on the radio. "They're on foot, running toward some houses. I'll probably need help."

"We'll get somebody there right away."

All law-enforcement agencies in the small towns along the 60-mile strip of highway between Lodi and Fairfield had been alerted to the pursuit of the gun-toting youths. They were warned the suspects were armed and had shot at Sorenson. No attempt would be made to stop the car, only to keep it in sight until it reached the blockade at Fairfield.

Rio Vista police officers William Woodall and William Bradford had stationed themselves on the far side of Rio Vista, waiting to pick up the fleeing car and join in the chase as it passed them.

They were contacted and told that the car had cracked up at the Rio Vista bridge, that the suspects were now on foot and Sorenson needed help. They sped east.

When the fugitives' stolen automobile smashed into the lamp standard, the grinding sound of rending metal had been like a minor explosion. It startled fifteen-year-old Diane Bruce, who was in the bedroom of her home only a short distance away.

She looked out the window in time to see the two youths scramble out of the wrecked car and run across the lawn in front of her home toward a vacant house nearby.

Moments later Diane saw the black-and-white California Highway Patrol car squeal to a halt almost in front of her home. She saw Sorenson jump out with his pistol in hand.

Diane recognized Chuck Sorenson. He had visited the high school a number of times to lecture on safe driving, and also had helped some students prepare for their driving license tests.

Diane raced downstairs to the kitchen window, where she could command a view of the vacant house. Just as she arrived, she heard two shots.

Peering out the window, Diane saw the two boys come running back. One clutched a gun in each hand. They headed straight for the police car, jumped in and drove away.

Diane raced outside. "Mr. Sorenson! Mr. Sorenson, where are you?"

She found him. Chuck Sorenson was crumpled alongside the vacant house. The two shots had hit him in the throat.

Sorenson was dead.

Diane screamed. For a moment she stood petrified. Then, screaming, she ran back to the house to call the police.

WOODALL and Bradford were near the Rio Vista bridge when the California Highway Patrol car passed them, going in the opposite direction, its red light flashing and siren screaming.

"Who was in that car?" Woodall asked, braking. "It wasn't Chuck."

"It looked like a couple of kids."

"They must have got Chuck's car."

"The last report said they were on foot. Maybe they got around Chuck and got to his car."

Woodall hesitated momentarily. Should he continue on and check in with Sorenson or should he chase the patrol car? His decision was to give pursuit. He spun his car around and took after it.

Bradford radioed in a report of what they had seen.

Headquarters had no idea at the moment what had taken place in Rio Vista.

"You're sure Sorenson isn't in the car?"

"It looked like two kids," Bradford answered.

"What happened to Sorenson?"

"We don't know. We didn't get as far as the bridge."

"Where are you now?"

"Headed toward Suisun City. I don't think we can catch up. They must be doing a hundred and twenty."

Then the call came in that Sorenson had been shot and killed.

The information was passed on to the officers at the Fairfield blockade. The original car they were to stop had been wrecked and abandoned. The car to be stopped now was a California Highway Patrol vehicle.

"Our information is that the suspects killed the driver of the patrol car," the radio message said. "Two persons are in the machine. They are armed and dangerous. Take all precautions in apprehending them."

The first request to the Solano County Sheriff's Office in Fairfield for a road blockade had been taken by Investigator Hale Humphrey. He put out a call for all other deputies in the area to join him at a spot several miles out of town, and then left the office with Deputy Thomas E. Joyce.

Humphrey, a veteran of seven years with the Sheriff's Office, had become a police officer after serving in the Navy during World War II. Now he selected the narrowest spot on the highway that had a good approach from each direction so oncoming cars could be slowed. He pulled the sheriff's car broadside across the highway, blocking off the approach from the east, the direction the fleeing car would be coming.

"Get out flares," he told Joyce. "We have a little time before it gets here."

The flares were strung out for a considerable distance so motorists would have plenty of time to slow down before they reached the blockade point.

But the sheriff's car covered only part of the road. If the fleeing car did not

(Continued on page 57)

For Reference: The Bank To Be Robbed

This pair had everything figured for emptying the Fairplay, Colo., bank vault; but perhaps—just one time—they outsmarted themselves

By G. B. Learned

Special Investigator for

OFFICIAL DETECTIVE STORIES

THIS was a bank robbery that had everything. It began in the sleepy, picturesque mountain town of Fairplay, Colorado, 75 miles southwest of Denver, with a pair of calm gunmen who cleaned out the vault in the one-story bank building on the single main street of town. Their plan was almost letter perfect and their execution of it smooth and audacious.

But it led even more dramatically to a crowded big-city airport, where detectives with drawn guns kept a rendezvous in the substitute roles of a pair of pretty girls . . .

Fairplay, the seat of Park County, is nestled high in the rugged Rocky Mountains. At one time it had been a rowdy, roistering mining center filled with rough and tough gold prospectors. When the gold petered out, the miners drifted on in their endless lonely search for the yellow metal.

For a long time only a few ranchers and summer visitors interested in the historic past and breathtaking scenery kept the town alive. But a breath of new life was blown into Fairplay with an increased interest in skiing and the establishment of a state resort at Breckenridge only seventeen miles away. The population of Fairplay is less than 500, but on a Saturday night there may be many times that number of parka-clad people looking for a place to eat and sleep.

Monday morning usually puts the town back to normal. And at 7:30 on just another normal Monday morning, March 11, 1963, John Singleton, president of the Fairplay Bank, waited for his wife Elsie to finish cooking his breakfast.

John Singleton could be considered an old-timer in Fairplay. He had been born in Denver, but had been employed by the Fairplay bank for 25 years. He knew every one of the 700 depositors personally.

Singleton's home was located just three blocks down the main street from the corner where the new bank had been built only a few years previously.

As police learned later, the case began when Singleton's doorbell rang.

"I'll get it," he called to his wife, who was in the kitchen. He went to the door.

Two men were standing on the porch. One wore a business suit, an overcoat, and a fedora hat, the other a Western-style plaid sports jacket.

"Yes. What is——" Singleton broke off his words when the man in the business suit jammed a pistol into the pit of his stomach.

"Take it easy, Mr. Singleton," the man said in a calm, almost indifferent tone. The pistol prodded Singleton inside and the men followed, closing the door behind them.

"Where's Elsie?"

The fact that these strangers knew his and his wife's names startled Singleton almost as much as the weapon.

"She's in the kitchen."

"Call her out here."

Mrs. Singleton came out of the kitchen. She gasped at the sight of the pistol. The gunman hurried to assure her she had nothing to fear and that neither she nor her husband would be harmed if they complied exactly with the directions they would receive shortly.

"The bacon is burning," Mrs. Singleton exclaimed.

"Well, you go take it off the stove," the gunman directed. He added lightly to Mr. Singleton: "You must be a might slow this morning. We thought we had it timed so you would have finished your breakfast."

Singleton did not reply, although he wondered how much these men knew of his activities. Breakfast was just a few minutes late that morning. The gunman added: "I'm sorry to inconvenience you, but our plan calls for us to go to the bank right now. I guess you'll have to have your breakfast later."

Unhurriedly, the gunman explained

Sheriff Joe Hurst, left, checks out a lead while John Singleton, president of bank, studies suspect's photograph

exactly what was to take place. Mrs. Singleton was to be bound and placed on the bed. The bandit in the plaid jacket would stay in the room with her until Singleton and the other robber returned from the bank.

"At that time we'll tie you up and then leave," he told the banker. "You won't be inconvenienced too long, for somebody will certainly miss you when you don't show up at the bank. When they get here, they can untie you."

After Mrs. Singleton had been trussed up with a length of clothesline supplied by the bandits, Singleton and one gunman left the house. As they walked out to Singleton's car, he glanced up and down the street. The gunman interpreted his interest. "No, Mr. Singleton, you won't see our car. Just get in and drive to the bank, please. Pull up in front and we'll go in." He added, still without any threatening tone to his voice, "I know you won't be foolish, not with my friend in the house with your wife."

A few persons were on the street. Singleton recognized them, but there was no way to sound any alarm without endangering his wife and himself. For just a moment, he hoped that maybe Sheriff Joe Hurst might be on the street. The Sheriff's office was located directly behind the bank.

They got out of the car and Singleton unlocked the bank door and closed it after them.

"Now the vault," the gunman directed. "And please don't argue with me. I know the time lock is off."

This was true. The time lock was set to release the combination at 7:30. There was no night watchman for the bank and the four tellers were not due to arrive for almost an hour. They arrived at nine o'clock and the bank doors opened at ten.

The gunman handed Singleton a leather case he carried. "Just fill it up," he directed, after Singleton had opened the vault. "No silver, just currency—and as much as it will hold."

It held all the currency in the vault—$16,400—most in bills of small denominations.

The gunman and Singleton got back into Singleton's car and returned to the house. The trip to loot the vault had taken less than fifteen minutes.

"It's a real pleasure to do business with a man who knows how to use his head," the bandit complimented Singleton. "Now, we're going to tie you up and nobody's been hurt—not even the bank because the money is insured."

Singleton was trussed up and placed face down on the bed alongside his wife. The bandit, who had accompanied Singleton to the vault, offered one last apology before leaving. "I'm sorry you didn't get your breakfast, but that's your fault for being so slow this morning."

AS HE lay struggling on the bed, trying to free himself of the bonds after the robbers had left, Singleton wondered how the two strangers could have known so much about him, his habits and the bank procedure.

Neither had made any attempt to disguise his features. Both were about 35 years old and both slightly shorter than six feet. The one in the sports jacket had been stockily built, with blunt features. He had dark, close-cropped brown hair and brown eyes. The man who had taken Singleton to the vault was more slender, with lighter hair and eyes. Both had spoken courteously and in well modulated voices. They hadn't even made any verbal threats.

But as Singleton impressed their features on his mind so he would be certain he could recall them if needed, he was almost positive he never had seen either man in his life before.

Mrs. Singleton was the first to get free, nearly a half hour after the two men had gone out. She untied her husband and he raced for the telephone. The cord had been ripped from the wall.

In Los Angeles, Lieutenants Sloan and Brannon count money recovered from man known as Carl Schodt, behind hat, and buddy

"I'll drive up to the Sheriff's office," Singleton told his wife. "That will be the quickest."

"You're sure they're gone?" she asked apprehensively.

"They're long gone."

But Sheriff Hurst wasn't in his office. Singleton hurried around and opened the bank for the second time that morning. He called Colorado State Highway Patrolman Tom Richards, who lived in town and patrolled the area.

"Tom, we've had a robbery at the bank!" Singleton exclaimed.

"How long ago?"

"It's been about a half hour." Singleton hurriedly explained how the bandits had come to his home and then forced him to open the vault.

"Give me their descriptions, John," Richards said. "I'll report them in from here. Then as soon as I've notified Headquarters, I'll come by the bank. Did you call Sheriff Hurst?"

"He isn't in his office."

"Try him at home as soon as you've given me the bandits' descriptions."

After taking down the descriptions of the bandits, Richards asked: "Did you see their car?"

"I looked, but I didn't see it parked near the house. And I didn't see any car around that might have been theirs. They must have had one, of course."

Richards reported the bank robbery to Patrol Headquarters in Denver. Commander Richard Schippers came on the line. He told Richards the alert would go out to all police agencies in the state and the patrol would set up road blockades on the highways leading away from Fairplay.

Fairplay is at the junction of State Highway 9 and U.S. Highway 285. It would require at least four blockade points.

"One thing we'll want as quickly as possible, if you can get it, is a description of their car," Schippers said.

"I'll get that to you as soon as I can."

"We'll contact the FBI from here."

"I don't think they have jurisdiction," Richards said.

"It's a bank robbery——"

"I know," Richards interrupted. "But when I talked to Singleton, he told me the bank isn't Federally insured."

"They'll want to be in on it anyway, as observers," Schippers said. "Unless the bandits are caught right away, they can come in on the Federal charge of crossing state lines to avoid prosecution. I'll notify them."

The FBI did not have jurisdiction, since the Fairplay Bank did not operate under a Federal charter and was not a member of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation. The bank did have private insurance for its depositors. The FBI, nevertheless, sent Agent Harold Cook and several technicians from their office in Colorado Springs to act as observers and lend whatever assistance possible to the local investigation.

Richards hurried over to the bank for additional details on the robbery from Singleton. Within a short time Sheriff Hurst arrived from his home several miles out of town.

Singleton repeated his description of the bandits. The four tellers employed in the bank listened closely but were unable to recall that the men had been in the bank previously.

"It's strange," Singleton said. "They knew all about the time lock on the vault. But I'm positive I've never seen either of them before."

"They must have gotten their information somewhere," Richards commented.

"Suppose they could have had somebody from town in on the job with them?" Hurst asked.

It was possible, although Singleton felt it was highly unlikely that any local residents would be involved with bank robbers. Richards agreed, particularly since the bandits appeared to be highly skilled professionals. It seemed more likely that a third man had come into town earlier to get the information. Posing as a skier or tourist, he would have gone unnoticed.

"Anybody been around asking questions?" Richards asked.

Neither Singleton nor the clerks could recall anyone in particular who had shown an interest in the bank, or who had asked any personal questions concerning Singleton.

(Continued on page 48)

Luxurious desert ranch home where socially prominent Mrs. Lucile Betten was strangled to death during brief period when husband was out

Their Feet Could Have Saved Their Lives

Tucson police were sure these two women were victims of the Phantom Foot Fondler. But who was this nameless menace? How find him?

THE term "fetish" is derived from the Portuguese word "feitico," meaning a charm or sorcery, and is based on the Latin word "facticius," which meant to make artificial. In common usage it now refers to a non-sexual object which excites erotic feelings or causes one person to be attracted to another by stimulating the nervous system to normal desire.

Among the many forms of fetishes is that of the "shoe or foot fetish." A case history of such a foot fetish was noted in the writings of Sigmund Freud, in which he stated:

"A man to whom the various attractions of woman now mean nothing, who in fact, can only be aroused by the sight of a shoe on the foot of a certain form, is able to recall an experience he had in his sixth year and which proved decisive for the fixation of his libido. One day he sat on a stool beside his governess. She was a shriveled old maid who, that day, on account of some accident, had put a velvet slipper on her foot and stretched it out on a foot-stool.

"After a diffident attempt at normal activity, undertaken at the time of his puberty, a thin, sinewy foot like that of his governess had become the sole object of his desires. The man was carried away irresistibly if other features, reminiscent of his governess, appeared in connection with the foot. Through this fixation, the man did not become neurotic but perverse, a foot fetishist."

THIS was a carbon copy killing. The Tucson, Arizona, police realized it as soon as they arrived on the sprawling 20-acre estate in the fashionable residential area just outside the city on that Wednesday afternoon of March 20, 1963. Mrs. Lucile Betten, a wealthy socialite, had been slain in her bedroom. And it was almost as if the officers again were investigating the death of Mrs. Pauline Saxon.

This much the detectives knew. They had to find the man with the sky-blue eyes—the phantom foot-fondler whose perverted obsession now had claimed a second victim.

Russell L. Betten's call had come in to the Pima County Sheriff's Office at 12:32. Captain James McDonald, head of the Detective Bureau, and Detectives Richard C. Smith and John Lyons reached the Rancho Ar el Be (from Betten's initials) within a short time.

Betten met them at the front door of the luxurious ranch-style home. He said simply: "She's in the bedroom."

The tone said more than the words. It was one of hopeless despair, an expression which told eloquently that now that his wife was dead, nothing was left. The couple was childless and they had lived only for each other. Life itself suddenly had lost its meaning for Betten.

A retired contractor, Betten and his wife had come to Tucson in 1953 and built the lavish ranch estate. Mrs. Betten was a talented violinist. She had played with the Tucson Symphony Orchestra. A Regent of the Daughters of The American Revolution in Chicago, Mrs. Betten quickly moved into the social life in the desert city. She was a Patroness of the Sigma Alpha Iota sorority, a national women's professional organization. The couple entertained often.

Betten and his wife were together constantly. They had parted for only a few hours while Betten went to town to have some minor repairs made to his automobile and to go to the bank. In that short time, Mrs. Betten had been slain.

The three investigators entered the large bedroom. Sprawled on the floor

Mrs. Betten, left, was skilled violinist; above, Sheriff Burr and official with weapons thought used in earlier similar case

was Mrs. Betten, her blouse torn and a necktie cinched around her throat.

The darkened color of her skin showed investigators she had been strangled. But what interested them most was that her shoes were off. They had been thrown into a far corner of the room.

Her underclothes were not disarranged, indicating there had been no sexual assault. And there was no evidence that any of the rooms had been ransacked.

"The Foot Fondler," Captain McDonald said.

The detectives nodded. Smith looked at his watch and added: "And at almost the same time of day." He referred to the fact that Mrs. Saxon also had been attacked shortly after noon.

"We'll leave things just as they are until the lab crew gets here," McDonald announced. "You fellows search outside and I'll talk to the husband."

Betten was in the living room, slumped in a chair in front of a large picture window that overlooked the desert. His head was in his hands, his shoulders bowed, obviously near shock.

"I'd like to ask you some questions," McDonald said gently.

"All right."

"When did you see your wife last?"

Betten said he had left the house at 9:30. Mrs. Betten had been on the telephone at the time, talking to a friend. "They were talking about a party we had last night," Betten said.

"You had a party here?"

Betten explained that in the evening his wife had played with the Tucson Symphony Orchestra in a performance at the University of Arizona. A number of persons had been invited to the house following the performance. It had been a gay party that lasted until two o'clock in the morning.

"Did anything happen——"

"You mean that would have anything to do with that," Betten interrupted. He glanced toward the bedroom, finding it difficult to put into actual words that his wife had been slain.

"Yes."

Shaking his head, Betten said: "They were friends. It was a nice party. We sat and talked about the symphony."

MAKING notes, McDonald asked where Betten had gone after he left the house. The bereaved husband named the garage where he had taken his car and the bank where he had transacted some business.

"I called Lucile from the bank around noon," Betten said. "There was no answer. I was concerned because she hadn't mentioned going out today. In fact, we had intended to spend the afternoon shopping."

Elaborating on this, Betten said he and his wife had planned to leave on Sunday for Mazatlan, Mexico, to celebrate their 24th wedding anniversary.

"When I got home, Patty—the dog—was out in the yard," Betten went on. "She's old and Lucile never lets her outside the house. Patty was barking and I had a feeling something was wrong. I came inside . . ."

Betten paused. It was difficult for him to force his memory to recall the details of discovering his wife's body in the bedroom.

"I can't understand how anyone could have gotten in," Betten said. "She usually kept the screen door locked and there's a gun behind the kitchen door. I told her if a prowler ever came when she was alone here to at least fire it, that it probably would frighten anyone away."

The rifle still was behind the kitchen door.

Smith and Lyons came in to report they had been unable to find any signs of a forced entry. It appeared that the slayer must have been let into the home by his victim.

But inside the house the detectives found something confusing. Drops of blood led from the bathroom in the master bedroom to a second bathroom adjoining a guest room. The blood trail led to the living room, and on a closer inspection they found signs that considerable blood had been spilled on the carpet.

McDonald and the detectives returned to the master bedroom to examine the body. Mrs. Betten had a

By J. P. McParlin *Special Investigator for ACTUAL DETECTIVE STORIES*

bandage on a finger of her right hand. There was no sign of blood in the bedroom.

Betten was asked about the cut on his wife's finger. He was positive she had not cut herself before he left in the morning.

"Lucile was very careful about her hands," Betten said. "You know she was a violinist. I can't understand how she could have cut herself."

The wound had bled in the living room, but there was no evidence of broken glass or a knife. Yet the wound had been bandaged.

When Doctor Louis Hirsch, pathologist for the coroner's office arrived, the bandage was removed from the finger. He said that the wound was a deep, jagged slash. Apparently it had been made by a knife.

"It fits," McDonald said. "It's the modus operandi of The Foot Fondler. That's got to be the answer."

"He probably used the knife to threaten her, maybe even slashed her and then let her put a bandage on the wound before going into that weird foot-fondling ritual of his," Smith said.

Doctor Hirsch placed the time of death as roughly 11:30 in the morning. This explained why Betten's call, made to the house at noon, wasn't answered.

WHILE the lab men busied themselves in the house, McDonald directed Smith and Lyons: "Get as many men as you can into the area right away. If we can find somebody who saw a stranger and they can give us a lead, we may catch up with him this time."

"How about Sturgeon's boys?"

"Yeah," McDonald assented. "And everybody else we can get out of Headquarters. We've simply got to find somebody who saw the guy."

Captain Kenneth Sturgeon directs the 30-man volunteer motorcycle squad of the Pima County Search and Rescue Unit. They immediately began a search throughout the area for anyone who had seen a man near the Betten home that morning.

The man they were looking for, the investigators felt, had sky-blue eyes, was in his early 30's, about six feet tall and weighed around 175 pounds. He was believed to have been the slayer of Mrs. Pauline Saxon.

He was known as "The Phantom Foot Fondler."

The police had been searching for him for the past six months.

The Saxon case occurred on October 2, 1962, only about a mile from where Mrs. Betten had been slain.

It started with a call to the Arizona State Highway Patrol office, with the weak, choked voice of a woman pleading: "Send someone to help me—hurry, I'm dying."

The call had been given to the Sheriff's Office. The first deputy on the scene, Charles "Pappy" Nichols, found the 62-year-old widow lying in the front room of her home with a butcher knife still stuck in her chest. In the hospital it later was found that she also had been stabbed with an ice pick which had broken off in her body.

Despite the wounds that would claim her life after a two-day struggle against death, Mrs. Saxon was conscious. In a choked voice, she managed to tell Nichols some of what had taken place, before the ambulance arrived to rush her to emergency surgery at St. Joseph's Hospital.

She had been in her home alone, watching television, when a man came to the door about noon. He asked if he could use her telephone.

Mrs. Saxon let him in and led him to the telephone in the kitchen. She returned immediately to the television set, as she was engaged in a bingo game that the station was playing with the viewing audience.

A short time later, without her being aware of it, the man sneaked back into the living room and came up behind her chair. She had been so engrossed in the

Dep. Al Felix examines butcher knife used in attacking Mrs. Pauline Saxon in her home, at right. Note her shoes, removed by Foot Fondler

television game that she hadn't noticed anything wrong until the man grabbed her by the throat. He choked her until she was unconscious.

The woman had been unconscious at the time the slayer plunged the knife into her chest. The knife had come from the kitchen of the home.

KNOWING the broadcast time of the particular television program Mrs. Saxon had been watching, and the time of her call, the investigators determined she must have been unconscious about 45 minutes. When she came to, she had managed to drag herself across the floor, with the knife still in the wound, and phone for help.

Mrs. Saxon had given the detectives a good description of her assailant. His outstanding physical characteristic was a pair of sky-blue eyes.

The woman had not been sexually assaulted. The house had not been ransacked and, so far as could be determined, nothing had been taken. No motive for the crime was apparent until a careful examination of all the facts and evidence showed that the woman's shoes had been removed. They were found some distance from where the attack had taken place, as if flung there.

During the two days Mrs. Saxon gallantly fought death in the hospital, she was able to answer the questions McDonald put to her. He asked about the shoes.

"I had them on," she said. "I was wearing them at the time I was watching the television program. In fact, I never go about the house without my shoes on. I seldom even wear slippers because I need the support of my shoes."

It didn't make much sense, until the fact was mentioned in a newspaper story. Then the Sheriff's Office had a number of calls from women who had been approached by a man who had wanted to fondle their feet.

One told McDonald: "This fellow came to the door and asked to use my telephone. I let him in. Then after he made his call he asked me if I ever had foot trouble. He started telling me about massaging the arches and how it would make me feel better."

The woman said he had managed to talk her into sitting in a chair and taking off her shoes. He began to massage her feet.

"That's when I got scared," she said. "He acted real strange. He didn't actually try to get fresh—you know what I mean—but he was real queer. I really didn't know what to do, but just then I happened to see a neighbor passing. I jumped up and called to her. I told the fellow I had things to do and he left."

The man's age and description generally fitted those Mrs. Saxon had given for the man who had attacked her.

"What about his eyes?" McDonald asked.

"They were blue. An unusual shade of blue. You noticed them right away, sort of like they were transparent."

"Sky-blue?" McDonald asked.

"Yes, I guess that's how you'd describe them. They were sky-blue."

The other calls received by the Sheriff's Office were similar. Some of the women were young and some were older. The man seemed to have no preferences, only a compulsion to massage their feet. Most of the women who had been approached repulsed his attention.

Those who had submitted to the massage told how he became "sort of peculiar." Fortunately, there had been circumstances in each case where the women had been able to elude the initial advance.

McDonald had consulted a psychiatrist, asking about the strange behavior. He learned that this was a manifestation of a sexual psychopath known as a "foot fetishist."

"There's a thin line between the abnormal desires of a person afflicted with such an obsession and criminal action," the psychiatrist told him. "If the person is thwarted in his desires, he might easily become enraged and inflict bodily harm upon the other person."

"But as far as we can determine, he made no attempt to fondle Mrs. Saxon's feet before he strangled her," McDonald pointed. "Why would he throttle her first and then stab her to death?"

The psychiatrist tried to explain the slaying first. He pointed out that after the psychopath received satisfaction from fondling the feet of a woman, he most likely would return to a state of normalcy.

"You've heard about firebugs," the psychiatrist said. "Guys who get a thrill from setting a fire and watching it burn. This is just another manifestation of an abnormal desire. Once the fetishist received satisfaction, he could then realize the woman would be able to identify him. If he had choked her insensible, he would realize there might be a considerable penalty for his actions. The slaying was most likely an attempt to prevent identification and detection."

McDonald said: "In the other cases, he made up a story for his attempts to try and fondle the women's feet. In this case, he sneaked in and choked the woman first. Is there some reason for that?"

"Very likely. Possibly he was thwarted earlier, not necessarily the same day, by some woman whose feet he had attempted to caress. Or it may be the urge was on him so strongly that he couldn't contain himself. He was unable to take the time to find a plausible excuse and forcibly made her submit to the fondling."

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Suspect ponders unusual passion which police say led him to kill two Tucson women

Continue to Be A Proxy Mother —Or Else

Although positive "The Brute" had drenched this delicatessen owner's eyes with lye, San Francisco detectives found no motive, until—

WHY would anyone want to hurt Harry Goldman? It was a question the San Francisco police inspectors were finding difficult to get an answer for. Everywhere they went, they heard the same thing. "Harry is one nice guy."

Yet Harry Goldman lay in the Presbyterian Medical Center suffering excruciating pain, probably blinded.

Someone had thrown a lye solution into Harry's face.

It happened at 5:05 on the Wednesday evening of March 13, 1963, in the kosher delicatessen Goldman operated on McAllister Street in the Fillmore district.

Harry and his clerk, Esther Dumo, were in the shop alone when the young man came in. He was a Negro, in his late 'teens or early 20's, with big black eyes, a flat nose and thick lips. His hair was cropped close.

"Gimme a couple hot dogs and a couple slices of bologna," the young man ordered. He was dressed in a heavy, striped V-neck sweater, a shirt open at the throat and dirty Ivy-League trousers.

Goldman weighed, then started to wrap the meat. "Gimme it," the youth said, holding out his hand. He took it in the waxed paper and wolfed it down. "How much?"

"Fifty cents."

The Fillmore district is one of San Francisco's older sections. Customers who buy luncheon meat and eat it on the spot aren't unusual.

"I got another buck to spend." The youth looked along the cases at the cheeses, meats and olives. "What's that stuff?"

"Pastrami."

"What's it like?"

"It's sort of like corned beef, only more spicy. I think you'd like it."

Goldman noticed a paper sack the youth held in his hand. The neck of a bottle was exposed at the top. This wasn't unusual for the Fillmore district, either. A number of bars dot the area but the regulars buy their wine by the jug. It's cheaper that way.

"Gimme some of that stuff," the youth said.

Goldman took the pastrami from the case and went to the slicing machine. He placed it in position and looked up. "How much?"

Suddenly, without warning the youth lifted the sack in his hand and jerked it toward Goldman. A liquid splashed out of the wide-mouthed bottle and drenched Goldman's face.

"What's the idea?" Esther cried, starting toward the youth. She thought it was a trick to avoid payment for the

Clerk Esther Dumo, left, saw lye attack on Harry Goldman, being comforted in hospital by son Allen and wife, below

wieners and bologna the young man already had eaten. He pushed her aside and threw the bottle at her. Some of the liquid spilled on her legs.

Goldman now was shrieking and clawing at his face and eyes.

"What's the matter, Harry? What did he throw at you?"

Then Esther felt her own legs burning. It was as if they had been bathed in liquid fire.

"Get a doctor! Get the police! Get somebody," Goldman screamed. "I'm blind! My face is on fire!"

Goldman was writhing in agony by the time the ambulance arrived. Esther had poured water on his face and over her own legs but it did little to relieve the burning that seemed to sear away the flesh.

The beat patrolman and Esther locked up the delicatessen that Goldman and his partner, Irving Berman, had operated in the same location for the past nine years. Goldman and Mrs. Dumo were rushed to the hospital.

The patrolman notified Headquarters. Lieutenant Frank Gregg sent Inspectors Gus Coreris and John Fotinos to the hospital to investigate the incident.

"He's been badly burned by a caustic solution," the physicians told the investigators. "Probably lye."

Police said man, right, took roundabout way to get revenge for an act that harmed no one but mysteriously offended him

"How badly?"

"Most of the skin on his face and he may lose his sight. We won't know how badly his eyes are burned for awhile," one of the doctors explained.

Mrs. Dumo had been given emergency treatment. The burns on her legs were painful but she was able to answer questions for the detectives. She told them what had happened.

"Why?" Fotinos asked. "Why would anyone do a thing like that? The doctors say Mr. Goldman may lose his sight."

"Why?" Mrs. Dumo repeated the question. "Why would anybody do a thing like that? I have no idea. Mr. Goldman is one of the best men on this earth. You ask anybody about Harry Goldman and they'll tell you. They don't come any better, so why should anybody do a thing like that to him?"

"Didn't the man say anything?" Coreris asked.

By John Wardwell

Special Investigator for OFFICIAL DETECTIVE STORIES

"Only to ask for the hot dogs and bologna. Then he wanted some pastrami."

"Did you recognize him?"

"I saw him yesterday and again this morning?"

"He was in the store?"

"Yesterday, to buy a pickle. I sold him a five-cent pickle. This morning he came in and bought a newspaper."

"Was he ever in the place before?"

"I don't think so. I'm nearly sure he wasn't, only yesterday and again this morning. And then tonight."

"Did Mr. Goldman recognize him?"

"I don't think so. Harry knows a lot of his customers, calls them by name. He didn't say anything to this fellow, only asked him what he wanted."

"And you're sure the man didn't say anything to Mr. Goldman before throwing the stuff on him?"

Mrs. Dumo said: "No, nothing. I heard nothing. Harry just asked how much pastrami he wanted. The fellow didn't answer. He just threw the stuff in Harry's face."

Fotinos asked: "Has there been any trouble? Anyone Mr. Goldman has had arrested for shoplifting? Anyone who has threatened him?"

With an elaborate gesture, Mrs. Dumo answered: "You know the Fillmore district. Kids try to steal pickles. Bums and drunks come in. But Harry never made trouble for anyone. You ask anyone. Harry Goldman has given away more money than he's kept for himself. He has a heart as big as a barrel."

PHYSICIANS told the investigators that Goldman's emergency treatment would continue for several hours. It would be some time before they could question him. The officers called Goldman's partner, Irving Berman and made an appointment to meet him at the delicatessen.

The sack and bottle the youth had thrown at Mrs. Dumo had been left on the shop floor. It still was there when the inspectors arrived and were let in by Berman.

Inside an ordinary brown paper sack was a plastic baby bottle. It had a strong caustic smell, like household lye.

The bottle and sack would be turned over to the lab technicians and examined for fingerprints. The small amount of liquid remaining would be analyzed to determine the type of caustic used.

"What do you think this is all about, Mr. Berman?" Fotinos asked the coowner. "Why would anyone do a thing like this to Mr. Goldman?"

"Believe me, I have no idea," Berman answered. "I couldn't have been more shocked when I heard what happened. But maybe it was the same kids who tried to do something similar Sunday night."

The officers looked at Berman in surprise.

"Do what Sunday night?" Coreris asked.

Berman explained that he had stopped by the delicatessen on Sunday at closing time to drive Goldman home. As Goldman was getting into the car, two Negro youths rushed up. One shouted: "Here's for your lousy pickle!" and threw some liquid on Goldman.

"Harry thought it was water," Berman said. "He brushed the stuff off his clothes. I asked him what it was all about and he said he recognized one of the kids as having come into the shop and bought a pickle earlier."

Later, Goldman's face had begun to burn him. He went to a pharmacy and got some salve. "He told me that the stuff ruined his clothes. Burned holes in them."

"Did he report this to the police?"

"No. He just thought it was some kid prank. You know how the kids are around a neighborhood like this. Some get pretty rough."

"Have you been having trouble with any kids?"

"No real trouble," Berman said. "Harry and I have run this shop for nine years. We've never had any trouble."

Coreris and Fotinos pressed for an explanation. Throwing lye in a man's face and causing him to lose his eyesight was serious. It seemed more than a kid's prank. But Berman could suggest no reason for it.

McAllister Street was buzzing with the news of the attack. The investigators learned that Robert Wynn had been coming out of a building next door at the time it happened. He heard Goldman's screams and saw the Negro youth run up McAllister to the corner on Webster.

"I thought it was a holdup, that maybe somebody had been shot," Wynn said. "I saw the kid running, so I chased up there after him. I saw him turn the corner and get into a car."

"What kind of a car?"

Wynn wasn't sure. It was a light color and an older model. He hadn't got the license number.

"There was somebody in it, waiting," Wynn said. "As soon as the kid jumped in, it took off. I didn't get much of a chance to see it."

"Did you see the driver?"

Wynn hesitated. "Not really, but——"

"Yes?" Fotinos prompted.

"I can't be real sure of this, but I have the impression a white man was driving the car. The kid was a Negro but I'm almost certain a white man was driving."

The fact that a car had been waiting for the attacker around the corner made it certain the assault upon Goldman had been planned. They questioned Berman again, asking about any business trouble. He was emphatic in his denial of any.

"What about Goldman's personal life?" Coreris asked. "Could it be someone who took this means of getting even with him?"

"I don't think so," Berman said positively. "Harry is married. He's got two fine children. His daughter is in high school and his son is going to the University of California. Harry never did anything bad in his whole life. You just ask how many charities he helps support. You ask how many people around here he's helped out when they were in trouble. When they wanted

(Continued on page 50)

Officer J. R. Acevedo fingerprints boy who wanted $15

Ben Noodell Had to Chase His Money to Death

Who robbed this Omaha merchant and then, in a dark alley, stabbed his throat and put four .32 bullets in his head?

By Bill Billote

Special Investigator for
OFFICIAL DETECTIVE STORIES

Body of valiant grocer who fought through World War II only to die from a bandit's revolver is examined by Detective Sergeant John Hoagland and Sergeant Robert Nieto

FRANK KAWA, the butcher at Ben's Super Market in the 3100 block on North 16th Street in Omaha, Nebraska, tiredly climbed the stairs from the basement to the main floor of the store. This cloudy Saturday of March 2, 1963, had been a busy one, and he noted with satisfaction that the hour hand on the clock was approaching seven.

"Say, how about waiting on me?" an impatient voice called from the front of the store.

Looking up, Kawa saw a young man at the check-out counter. He then noted that his employer, Ben Noodell, was not in the store. Noodell had been talking with a woman customer at the check-out stand when Kawa went to the basement to stack some empty bottles several minutes earlier.

As Kawa approached the front of the store, the youth indicated a deck of playing cards and a package of cigarettes and offered the money for payment.

Kawa took it. And it was then that the butcher, still puzzled about the absence of Noodell, noticed the cash register drawer was standing open and that no money was in it.

Kawa wheeled on the youth and demanded:

"Have you been fooling around with this cash register? Did you take anything out of it?"

"I didn't even know it was open," the youth replied.

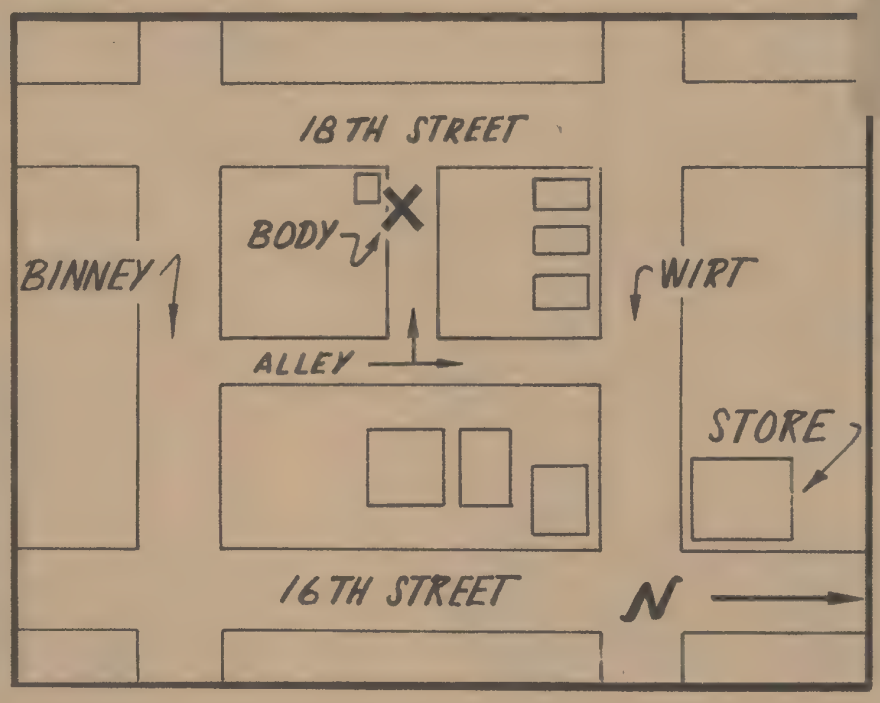
"How long have you been here?"

"A few minutes. But that's not my fault. Ben could have waited on me—he was walking out the door with a tall, young colored man when I was coming in. But the next time I looked they were both gone."

Kawa's forehead creased into a frown. Noodell had told him repeatedly that he never wanted the store left unattended, that one of them must be there at all times. If Noodell had wanted to step out on business for a moment, why hadn't he called down to him?

In a flash it added up. The empty cash register drawer, the absence of Noodell—the other man—it had to be

Ben Noodell, right, was forced from his store, above, at gun point; diagram below shows where his body was found



a robbery, possibly a kidnaping. Kawa grabbed the telephone.

Minutes later, Cruiser Car 35, manned by Patrolmen Glenn A. Steimer and William A. Mann, was skidding to a stop before the market.

Kawa still was on the phone, now talking to Floyd Rohrer, proprietor of a television shop a short distance away. Kawa knew Rohrer was a good friend of Noodell, and told him what had happened. Rohrer immediately said he and an employee would make a quick search of the neighborhood, in case Noodell had been slugged.

Now, as the two officers hurried in, Kawa hung up, noting that the youth to whom he'd sold the cards and cigarettes had disappeared.

"What's the trouble?" Steimer asked, and Kawa related the few facts he knew, stressing that his employer had been seen leaving the store with a tall Negro.

THE three men quickly searched around the outside of the store, but found no sign of the grocer. As they entered the building again, Detective Sergeant Ray Holewinski drove up and came in.

"Have you been through the neighborhood?" Sergeant Holewinski asked the patrolmen.

"No, we've only been here long enough to find out what Mr. Kawa could tell us," Steimer replied. "But two men from the television shop down the street started a search just a few minutes ago."

"You better join them while I radio for more help. This could turn into something serious."

The patrolmen turned to leave but were halted at the door by the arrival of a breathless, wide-eyed man.

"We—we found him! He's dead! Ben's dead!" The man gestured vaguely into the distance behind him. "Floyd stayed with him. But he's dead."

"Who are you?" Holewinski asked. "And where is Noodell?"

The man's breath was coming more regularly now, but the lines in his face seemed to deepen as he recalled the horror he'd seen. "I'm George Weiler. I work for Floyd Rohrer. Ben's in an alley about a block and a half from here. It's awful——"

After putting in a hurried call for more help, Sergeant Holewinski and the patrolmen accompanied Weiler back to where he and Rohrer had found Noodell's body about 30 feet inside an alley leading off of 18th Street, between Wirt and Binney.

What the police officers saw as they approached the death scene made many of them, hardened as they were to scenes of sudden death, involuntarily wince with horror.

The 50-year-old grocer, still wearing his tan working smock, lay sprawled with his head at the base of a picket fence enclosing the rear of a yard. His head rested in the crook of his left arm and the left hand clutched a packet of book matches. Ironically, the legend on the match book cover read, "Season's Greetings."

The grocer's right hand tightly held a small leather key container with various keys in it.

The alley in which the body had been found continued only a short distance until it met another one dividing the block in a north-south direction. Uniformed officers who by now had arrived in several cars were stationed at each entrance to block off the crowds of curious people attracted by the police activity and shouted reports that a man had been killed. Teams of detectives arrived in unmarked cars.

Mobile Laboratory 39 rolled up to the scene and Patrick J. Bolan, civilian identification technician, soon was hard at work collecting and sorting any items of interest brought to him by the detective teams. Patrolman Robert Gallagher worked with Bolan assembling a complete pictorial record of the scene.

Sergeants John P. Hoagland and Charles Condon worked in the glare of lights from a fire truck that had been summoned to illuminate the unpaved alley.

"Look at the bottom of Noodell's shoes," Hoagland told Condon. "It's a cinch he just got into the alley when he was killed. If he'd come from the other end his shoes would be muddy."

Condon grunted in acknowledgment.

"Another thing we can just about be sure of is that both the victim and killer were on foot," Condon added. "There are no fresh tire tracks here."

A cursory examination of the grocer's wounds showed his throat had been cut and he had been shot four times in the head—three times from behind and once through the bridge of the nose.

"Whoever did this wanted to make sure Noodell would never talk again," Hoagland said. "It could mean the victim knew him and the gunman didn't want him to recover even for a minute because he could put the finger on him."

"That's probably right, but how did they get here?" Condon asked. "You don't parade a grocer in a working smock up the street without attracting some attention. This neighborhood is well populated and they don't go to bed at seven o'clock on a Saturday night. And if the bandit had forced Noodell into a car because he didn't want him to call us immediately, he certainly would have taken him more than a block and a half from his store."

"Maybe the grocer chased him," Hoagland conjectured.

"What was he going to hit him with when he caught him—the book matches and key case?"

Hoagland frowned. "I don't know. But——"

"Look!" Condon took several quick steps and bent to examine a small metal object. "It looks like a soldier's dog tag!" he exclaimed. "And there's blood on it!"

HOAGLAND knelt alongside his teammate to study the item carefully. "You're right," he said excitedly. "I can make out the name and serial number. Now isn't that a break!"

"This job might have been pulled by a serviceman desperate for dough or maybe an AWOL from SAC."

Condon was referring to the Strategic Air Command south of Omaha where thousands of airmen work at the nerve center of this country's air defense.

The name on the dog tag was Anthony Hoden.

"The boys downtown will have to get help from Federal agents on this,"

Hoagland said. He quickly radioed the information in to Headquarters and asked that an all-out attempt be made to find Hoden, then deposited the dog tag in an envelope and put it into a pocket.

A short time later police guards were posted to insure nothing would be disturbed, and the body of the unfortunate grocer was taken to the Douglas County Hospital after Acting Coroner George Sullivan had inspected it.

The investigation then shifted back to the grocery store where other policemen had been posted.

Questioned there was Mrs. Rohrer, the wife of the television store proprietor, who probably was one of the last persons to see Noodell before he met his killer. She had left her husband's shop at about 6:35 p. m. to make a small grocery purchase at Noodell's market, first crossing the street to mail some letters.

On entering the store, she said, she found Noodell near the front door putting soft drink bottles in cases. The grocer was in his usual good humor, kidded her as he rang up her 34-cent purchase on the cash register. Mrs. Rohrer believed she left the store shortly before seven p. m.

Examination of the cash register tape revealed that the 34-cent purchase was the last one made, and that the day's sales totaled $302.39.

Mrs. Rohrer had been the woman that Frank Kawa, the butcher, saw talking to his employer before he went down into the basement to work.

Questioned further, Mrs. Rohrer said she had seen a tall Negro standing on the corner near the store as she walked back to her husband's shop. When asked for the Negro's description she said:

"He looked about six feet, two inches tall and wasn't too heavy. I'd guess he'd weigh around one hundred and seventy pounds. He was wearing a medium-colored topcoat and dark pants." She thought a moment. "He seemed to have been drinking."

Police thought it likely this was the man seen leaving the store with Noodell a short time later.

Mrs. Rohrer said the next thing she knew her husband had received the telephone call from Kawa saying Noodell was missing and the cash register rifled.

The butcher was asked if Noodell usually kept a gun on the premises.

"I think he kept a gun here someplace, but I don't know where," Kawa answered.

Lieutenant Monroe Coleman and Detective Sergeants John Mitchell and William Smith had joined the investigation. Along with Bolan and Robert Gallagher of the Identification Bureau, they carefully were scrutinizing every inch of the grocery store.

Special attention was given to dusting the cash register for fingerprints.

From Mrs. Noodell, who was almost prostrate with grief, police were able to learn that late in the day she had met at Municipal Air Field relatives who had been vacationing in Florida. They had stopped for a few minutes at the store on their way home. That was the last she had seen her husband alive.

The investigations at the grocery store and the death scene were only parts of the over-all police activity as the report at Central Police Headquarters changed from "larceny of a cash register" to "homicide."

Two seasoned key policemen on the Omaha force, Chief of Police Harold Ostler and Detective Inspector John Barnes, both of whom had come up through the ranks, had canceled any Saturday-night plans at home and were in their offices, setting up the intricate law-enforcement machinery seldom obvious to the casual observer of a homicide investigation.

The Mormon Bridge in the north, the Ak-Sar-Ben Bridge leading from the center of Omaha to Council Bluffs, Iowa, over the Missouri River, and the comparatively new South Omaha Bridge already had been covered by cruiser-car officers alerted for a tall young Negro.

Deputies of Sheriff Patrick Corrigan were prowling the roads to the west and Nebraska Safety Patrolmen were on watch for the killer who might have made it out of the confines of Douglas County.

Detective Sergeants Oscar Pfeffer and Merrill D. Putnam were checking the bus depots and railroad stations, asking if anyone acting suspiciously had ordered a ticket in the past couple of hours.

Police leaves were canceled and detectives on the four-to-midnight shift had been told to forget about going home. On the brightly lighted second floor of the station, occupied by the De-

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Captain L. K. Smith and Sergeant Walt Wilson, top, study reports which helped lead to suspect shown above, flanked by Lieutenant Coleman and Sergeant Foxall

Shot By a Man Without a Gun

With a .22-caliber bullet in his head, Shoil Shulkloper couldn't keep his Pontiac from crashing into this Volkswagen panel truck

The bullet that killed this Cuban refugee gave Miami, Fla., lawyers the most unusual case in their history, for old English common law said the man who shot was innocent and an unarmed man was a murderer

LIEUTENANT ALOIS SPATH stared silently at the wall clock. It showed 10:45. The room was so quiet it seemed he should hear it tick, but it made not a sound. Its second hand just crept around and around, mechanically, unemotionally, with a self-contained remote perfection that isolated it from the world of the living. And yet with each second that it relegated to oblivion the lives of two men—a critically wounded Cuban refugee, Shoil Shulkloper, and a robber who had set in motion the act that put a bullet in Shulkloper's brain—hung in the balance.

And if Shulkloper died, the man who shot him would face no charge, for he was innocent of any crime. But another man, a man who had fired no gun, would face a homicide charge if apprehended.

That was the situation Spath and his assistants, Detectives Wallace LaPeters and Robert Minium, were considering as they sat silently, each examining in his own mind the most unusual case he'd ever worked on, waiting for the latest word on an investigation they had put into motion only a few brief hours earlier . . .

JULES HOWARD BENDER, balding 52-year-old proprietor of Sunshine Liquors on the outskirts of Miami, Florida, at first paid little attention to the handsome stranger who walked into his business as Bender waited on another customer.

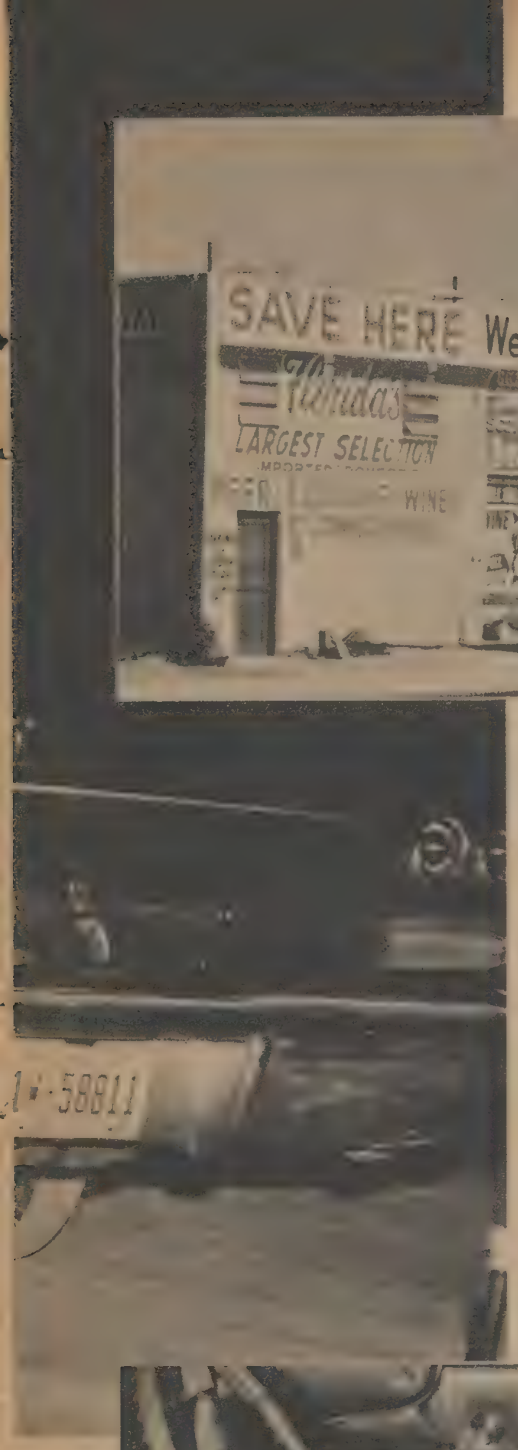
A white-faced clock on the wall of his corner store registered 5:10 and Bender was expecting the usual stream of customers who stopped on their way home from work.

But after he had received a bill from the first patron for a bottle of Scotch whisky, rung it up, made change and watched the customer bustle out the door, he was able for the first time to give the crew-cut loiterer close scrutiny. The close-up study brought a worried frown to Bender's forehead.

"Can I help you, Sir?" he asked crisply, his glance taking in the bulge where the stranger's hand was buried in the pocket of his light-tan jacket.

The handsome, well-muscled man started to speak, but then shook his head abruptly as the door swung open to admit another customer. "Just looking," he replied, then went back to surveying the liquor shelves of the store as the owner waited on the new customer.

When that patron walked out the door with his purchase, Bender turned again to the browsing stranger. The



Robbery scene, above, and interior of innocent victim's car, below; right, the man who didn't have a gun and Lieut. Spath

man's hand, the proprietor observed with growing apprehension, still was out of sight in his pocket. And his menacing scowl was unnerving.

Bender strained to see out the window into the parking lot adjacent to his store at the intersection of Northwest 27th Avenue and Northwest 20th Street. Maybe another customer was coming in. But despite the heavy traffic passing outside, the lot was deserted except for a cream-colored Comet sedan Bender took to belong to his customer.

"Give me a fifth of Canadian Club," the stranger ordered at last.

"There it is," Bender replied nervously, pointing toward a wall shelf at the side of his store. Almost petrified, he was unwilling to move from behind the limited protection of the counter.

Without taking his dark eyes off the storekeeper for more than a moment at a time, the stranger strode to the shelf, snatched down a bottle of liquor, walked back to where Bender stood and thumped it on the counter before him. Then, suddenly:

"This is a stick-up! Give me all your money, and do it quick."

Bender, a lump surging in his throat, recoiled away from the counter until he felt the coolness of glass bottles through the back of his white shirt.

"Now!" the crew-cut bandit shouted.

Bender jumped involuntarily and nodded rapidly as the hand in the coat pocket jerked menacingly. He began emptying his cash register.

"Put it in a bag," the holdup man ordered. "I don't want to walk out of here with a fistful of money in plain sight. Don't try to hold out on me, either."

Bender suddenly remembered the .22-caliber pistol he kept hidden beneath the counter. But he didn't think he had a chance to grab it. The bandit, he felt sure, would kill him before he could get his hands on the weapon.

He scooped the last of the bills into a brown paper bag and shoved the sack across the counter.

The gunman smiled slightly as he sidled away from Bender toward the door. "One more thing," he said as he fumbled behind him for the handle of the aluminum door. "You'd better not remember me."

Bender nodded, but at the same time he was desperately trying to think of a way to head off the gunman before he could get to his car.

"You've got the idea," the robber said sarcastically, fooled by Bender's apparent eagerness to cooperate. "Just play like you never saw me before."

Suddenly the door was closing behind the stranger and he was hurrying to his automobile.

Bender jerked open a drawer under the counter, felt the cold steel of the loaded pistol in his grip, and dashed for the door.

Frantically, angrily, he flung it open in time to see the Comet sedan backing onto crowded Northwest 20th Street right in front of him.

"Stop that man!" Bender shouted. He ran to the curb as the car moved down the street away from him, gaining speed, and impulsively leveled the pistol. Three times Bender felt the pistol recoil in his hand. He felt a surge of elation when the first shot blasted a fleck of paint off the door of the Comet.

Yet the slug obviously had not done much damage, for the car sped away down the congested street and disappeared.

"Stick-up!" the merchant cried to startled bystanders, and shot three more times into the air to summon police.

Trembling from excitement, Bender hurried back into his store to telephone the Dade County Metropolitan Department of Public Safety—the sprawling county's famed men of "Metro."

WITHIN minutes, an unmarked patrol car from Sheriff Thomas J. Kelly's Public Safety Department wheeled onto the Sunshine Liquors parking lot, and Detectives Wallace N. LaPeters and Robert Minium stepped out. A second car, a cruiser bearing Lieutenant Alois Spath, pulled up moments later.

Spath started to walk into the business place with the two investigators but drew to a sudden halt as he glanced east down Northwest 20th Street. A crowd was gathering around two vehicles which apparently had collided just across the intersection from the liquor store.

"Looks as if there's been a smashup," Lieutenant Spath called to the detectives. "I'd better get over there and call some traffic officers before we get a real rush-hour jam."

"Good idea," LaPeters agreed. "Maybe it was a motorist rubbernecking at the holdup here. He might even have seen something."

"See what the proprietor can tell you," Spath said, heading across the street to where a late-model Pontiac had swung onto the wrong side of the

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By Gene Bell

Special Investigator for OFFICIAL DETECTIVE STORIES

"My Wife Thinks I Killed That Girl"

Trooper Sam Platt and Chief Heidenreich study young victim where she was found on snowy field

When this pretty Richmond, Ind., girl went to Fort Wayne to work, she never expected to be abducted at knife point to die at her attacker's whim. Could investigators use a would-be suicide's remark to expose the one who killed her?

By Dwight McGlinn

Special Investigator for
ACTUAL DETECTIVE STORIES

Steak knife used in killing is shown by Lt. Wooldridge

INDIANA State Police Detective Sergeants Howard Lightfoot and James McKown were weary. For eighteen consecutive days they had worked long hours, trying to find a solid clue that would lead to the killer of an attractive widow, Mrs. Louise White Bolinger, in Winona Lake.

The puzzling case had been without an apparent motive and they had spent many hours questioning more than 1,000 persons before a nebulous lead led to a suspect and a confession. But that hadn't ended their work on the case. They had to help gather and prepare evidence to be submitted to the grand jury.

Finally, their preliminary work was completed. The suspect had been indicted and they would not be needed again until the trial.

Sergeant Lightfoot yawned. "As soon as I get my desk cleared, I'm going to take some time off and sleep for a week."

"Me, too," said Sergeant McKown, "unless something else pops."

"If it does," Lightfoot said, "I sure hope there's a motive."

They went back to their routine duties, catching up on loose ends that had accumulated during the long investigation—not knowing they soon would be plunged into the investigation of another case that was seemingly without motive . . .

THE case first came to police attention only a few hours later, on Wednesday morning, March 6, 1963. A supervisor for the General Telephone Company called Police Headquarters in Fort Wayne to report that a girl employee was missing.

"Just a moment," said the officer who received the call. "I'll connect you with the man who handles missing persons cases."

"This is not just an ordinary missing persons case," said the supervisor. "Something should be done about this right away. I'm sure something has happened to this girl."

The officer sighed. Practically everybody who reported a girl missing was sure something bad had happened to her. But in nearly every case, the girl turned up unharmed, with a perfectly plausible reason for disappearing.

"All right," the officer replied. "Would you like to talk to anyone in particular?"

"Yes. Somebody with authority to take action."

"All right. I'll switch you to Captain Henderson."

The call was transferred and Detective Captain Charles Henderson came on the line. "What makes you so sure something has happened to this girl?"

"She didn't come to work this morning," the supervisor replied. "I called her landlady and she isn't home. She's been with the company for almost two years, in the Fort Wayne office since last July. In all that time, she never failed to report for work without letting us know in advance."

"Is that all?"

"No. She is a very quiet, very hard-working, very conscientious girl. She knows the work she does is critical and she wouldn't stay off without telling us."

"What do you mean by critical?"

"Her job is in the traffic department, one that has to be filled at all times. She knows if she's absent there must be a replacement immediately." He explained that it was different from other jobs, where the work might be absorbed by others or postponed.

"What's her name?" Captain Henderson asked, making notes on a pad. "Her age? Her address?"

"Her name is Sally Jo Wisenberg. She's twenty-one and lives in an apartment on Grace Avenue." He repeated a number.

"All right. What else can you tell me about her?"

The supervisor said Sally Jo was a slender, attractive brunette who wore her hair in a short, almost boyish bob. She was quiet, rather shy and did not mix easily with strangers.

"Okay, we'll get on it right away," said Captain Henderson. "If you hear from her, let me know."

Captain Henderson summoned Detective Sergeants William Nancarrow and Ellis Nelson, told them briefly of the supervisor's report.

"Try to find out where and when she was last seen and who was with her," he instructed. "Dig into her background—her family, her friends—especially her boy-friends—and her known habits. When you've got all that, maybe we'll know where to look for her."

THE detectives left, driving first to the Grace Avenue address, where they asked for the landlady. She ushered them into a room and looked at them inquiringly.

"We're trying to find Sally Jo Wisenberg," Sergeant Nancarrow said. "When was the last time you saw her?"

"When she left for work Tuesday morning."

"That was yesterday. What about last night?"

"As far as I know," the landlady replied, "she didn't come home last night."

"Does she do this often?" Sergeant Nelson inquired.

"No. It's the first time she ever stayed away overnight without telling me," the woman replied with a worried frown.

"Do you think something has happened to her?"

"I'm afraid so. It's so unlike her to be away overnight without telling anybody——"

"What kind of a tenant is she?"

"Wonderful. She's no trouble at all. She's so quiet I barely know she is here."

"Does she ever have any company?"

"Occasionally some of her girl-friends drop in."

"What about men?"

"If a man ever came to her apartment, I never heard of it."

"What about her family?" Nelson asked.

"They live in Richmond. Sometimes, on week ends, Sally Jo drives there to see them."

"She has a car?"

"Yes, it's one of those compacts—a Rambler, I think."

"Is her car here now?"

"No. She drives it to work. She drove it yesterday morning when she left and I haven't seen it since."

"May we take a look at her apartment?" Nancarrow asked.

"Yes, I think it will be all right."

She led them to the apartment and opened the door with a pass key. As soon as they were inside the detectives knew Sally Jo was a good housekeeper. The two rooms were neat, with everything in its place. If the girl had been the victim of foul play, there was no indication of it here.

The detectives prowled around the apartment, searching for anything that might indicate where the girl had gone. The only possibility they found was a piece of paper with a telephone number scrawled on it.

Sergeant Nancarrow went to the phone and called the operator. He identified himself and asked her to check the number. She had the information within a few moments. The number was an automobile repair shop.

Nancarrow dialed it and inquired if the girl was there.

"Not now," was the reply. "She had some work done on her car last week, but we haven't seen her since."

"Did she mention anything about taking a trip?" Mancarrow asked.

"No, she didn't," the garage owner replied. "She works every day and she couldn't very well be taking a trip."

Nancarrow told of her failure to report for work and of the fear that something had happened to her.

"That's strange," the garage man said. "She seemed a mighty reliable girl."

"She always pay her repair bills?"

"Right on the barrel head. She paid cash when the work was done."

"Well, maybe you can help us," Nancarrow said. "Do you know the license number of her car?"

"Just a moment, I have it here somewhere." A brief pause, then: "Here it is." He repeated the number and Nancarrow jotted it down in his notebook.

"If you hear from her, let us know right away," he said and hung up.

The detectives made another round of the apartment and found nothing at all that could be considered a lead. Sergeant Nelson paused in front of the dresser and picked up two pictures, both of girls. "You know who these are?" he asked the landlady.

"Yes, those are two of her friends. They come here to visit Sally Jo sometimes."

"You know their names?"

"Yes, let me think a moment." She considered this, finally recalled the names.

"Where do they live?"

"I don't know. They never told me."

Directly across the hall from the apartment was a door that apparently led to an apartment similar to Sally Jo's. "Who lives there?" Sergeant Nelson asked.

"A woman who just recently moved in. I don't think she'd know anything about Sally Jo. But another woman had that apartment for several months. You might talk to her." The landlady supplied the name and address of the former tenant.

"One other thing," said Nancarrow. "Have you ever seen a picture of Sally Jo around here?"

"I believe there's one here someplace." The woman found it and handed it to the detective.

"We'll return this," he said. "We'll make copies and give them to the officers who are looking for her."

THE detectives left, after exacting a promise from the landlady that she would notify Headquarters at once if the girl came home.

They drove to the new address of the former tenant, but she wasn't there. The building manager said she was at work and probably would be home about 5:30.

"Where to now?" Nelson asked.

"Let's try the telephone company. Maybe she had some friends there," Nancarrow replied.

They drove to the executive offices of the company on Tecumseh Street and soon were in conference with the supervisor who had made the original report. He sent for Sally Jo's personnel folder.

It showed she had been graduated from Richmond High School in 1959. She had considered becoming a registered nurse, but later had decided to make teaching her career. She had attended Ball State Teachers College in Muncie for a year and a half, then dropped out. She returned to Richmond and went to work for the General Telephone Company as an operator.

She soon was transferred to the business office, where she worked until June, 1962. Sally Jo had been an honor student in high school and maintained a good scholastic record; for the telephone company, she was an exceptional worker. Better things were planned for her and in July, 1962, she was transferred to Fort Wayne, where she was trained in a "critical" job in the traffic department. Here, too, her work had been outstanding.

The supervisor said he knew little about her private life. "She was very quiet, rather shy," he said. "She just didn't talk about her personal affairs."

The records showed her parents still lived in Richmond; an older sister was a teacher in Michigan and a younger sister was in her senior year at Richmond High School.

"What about friends here in the office?" Nelson asked.

"I don't think she had any close friends among the employees," the supervisor said. "But you can talk to the girls in her department if you like."

The detectives did talk to the other employees, but none was well acquainted with Sally Jo. She had been pleasant enough, they said, but was too shy to form any close friendships among her co-workers.

The supervisor said Sally Jo had worked as usual Tuesday, leaving at the regular time, five o'clock. She had said nothing about being absent Wednesday and he was positive she expected to come to work.

"What do you think might have happened?" Sergeant Nancarrow asked.

"I've given it a lot of thought," the supervisor replied. "Sally Jo is a very attractive girl. The only conclusion I can come to is that she must have been kidnaped."

The detectives recalled the period during 1944 and 1945 when five women in the Fort Wayne area had been assaulted. Only one had survived; the others had been strangled. One man has been executed and another is serving a life sentence for those crimes.

The detectives shuddered at the memory of the terror that had swept through Fort Wayne and Allen County; for months, every woman in the area had lived in fear.

As they drove back to Headquarters, both detectives silently hoped that another sex-terrorist was not at large.

AFTER arranging for copies of the picture of Sally Jo, they made their report to Captain Henderson. He heard them out in sober silence.

"There's one possibility we haven't covered," he said. "I've been reluctant to do it because I didn't want to alarm them unnecessarily—but now, I think we'd better find out if the girl made an unexpected trip to Richmond to visit her folks."

The contact was made through Richmond police, who were requested to ask the parents some questions if the girl was not with them. The answer came back in less than an hour.

Sally Jo was not with her parents nor did they expect her. They said her disappearance was cause for alarm, because she was a very responsible girl and wouldn't go away voluntarily without telling someone. She had no boyfriend in Fort Wayne so far as they knew. They said they would drive to Fort Wayne to assist the police.

Sergeants Nancarrow and Nelson were waiting when the woman who had lived across the hall from Sally Jo came home.

"Yes, I know her," the woman said. "She's a very quiet girl."

"What about her habits?" Nelson asked.

"Well, when I lived across from her, she worked every day and often went out in the evening. She had girl-friends who visited her occasionally. She's a very nice little girl. Very quiet."

"What about boy-friends?"

"I don't know. I never saw her with a man."

That was about all the information the woman could give.

The detectives checked directories until they found the addresses of Sally Jo's two girl-friends. Both were cooperative and added bits to the picture the detectives were building of the missing girl:

Although she sometimes went out in the evening, they said, she usually went alone. She attended a movie at least once a week. Her favorite theater was the Clyde, which was located on Bluffton Road near Quimby Village, a shopping center southeast of Fort Wayne. She usually went to one of the stores to cash her pay check and much of her food was bought in the shopping center.

The detectives went to the theater and questioned employees, displaying the picture. They remembered Sally Jo as a frequent customer, but didn't think she attended the movie Tuesday night.

From there, the detectives went to the store where the girl usually cashed her pay check. There, too, she was known. But she hadn't been in Tuesday evening.

Employees of other stores in the shopping center recognized the picture of Sally Jo, but all said she hadn't been in either Tuesday or Wednesday.

"If she followed her usual routine," said Sergeant Nancarrow, "she left work at five o'clock Tuesday to drive to Quimby Village, but she never arrived."

Nelson nodded. "That could mean something came up to change her plans —or she met with some kind of foul play on the way."

"But it was broad daylight," said Nancarrow. "Surely, somebody must have seen her."

They traversed the most direct route between Quimby Village and the telephone company office on Tecumseh Street, stopping at filling stations and drive-in restaurants to show the picture and inquire about Sally Jo and her car.

Sergeant Don Moody dusted Sally Jo Wisenberg's car for fingerprints after it was found in a shopping center parking lot, stained with her blood

Nobody remembered having seen either.

Meanwhile, Captain Henderson had contacted the Ligonier Post of the State Police, where Sergeant Lightfoot finally had cleared his desk, and outlined the case.

"We'll put an alert on the state-wide network," Lightfoot said. "If you need any more help, call me at home."

Then Captain Henderson had notified Chief Joseph Heindenreich of the Allen County Sheriff's Police. He broadcast the alarm to all cruising squads.

It was long past quitting time when Sergeants Nelson and Nancarrow came in with their discouraging report.

"There isn't any more we can do now," said Captain Henderson. "The night crew has all the information and they'll keep on looking. Maybe we'll have better luck tomorrow."

SERGEANT LIGHTFOOT yawned and thought: It sure was a short night. He reached for the alarm clock and shut it off, but a bell kept ringing. He switched on a light and squinted at his watch: 3:15 a. m. Then he knew the sound came from the telephone.

Sleepily, he reached for it, answered. The crisp voice at the other end cut through his drowsiness. Suddenly he was wide awake. "Have the car hauled in to the Ligonier Post," he said. "Call Moody and have him get busy on it. I'll be there right away."

As he drove to the Post, Sergeant Lightfoot digested the information given him over the phone. The compact convertible belonging to Sally Jo Wisenberg had been found about 2:20 a. m. behind the Clyde Theater in an area adjacent to the Quimby Village parking lot. It apparently had not been noticed before because it had been surrounded by other parked cars.

The doors were not locked and the keys hung from the ignition switch. Scattered on the front floor were five white butons, apparently ripped from a sweater or other garment, and a garter snap, torn from a woman's girdle. In the back lay a woman's black leather purse containing Sally Jo Wisenberg's identification. Also in the purse were two checks totaling $92.75 and $1.70 in cash. One of the checks was Sally Jo's pay from the telephone company.

Dark spots that looked like blood had been found on the inside of the left front door and on the steering wheel.

What had happened to the girl? Where was she now?

An air of expectancy was hanging over the Post when Sergeant Lightfoot arrived. Several troopers had been called in to be ready when Lightfoot gave the order to move.

Detective Sergeant Howard Schindler gave Lightfoot a quick rundown. The car had been spotted by a squad of Sheriff's Police. Lieutenant Richard Wooldridge and Detective Welland Hadley had opened the front door, careful not to spoil any evidence. They had run a quick license check to determine that the car was registered to Sally Jo Wisenberg. Then they had examined the interior.

While waiting for the State Police tow truck to arrive, the sheriff's men had stood guard to make sure nobody else got near the car. The city police had been notified. Captain Henderson had offered the facilities of the Fort Wayne Detective Bureau. In addition to Nelson and Nancarrow, he had assigned Detective Lieutenant John Hoover, Detective Sergeants Robert Groves, William Conn and Robert Hatfield.

"They're waiting for instructions," Sergeant Schindler concluded.

"First, I want to see the car," said Lightfoot. "Here's Don Moody now."

Sergeant Moody, an expert technician, also had worked on the Bolinger case. And he, too, had been frustrated because that killer had worn gloves and left few other tangle clues.

Now, after the car was towed into the Post garage, the officers gathered around and watched Moody as he went to work. The purse yielded a few latent prints. "Not too promising, though," said Moody. "They're small and probably belong to the girl."

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Girl's boot pathetically indicates her journey of death; when police went to question this youth, he was out of circulation

Papa Napoleon Isn't Laughing Now

A sailor's mutilated body found near Bakersfield, Calif., set off a weird hunt for a Queen of Sheba

"MISTER, I'm telling you, it made me sick. I've never seen anything so horrible!" Jerry Schafer had driven into the California Highway Patrol office in Porterville to report that he had discovered the body of a man near the highway north of Ducor.

"Where is it?"

"About five miles from here. Down a steep embankment. The fellow is dressed in a sailor's uniform."

"How did you happen to find him?"

Schafer explained he had been on his way to Bakersfield from his home in Exeter when his car ran out of gas on Highway 65. He had walked to a ranch house for some gasoline, and on his way back had happened to sight the body.

"It will be a sheriff's case," Officer M. E. Giddings said. "I'll call the Sheriff's Office in Visalia and then we can drive out and meet them there."

It was the Monday afternoon of April 2, 1962.

Sheriff's Sergeants E. E. "Bud" Lyman and Lawrence John, with Investigators James Reed and Forrest Barnes, several deputies and Deputy Coroner Ernest Martzen were at the scene a short time later.

It was even more horrible than Schafer had said. For Martzen's examination showed that in addition to being shot three times in the body, the young sailor had been sadistically mutilated. The crude attack made even the hardened investigators wince.

Then the detectives saw that the index finger of the young man's left hand also had been severed.

No identification papers or wallet were on the victim, although a gold wedding band remained on the left hand and a watch on the wrist.

From the amount of blood coagulation, Martzen estimated the slaying had taken place within 48 hours.

Surveying the steep embankment, the detectives reasoned the sailor had been flung from the road shoulder above.

Photographs were made of the scene. A search of the ground nearby failed to reveal any evidence. Nor was anything found on the road shoulder above.

"No blood on the road, which means he must have been killed someplace else and then brought here and flung out of the car," Martzen said. "It's just a lucky chance he was found so soon."

The statement was obvious, for anyone driving along the highway would have been unable to see the dead man. If Schafer's car hadn't run out of gas, there was no telling how long the body might have gone undiscovered.

The nearest home was the farm more than a mile away, where Schafer had gone for gas. Sergeant Gene Knoble and Deputy Jack Flores, who just had arrived, drove there to question the residents.

While they were gone, Martzen examined the dead man's clothes. Stenciled inside the uniform was the name W. T. Fambro.

Flores and Knoble returned. The people at the farm hadn't seen anything unusual.

"We don't have much to work with," Lyman said. "All we can do right now is contact the Navy and see what they can tell us about the fellow. After that, maybe we can find out where he was and what this is all about."

Martzen took the victim into Visalia for a post-mortem examination. The investigators returned to Headquarters.

LATER in the day, Navy officials identified the dead man as Seaman Third Class William Thomas Fambro, 20, assigned to the USS Kearsarge, now at drydock in the Bremerton, Washington, Navy Yard. Fambro had been given a two-week leave when the ship put in to San Francisco and had been due back aboard the vessel in Bremerton the previous day, April 1.

His service record showed he had joined the Navy from Macon, Georgia, in 1958. His wife was living with her parents in Norwalk, California, near Los Angeles.

"He undoubtedly spent his leave with his wife and was on his way back to the ship when this happened," a Navy intelligence officer told Lyman. "We are particularly interested in this mutilation business."

"So are we," Lyman said. "It wouldn't be unusual for the guy to be the victim of a stick-up and shooting, but the rest of it is weird."

"It may tie in with some other cases we've had," the Navy officer said.

He explained that a number of cases in which servicemen hitchhiking between Los Angeles and San Francisco had been picked up by a group of sex deviates were being investigated. After being robbed, the men had been subjected to various indignities.

"The most recent case was only about a week ago," the intelligence officer said. "It was reported to us by a sailor named Roper, stationed in San Francisco. There may be a connection."

"We'd like to talk to him."

First, Lyman called the Los Angeles police and talked with Sergeant Pearce Brooks. He gave a quick rundown on the slaying and then requested that the Los Angeles police contact Fambro's wife. "We'd appreciate any information you can get that might help us," he added.

"We'll talk with her right away," Brooks promised. "I'll call you back."

Lyman, Reed and Barnes drove to San Francisco to talk with Seaman Harry Roper.

ROPER said he had been visiting friends in San Jose. He was hitchhiking back to San Francisco when a car with two men and a woman, all Negroes, stopped and offered him a ride.

"The woman was sitting in back and they told me to get in with her," Roper said. "I thought that was strange, only then I found out she wasn't no lady."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, she wasn't no lady; she was a man."

"Dressed as a woman?"

"Yeah. And I mean she—or rather he—was really dressed up. You know, lipstick, eyebrow pencil, perfume, the whole bit."

"Then what?"

Roper said they had driven only a short distance when the man on the passenger's side in the front seat had turned around and pointed a gun at him. He told Roper to hand over his wallet.

"That didn't shake me too much," Roper said. "I only had a couple of bucks, so I told him he could have it. Then they drove down a side road. That's when it started."

Roper said that after the car was parked, the man with the gun ordered him to take off his clothes. "I asked what was going on, and the guy laughed. Only, it wasn't a laugh. It was a kind of silly giggle that made my skin crawl. He told me to strip or he'd put a slug in my head. I had no choice, so I took off my clothes—right down to my socks."

"Then what?" Lyman asked.

Roper hesitated. Embarrassed, he said: "The woman—who was really a man—started making remarks. The other two guys were having a ball, giggling and saying things. Man, I'm telling you, they were all as queer as three-dollar bills."

"When did they let you go?"

"Let me go? They didn't. The guy with the gun pulled out a knife and made some remark about cutting me up. They all went nearly crazy laughing at this."

"What did you do?"

"Mister, that's when I hit the bricks."

"You ran?"

"And how I ran! The guy dressed as a woman—they called him 'Queen of Sheba'—started screaming for the other fellow to shoot me. I expected a slug in the back any second, but I kept running. I made it over a fence and down an alley. I really don't know how far I ran, but I got far enough away so they couldn't find me. Then I had a real problem. I was stark naked, except for my socks, and I had to figure out what to do."

Roper said he found enough newspapers in a trash can to hide some of his nudity, and sneaked into a service station. He asked the attendant to call the police.

The officers exchanged glances. All were wondering the same thing. Had this trio picked up Fambro? Was this the answer to the brutal mutilation of the young sailor?

Roper was questioned closely about his experience and anything that had been said which might provide a lead.

The sailor could recall little that was of any help, other than the descriptions. He said he felt positive he could identify the two men, in the event they were located. "But I'm not so sure about the guy dressed as a woman," Roper added. "It's pretty hard to tell about that sort of guy. I'm sure he was wearing a wig and his face was all painted up with rouge. Maybe I could tell him by his voice."

The investigators asked about the car. Roper said it was a late-model dark-green Chevrolet, but he hadn't noted the license number.

The most promising lead appeared to be the names "Papa Napoleon" and "Queen of Sheba." The investigators felt that if the men used these names frequently, they might be known to others.

There would be the problem of linking the suspects to Fambro's slaying. But if they could be located, it was possible that the gun, knife or car might provide a clue.

"Guys of that type usually hang out around the larger cities, like San Francisco or Los Angeles," Lyman said. "We'll ask the vice-squad officers to give us a hand."

THE investigators visited the San Francisco officers and told them about the investigation and the strange nicknames.

"We keep a pretty close check on people like that," one of the vice-squad officers said. "Usually they stick pretty much to their own crowd. When there's trouble, it's usually a fight among themselves over some 'queen'." He explained that deviates who impersonate women are known as "queens."

"A few clothing shops cater to the queens," the vice-squad officer added. "We may get a line there on the guy who calls himself Queen of Sheba. We'll let you know right away."

Returning to Visalia, the investigators reported in to Sheriff Sandy Robinson. The only new development in the case had been a call from Sergeant Brooks in Los Angeles. Fambro's wife had been located. He was with her during his two-week leave. He left there on Saturday morning, the 31st. She had driven him as far as Saugus, on the highway to Bakersfield, so he could hitch a ride.

The sailor's young wife had told Brooks she wanted to drive her husband all the way to Bremerton, but he had insisted he could catch a ride. He hadn't wanted her to make the long return trip back from Washington alone. He had only about fifteen dollars which he planned to use for bus fare if he couldn't make it back in time to be aboard ship in Bremerton Sunday night.

Lyman explained about the interview with Seaman Harry Roper and the trio who had robbed, stripped and threatened to mutilate him.

"Ask your vice-squad officers to look into the names Papa Napoleon and Queen of Sheba. They may be from the Los Angeles area."

Following the conversation with Brooks, Lyman called the Kern County Sheriff's Office in Bakersfield. He gave Investigator Harmon Cooper the details of the slaying and what had been uncovered so far in the investigation.

Lyman suggested the trio might have been seen in Bakersfield. "One of the guys dresses as a woman and they may hang around the offbeat joints," Lyman added. "We'd appreciate it if you'd give us what help you can."

"We'll look into it," Cooper promised.

Calls also were made to other law-enforcement agencies along Highway 99 from Los Angeles to San Francisco, and the California Highway Patrol. They were requested to check at gas stations, cafes or cocktail bars for anyone answering the description of the strange trio.

The following morning, County Pathologist Donald McGrew had a post-mortem report ready. The young sailor had been shot three times in the stomach with a .22-caliber weapon. The slugs had been recovered and would be suitable for a ballistics test, if a suspected death weapon were found.

"It's difficult to say whether the mutilation took place before or after the shooting," McGrew told the officers. "In my opinion, however, it's very likely the young man was alive at the time he was slashed."

McGrew's opinion was based on the fact that Fambro's finger had been severed. He felt this probably occurred as the young sailor made a desperate effort to protect himself.

Barnes asked: "There would have been quite a lot of blood spilled?"

"Yes, there would have."

The lack of blood at the scene where the victim had been found made it almost certain that the slashing and shooting had taken place at some other spot.

But where to start? How, with such slim physical evidence, find a lead that would take them to the slayers?

Officers in cruiser cars were sent to search along the highway from the place where Fambro's body was found all the way to Bakersfield, hoping the victim's extra clothing, which had been in a small bag, or his wallet, might be located. The effort proved futile.

IN THE several days that followed, despite an intensive investigation, the officers were unable to develop a single lead or clue in the case.

"About all we can hope for now is that something turns up from the screwy nicknames," Lyman said. "And that, somehow, we can link them to the Fambro killing."

"And that they don't kill anyone else," Sheriff Robinson added. "People like these aren't going to stop at one killing. Unless we get them, there will be others."

A week passed before a call was received from a vice-squad officer in San Francisco.

The officer explained that in one of the shops known to cater to such people, the owner thought he recognized the description of the man called Queen of Sheba.

"You know how it is with those characters," the officer said. "They change wigs and makeup and it's pretty hard to work with only a description. But the proprietor vaguely remembers three guys coming in and he thinks one was called Sheba. It all happened about a month ago, so you can't take it as definite. But he sort of recalls they mentioned something about Los Angeles. We haven't been able to get any leads here, so that may be why."

Lyman called Sergeant Brooks in Los Angeles and passed on the information from San Francisco.

"Our vice-squad officers have been checking," Brooks said. "They've rousted a number of places where these characters hang out. They've heard of someone who calls herself, or rather himself, Sheba, but nothing solid enough for an identification."

"Will you have them visit the clothing shops?"

"I imagine they've already done that, but I'll ask them. We think the same characters robbed a fellow here, stole his station wagon and stabbed him, so we want them, too. If we come up with anything, I'll call you."

But the case dragged on, without any solid clues or leads developing.

Then, on the night of May 18, the Tulare County Sheriff's Office received a call from Pixley, located about half way between Bakersfield and Fresno. A young paratrooper reported he had been robbed by four men in a car. One of the men had been dressed as a woman. It wasn't far from where Fambro had been slain.

Lyman, Reed and Barnes raced to Pixley to interview the victim.

He was nineteen-year-old Sergeant Edward Gerringer, stationed at Vancouver, Washington. The serviceman told the investigators he had been hitchhiking outside of Bakersfield when the car stopped and picked him up.

"Right after I got in the car, I knew I was in trouble," Gerringer told the officers. "This guy in the back seat was dressed as a woman. And the other three guys looked pretty phony, too."

"What happened?"

GERRINGER'S story was similar to the one investigators had heard from the young sailor near San Francisco. A man in the front seat had pointed a gun at him and told him to hand over his wallet.

"I only had ten bucks, so that was no strain," Gerringer said. "But that was only the start of it. They stopped the car and told me to get out. Then the guy dressed like a woman told me to take off my clothes."

Gerringer said he had argued, but the female impersonator had screamed at him in a shrill voice, demanding that he disrobe.

"At first I thought maybe they only wanted me to undress so I couldn't flag somebody down and report being robbed," Gerringer said. "Then I got the message."

"What do you mean, got the message?"

Gerringer explained that the man with the gun had stayed in the car, as had the other man in the rear seat, who appeared to be half asleep. But the driver had gotten out with the female impersonator and had drawn a knife.

"He says to the guy dressed like a woman, 'You want me to carve a piece out of this guy for you, Queenie?' The way he giggled, kind of crazy like, I figured he was batty as a loon. That's when I jumped him."

"You jumped the guy with the knife?"

"Mister, what the Army taught me about judo probably saved my life. I grabbed the guy by the wrist and gave him a flip. The knife flew out of his hand and I started running. The guy dressed as a woman started screaming at the man in the car to shoot me. I probably set a new world's record running."

The descriptions Gerringer gave of the men closely resembled those earlier given by Seaman Harry Roper.

"Did you hear any names?" Lyman asked.

"They called the guy dressed like a woman Queenie," Gerringer said. Then, after a moment, he added: "I think once they called him Sheba."

"Was the name Papa Napoleon used?"

"Not that I remember."

"You're lucky you got away," Lyman said. "A young sailor they picked up awhile back wasn't so lucky."

Gerringer was asked about the car the quartet was in. He recalled it as a late-model Ford painted a light blue. "But I think it was a hot car," he added.

The paratrooper explained that while he was riding with them, the driver had exceeded the speed limit. "The guy dressed as a woman hollered at him," he said. "He told the driver to watch it because they didn't want to get picked up in the car. That made me think it was stolen."

"You'd recognize them if you saw them again?" Lyman asked.

"And how!" Gerringer said. "I won't forget that guy with the knife and his crazy laugh for a long time."

The descriptions of the car and occupants, as supplied by Gerringer, were broadcast to all law-enforcement agencies in California, with a special note that the car might be a stolen one.

The following morning, Lyman reported to Sheriff Robinson: "I don't think there's much doubt that these are the same guys that killed Fambro. Gerringer was picked up at about the same place that Fambro must have been, and he says the guy with the knife intended to cut him."

Robinson suggested that Lyman call the Los Angeles police and request permission to work with their officers on the case. Lyman put through a call to Sergeant Brooks.

"I was just going to call you," Brooks said. "Our boys have come up with something on your case."

"That's good news. What is it?"

Brooks explained that the vice-squad officers had picked up a lead on the man called Queen of Sheba.

"His true name is Avery Matthews," Brooks said. "He's known to hang out with a couple of guys named George Gregg and Ronald Polk. We've got mugs on all of them."

"Do you know where they are?"

"I talked with our officers this morning. They know where these guys live, but they aren't around. We'll pick them up as soon as they show. Meanwhile, I'll send you their mug shots. Maybe your witness can make them from the pictures."

"What we really want them for is Fambro's shooting," Lyman said. "If you do grab them, look for a twenty-two-caliber pistol. We've got the slugs that were taken from his body."

The following morning, Brooks called. He reported the arrest of four suspects in a stolen car. They were Avery Matthews, Ronald Polk, George Gregg and Jack Lee Blonde.

"They talked yet?" Lyman asked.

"No. But I think they will. We'd be glad to have you sit in on it."

"I'll bring Gerringer to look at them," Lyman said. "He should be able to make a positive identification if you've got the right guys. Did you find a gun?"

"Not yet. They had no weapons when they were picked up. We've searched their rooms and haven't found a gun."

THE officers claimed that when Gerringer viewed the suspects in a police line-up, he identified them as the men who had picked him up near Bakersfield. He pointed out Avery Matthews as the man who had been dressed as a woman, and Jack Lee Blonde as the one in the back seat.

The suspects denied these charges and also claimed they knew nothing about the slaying of Fambro.

"We're stuck, unless we can find the gun or get one of them to talk," Lyman said.

"Blonde looks like the best bet to me. Gerringer says he was just sitting in the car and didn't take much part in the stick-up. Let's work on him first," Brooks suggested.

Blonde was brought in for interrogation. The officers claimed he told them: "Look, I didn't know anything about the deal. I was just going along for a ride. Then they picked up the soldier and the next thing I knew Polk had a gun on him, telling him to hand over his wallet."

"Which one is called Papa Napoleon?"

"That's Gregg. Sometimes he goes around making like Napoleon. You know, the hand-inside-his-coat bit. He's a real goofer."

"Is he the one who killed the sailor, Fambro?"

"I don't know."

"You were with them. You ought to know."

"No, I wasn't. I only heard about it."

"Heard about what?"

Blonde's jaw dropped, with the realization that he had trapped himself into some knowledge of the crime with the statement. "I only heard them talking about it," he said weakly.

"What was said?"

"I heard Polk and Gregg picked up this sailor and then killed him. They were supposed to have cut him up some. But I swear I wasn't with them and I don't know anything about it."

Matthews was questioned next. The officers claimed he readily admitted he often dressed as a woman and was known as "Queen of Sheba." He allegedly claimed he had heard Polk and Gregg talking about a sailor killed near Ducor. "But I got myself a real alibi for that," Matthews said. "I was in jail at the time."

THE records showed that Matthews had been in jail in Los Angeles on a charge of masquerading as a woman at the time Fambro was slain.

Gregg was questioned next. He was confronted by the stories that had been told by Blonde and Matthews.

"It ain't true. Polk killed the guy and he cut him," Gregg allegedly said. "I figured we were only going to rob the guy. Polk did it. We drove off the highway to find someplace to hide the body, after Polk shot the guy. Then he started carving him up with a knife."

"How about the robbery of Gerringer?"

"Yeah, I was there," Gregg reportedly said.

"And the sailor up near San Francisco?"

The officers said Gregg began to giggle and laugh at this. It was the eerie, chilling laugh that the victims had described.

"What's so funny?"

"That sailor in San Francisco. Running stark naked. You should have seen him. I wondered where he went."

Polk was confronted with Gregg's statement.

"He's a liar. Gregg cut him up," he was quoted as saying. "The guy was in the back seat and I was driving to find someplace to dump the body and I heard Gregg laughing like crazy. He's got a real crazy laugh. That's why they call him Papa Napoleon. He's kind of nuts."

On December 7, 1962, Jack Lee Blonde, charged with the armed robbery of Sergeant Edward Gerringer, pleaded guilty and later received a prison sentence. In the same case, Polk, Gregg and Matthews were accused of conspiracy to kidnap for robbery, and each was found guilty by jury trial.

On January 10, 1963, in the court of Superior Judge John R. Locke in Visalia, the same jury, considering first-degree murder charges lodged against Polk and Gregg by District Attorney Jay Ballantyne, found the two defendants guilty of the murder of Seaman William T. Fambro. The following day the death penalty was recommended for both men.

The names Seaman Harry Roper and Sergeant Edward Gerringer, as used in this story, are fictitious.

By Jose Calido

Special Investigator for OFFICIAL DETECTIVE STORIES

Case of Ski-Champ Sonja McCaskie (from page 13)

Thursday afternoon until the officers arrived at his house.

"Will you take a lie-detector test?" Briscoe asked.

"Certainly."

"And give us a print of your right foot?"

"If you want it."

"What can you tell us about Sonja?"

"What do you want to know?"

"Somebody killed her and hacked up her body."

"That I can't tell you anything about."

"It could have been somebody who was jealous, enraged or seeking revenge. What about her friends?"

Stevenson shrugged. "Like I said, I haven't been in contact with her, except over that business in court, for more than a year."

"You claimed in court that she consorted with a number of men."

"That's right. But you have to understand about Sonja. She wasn't the kind of a girl who would take up with anyone. To the contrary, unless she liked someone she was cold and aloof. But if she did like them . . . well, then she liked them the whole way. I don't know whether you follow me or not. It's just that she had her own standards."

Raggio said: "Look, she had this suit going against you for child support. You must have been checking on her to show in court that she was promiscuous."

"No," Stevenson answered. "I talked to my attorney about that. He said it would have no bearing on the suit and wouldn't be allowed as evidence. All that counted is what happened at the time the child was conceived. I had the names of several guys who told me they had been intimate with Sonja during the time I knew her. That was all we needed."

"Do you know if any of them have been intimate with her since? Or if there was any trouble—anything that might have culminated in this?"

Stevenson shook his head. "You know, this isn't the first child she had out of wedlock."

"What? I thought she was married when she had the other child," Brodhead said.

"Before that. She had a daughter before she was married. As I understand it, she put the baby out for adoption before she got married."

Stevenson was led into the room where the polygraph examination was to take place. He sat in the same comfortable chair Sonja had used only three days previously. In the room with acoustical-tile walls and ceilings and carpeted floors, Brodhead placed the same tube to register respiration around his chest, the same galvanometer to register electrical response to perspiration on the palms of his hands, and the same cuff on his upper arm to record blood pressure, as he had placed upon Sonja.

WHILE this was going on, Briscoe ordered: "Locate Sonja's former husband. We have to know everything there is to know about the girl. And talk with the people where she worked—both the meat-packing plant and the ski bowl. Bring in everybody you can find who knew her."

It already was early Saturday morning. The slain girl's mother, who lived in Tahoe, would have to be told her daughter had been killed. Briscoe and Raggio left to break the news and also to obtain from the mother any information she might have that would be pertinent to the investigation.

As gently as possible the officers told Mrs. Dorothy McCaskie what had happened. When the woman had regained her composure somewhat, they asked questions.

She could tell them little about her daughter, other than that she had come to stay with her after the baby had been born. Later, Sonja had moved to Reno, where she had made a down payment on the duplex where she had been slain.

"She was going to try to make a new life for herself and Kim," Mrs. McCaskie said. "She worked hard at it. With her job during the week and teaching skiing week ends, she had little time for anything else.

"I know Sonja was planning to go back to school, so she could get a job teaching," Mrs. McCaskie went on. "She loved art, music and literature in all its forms, both classical and modern."

The baby son had been named Kim, because of Sonja's fondness for the writings of Kipling.

When the investigators asked about Sonja's tendencies to become involved with different men, Mrs. McCaskie refused to believe it could be true.

"She made mistakes, yes," Mrs. McCaskie said. "But she was no different from many other girls who have a hard time growing up. I think Sonja finally matured. And now—and now this awful thing happened." The tears came again.

When she could speak, Mrs. McCaskie told the officers she was sure Kim would be cared for by her other married daughter, who already had an adopted child. But she could tell them nothing that seemed of value to the investigation.

BY THE time Raggio and Briscoe returned to Reno, Stevenson's polygraph examination had been completed. Brodhead said the results cleared Stevenson of any suspicion in the slaying. Also, his footprints did not match the one found in the bedroom.

"We've got a dozen people to question right now," Brodhead said. "Willaman, Backer and Shoemaker are all questioning persons who knew the girl. And the office manager at the meat packing plant where she worked just came in."

"We'll talk to him," Briscoe said.

But before they could leave the office to meet Robert Horrigan, a long-distance call came in for Briscoe from Chico, California. Officer M. A. Hightower informed him that Jeffrey Schmidt, who had been married to and divorced from Sonja, voluntarily had come in there, after hearing of the slaying on the radio.

"He says he heard you wanted to question him," Hightower said.

"That's right."

"He claims he was here in Chico all day Friday attending classes at Chico State College. But he says if you want to talk to him, he'll leave right away."

"We want to talk to him. He might know something that will help us."

"All right. I'll tell him."

When Briscoe and Raggio questioned Horrigan, he told them Sonja had been employed at the meat packing plant for about six months. She was a good, steady worker.

"That's why I became concerned when she didn't show up on Friday morning," Horrigan said. "I called her two or three times, but there was no answer."

"What time was this?"

"I'm not sure, but all the calls were before noon."

"Mr. Horrigan, we've heard some pretty fantastic stories about this girl and her relationships with men," Raggio said. "You know she was involved in a paternity suit."

"She informed me of it at the time she was hired," Horrigan said.

"And since she was hired?" Raggio invited.

"I don't know. Whatever my employees do in their private lives is their own business. All I ask is they do their job well."

Briscoe said, "Mr. Horrigan, are you aware that the body was cut up—butchered?"

"I heard that."

"And she was employed at a meat packing plant. We can't help wondering if there's some connection."

"I've thought of that, too," Horrigan said. "But I can't believe—I——" Horrigan hesitated. "I don't know that she was seeing any of our employees."

Briscoe explained it would be necessary to question everyone at the meat packing plant, to ask that they take polygraph examinations and have their footprints taken.

"I'm sure you'll find everyone will cooperate," Horrigan said. "Those of us who knew Sonja thought well of her. We want to see the person responsible for this apprehended."

Willaman came in to tell Briscoe: "I think we've got something of value."

"What?"

WILLAMAN said he just had received a call from a Mrs. Beverly Frickstad, who was a skier and a close personal friend of the slain girl. "She talked to her Thursday night on the telephone," Willaman said. "And she's on her way in here now."

Moments later, Backer came in with another new lead. He said that a report made by the Scott Motor Company in Reno said one of their salesmen was missing and it was suspected he had taken a 1963 Buick sedan owned by the company.

"He was last seen Wednesday," Backer said. "The company checked his room and he's gone. Took all his personal things with him."

"What's his name?"

"Robert Mercer."

"Did he know Sonja McCaskie?"

"I don't know. All I've got is the report on the suspicion of car theft."

"Get on it right away."

Mrs. Frickstad arrived at Headquarters. She told the investigators she was employed in Reno. She also had been a member of the Great Britain ski team that competed in the 1960 Olympics, and had met Sonja at that time. "We've been pretty good friends since then," she said.

"You called her Thursday night? At what time?"

"Sonja called me. About ten o'clock."

"What did she say?"

Mrs. Frickstad said Sonja had called only to chat for awhile. She said she had finished painting her living room yellow. She wasn't sure but what the color was too gaudy and seemed discouraged about it, wondering whether she should repaint it a more subdued color.

"She told me she was tired and planned to take a bath and go to bed," Mrs. Frickstad said. "That was about all."

"She didn't mention anyone being there?"

"No. I'm quite sure there wasn't. We were just chatting."

"Or that she expected anyone?"

"I'm almost certain she didn't."

The time element was extremely important to the investigation. If Sonja had been alone at ten o'clock Thursday evening, it placed the time of her slaying between then and 7:30 Friday morning, when she had been due at work.

"Did she say anything about smashing up her car?" Shoemaker asked. "The right rear fender was damaged, and the rim on the tire."

Mrs. Frickstad said Sonja hadn't mentioned it. She felt positive that if Sonja had been in an accident she would have spoken of it.

If the slayer had driven the car, where had he gone? And why had he left the house and then returned? Would the autopsy show the mutilation of her body had taken place a considerable period of time after the slaying? These were questions the investigators asked, but were unable to answer at the moment.

Mrs. Frickstad was asked about the men in Sonja's life. Briscoe said: "Quite frankly, the stories we've heard so far indicate she must have been rather promiscuous."

"Not promiscuous," Mrs. Frickstad challenged. "That isn't how you would describe Sonja. I know there were men in her life. How many, I don't know. But with Sonja it was somehow different. If it makes sense, about all you can say is that she wouldn't give herself to anyone unless she sincerely believed she was in love with the person."

"Can you give us the names of some of those persons?" Briscoe asked. "Do you recognize the name Robert Mercer?"

"No."

"He's a car salesman."

"I don't think I know him, or ever heard Sonja mention him."

Mrs. Frickstad gave the officers the names of several men, but made it quite clear she did not know that Sonja had been intimate with them. They were only men she knew Sonja had dated.

Briscoe ordered them brought to Headquarters for questioning.

As Mrs. Frickstad left, Shoemaker came into Briscoe's office with a man who had known Sonja, and whom he had been questioning. "Chief, I want you to hear this," he said.

"Go ahead," Briscoe invited the man.

"Well, like I was telling Sergeant Shoemaker, at Christmas time Sonja had this 'kook' staying with her for about a week. And I mean, she was real strange."

"Who?" Briscoe asked. "And just exactly what do you mean?"

The man said Sonja had had a house guest. He couldn't recall the girl's name, but thought it was "Phil."

"It sounded like a man's name to me, and she looked like one of those women who act like a man," he said. "All the time she was here, she wore turtle-neck sweaters, black tights and funny looking shoes. A real beatnik-type character. I don't know anything for certain, but she sure was a weird one."

The man said Sonja had told him she met Phil—which could have been a contraction of the name Phyllis—while in Europe skiing several years previously, and that Phil was a secretary in either New York City or Washington, D.C. "I don't remember which," he added.

"And you think there may have been some attachment between the two women?" Briscoe asked.

The man hesitated several moments. Finally, he blurted: "Look, I'm going to be frank with you guys. I didn't kill Sonja. I can prove it and I'm willing to take a lie-detector test. And I really don't have to tell you this, but I will. I knew Sonja pretty well for awhile. We—well, I don't have to spell it out for you, do I?"

"What about it?" Briscoe asked.

"I can tell you this. Sonja had some pretty weird ideas. I don't know what she was looking for, but if I'm right about this beatnik that was visiting, it wouldn't surprise me none if they were what you call emotionally involved."

The decapitating and dismembering of the victim suggested a killer with deep psychotic tendencies. Briscoe hadn't had a chance to confer yet with a psychiatrist, but he felt that the hacking up of the body would bear this out.

He told Shoemaker: "You find out who this Phil is. See if she's been seen back in town since Christmas. If she was a house guest, somebody must have known more about her."

All the investigators had worked throughout the night and day without a break. Every office at Headquarters was being used to interrogate persons who had known the victim. Because of her wide acquaintance with skiers and the fact that she gave skiing lessons, there were literally hundreds of persons in Reno to be questioned.

As the reports went out over radio and television, and stories and pictures in newspapers branded the mutilation-

slaying as "The Crime Of The Century," Headquarters was swamped with telephone calls. Persons from all parts of the city reported having seen Peeping Toms and other suspicious characters.

Complicating the job was the fact that Reno is a host city. Many persons come for only a day or two at the gambling casinos. Unless the slayer was someone who had known the victim, it was possible he drifted in from almost anywhere and already was on his way out of the state.

Patrolman Cliff Ford came into Briscoe's office from the crime scene. He was carrying two small leather-bound books. One was a diary and the other contained a number of poems which the slain girl either had written or had copied from some source.

"Seevers sent them in," Ford reported. "He dusted them for prints and found nothing, but he says you'll be interested in what's in them."

THE blue leather diary began with entries in 1960; the last was from the latter part of 1962. Either Sonja had started a new diary or she had given up keeping an account of her activities.

Briscoe thumbed through the pages of the diary. Some entries were merely accounts of routine doings, others concerned the coming birth of her child, and comments on it.

But there also were accounts giving the names of men and details of intimate relationships and Sonja's reflections upon her activities. A number of them reflected disgust and dissatisfaction with herself and the persons with whom she had become involved.

Briscoe called for Brodhead. "Take over on this, will you?" he requested, giving Brodhead the diary. "There are a lot of names in there. We'll want to talk to the men mentioned and there may be something in what she's written that will give us a clue to her death."

"What about the other book?" Brodhead asked.

"It looks like some poems she's written. I'm not much of a judge of poetry. I guess it's what you call modern stuff, but what I've read sounds pretty morbid to me. Take a look at these."

One of the entries was dated July 2 1960, and entitled, "Happiness (Love)." It read:

If held
too close
and
struggled
for
too violently
it seems
to
wither
and
slowly die
and in
the
death
procedures
agonies
by the score
are
undergone
to
see
before
one's eyes
this
thing
of
beauty—
tenderness—
and love—
be so
utterly and
completely
destroyed!

Reading it aloud, Brodhead said: "You know, that could almost be an epitaph for herself."

"Read the next one on death," Briscoe invited. "I guess she didn't have the choice she speaks about in it."

This poem had been dated October, 1961. It read:

DEATH
smiles warmly, as swiftly he steals
nearer and nearer.
The smile wanes into a leer
and then a jeer
at being master of all.
Death is void—nothingness.
Be thankful for what was—
and face him strongly—
knowing the choice is yours
out of freedom.

As Brodhead took the diary and book of poems and started back for his office, Briscoe asked: "How are you coming with the polygraph tests?"

"The way things are going, we may wear out the needles on this case. But nothing has shown up so far. We're working through the guys she knew at the packing plant right now.

"We can't overlook the possibility the killer was a woman. Maybe one she was emotionally involved with, or maybe one who was getting revenge because of an involvement of her husband or sweetheart. Frankly, I've never heard of a case that has so many possible motives connected with it."

Briscoe phoned Doctor Decker. "How's it coming?" he asked. "Got anything for us yet?"

"I can tell you one thing. Cause of death was strangulation."

The autopsy had revealed a broken bone in the victim's throat and hemorrhages in her eyes. Doctor Decker's opinion was that a lightweight cord had been used.

"Was she sexually assaulted?"

"I can't tell you that. And I don't know if I'll be able to tell you. The organs have been pretty badly mutilated from the knife slashings."

"What about the time of death?"

"Nothing more than I told you earlier. It will take several days for a complete analysis."

"How long would it take to cut up a body like that?"

"Quite awhile. But what doesn't make sense is why. We've just found there was an attempt to sever one leg at the thigh, but the killer must have given it up and stuffed the torso into the hope chest."

Following the telephone call with Doctor Decker, a patrolman came in to announce that Jeffrey Schmidt had arrived. Briscoe had him shown in immediately.

The former husband of the slain ski star came into the office with a pretty, dark-haired girl. He introduced her as his fiancee.

"I brought her along because she can tell you where I was Thursday evening. And you can call the college and confirm that I attended classes there on Friday."

Briscoe told Schmidt he was not a suspect in the case. He had been asked to come in only to give background on his former wife.

Schmidt said he was 31 years old. He was an education senior at Chico State College and had been divorced from Sonja for three years. He said he had not seen her during the past eighteen months.

He told Briscoe he had been in Squaw Valley on Thursday afternoon, looking for summer work, but had left there at 5:30 and returned to Chico.

"My fiancee can vouch for that," Schmidt said.

Briscoe asked the young lady to leave the room while he questioned Schmidt further. He asked about the child Sonja had had prior to her marriage.

"She had a daughter," Schmidt said. "The little girl was put out for adoption before we were married."

"Who was the father of the child?"

"I don't know."

"She never told you?"

"No."

Schmidt's statements concerning his former wife were similar to those Briscoe had heard from Stevenson, Beverly Frickstad and others. Sonja had a code of ethics which were unique to her own thoughts and feelings.

Schmidt said that in some matters, such as familiarity in public, a public display of emotions, or even being friendly with strangers, his former wife actually had been prudish.

"You'll find plenty of people who knew her and thought she was a shy little flower," Schmidt said. "And you'll find others who will tell you that she was stuck-up and cold. It beats me the way her mind worked."

Schmidt, however, could tell the investigators nothing about recent acquaintanceships which his former wife might have had. And he insisted that during the time they were married she had shown no unnatural sex tendencies. He thought it unlikely she would have become emotionally involved with the girl known to the police as "Phil."

After hours of continuous work inside Sonja's apartment, Seevers and Hart took time out for a short rest. They had collected a great deal of physical evidence.

Among the items had been a 30-inch piece of twine, with snap-type clothespins fastened to either end. They appeared to be handles for a garrote used to strangle the victim.

"Which would indicate the killer came in with the garrote and the intention of killing the girl," Briscoe reasoned.

"Not necessarily," Seevers said.

"Why not?"

Seevers pointed out that early in the evening prior to her slaying, Sonja had been painting some walls of her apartment. Possibly she used the piece of string and clothespins to hold up some sort of an apron. "I'm not saying that's what it is, only that it could be," Seevers said.

"Prints?"

Seevers shook his head. "We've got scads of prints, but it's going to take days, maybe weeks, to classify them all and eliminate those that belong to the victim. But there's one good print."

THE print had been found on a partially filled bottle of vodka. The identification experts already had found that it did not belong to the victim. "We didn't find any matching print on any glasses, either," he said. "But the killer could have taken a drink from the bottle."

"Anything else?"

"We won't know until we evaluate everything. But one thing I'd like to have done, as soon as we finish out there."

"What's that?"

"Have somebody who knew the girl well go through the apartment. The killer may have taken something. There's all kinds of stuff in there—trophies—high-fi set—jewelry. The killer might have stolen something. But it would take somebody who knows what she had to tell."

"I doubt if burglary was the motive."

"I do too. But we found an instruction brochure for an expensive German-made camera, and no camera. Now, Sonja may have loaned it to someone, sold it or even given it away. But if the killer took it, that might be a good way of tracing him."

"I'll have some of her friends go through the apartment, when you're finished. When do you think you'll be through there?"

"Sometime tomorrow afternoon. By that time we'll have everything we want here at the lab, and the work will only just commence."

Both Captain Seevers and Lieutenant Hart are recognized authorities on identification work, and Hart, a 20-year veteran, is nationally known for his fingerprint work. However, Seevers said: "I'd like to ask for some help if it's okay with you?"

"What kind of help?"

Seevers said he would like to have Llowell W. Bradford, director of criminal identification in Santa Clara, California, assist in analyzing the evidence. Bradford had been one of the chief witnesses in the famous Burton Abbott case in Berkeley, California, in which Abbott had been executed for the slaying of Stephanie Bryan in 1955.

"You think he'll come?"

"I'm sure he will."

"Go ahead," Briscoe said. He added that he also planned to ask assistance from the California State Bureau of Criminal Investigation and Identification at Sacramento.

Up to the Minute

THE Omaha, Nebraska, schoolteacher accused of the fatal shooting of her companion, David John McCoy, last Christmas Eve, has been found innocent. Mrs. Betty Jane Nelum Thomas, 33, had been charged with second-degree murder in connection with the death of McCoy, whose body was found on a Yuma, Arizona, street shortly after the shooting. Mrs. Thomas told the jury that the couple had quarreled while they were driving, that McCoy had drawn the gun, and that he was shot accidentally during a struggle for the weapon. The police work which followed the discovery of the body and led to the charges against Mrs. Thomas were recounted in the April, 1963, issue of OFFICIAL DETECTIVE STORIES Magazine, under the title, "Who Shot the Goateed Stranger?"

SURPRISE maneuvers during separate trials in California have resulted in the sentencing of two men to life imprisonment. In Bakersfield, Anthony Sanchez, 34, changed his plea to guilty of second-degree murder when the superior court judge ruled that his statement to police, admitting the slaying of a 34-year-old Rosedale housewife, Mrs. Eunice Lester, was admissible as evidence. He faces a sentence of five years to life imprisonment ("Who Parked Her on the Lot Eight Days?" April, 1963). In Santa Rosa, Charles Arthur Hein, 21, pleaded guilty to first-degree murder in the slaying of Arnaldo Toso, 68. He will be sentenced to life imprisonment with a possibility of parole after seven years ("He'd Have Been Better Off in Jail," March, 1963).

THE declared wish of Frederick Charles Wood to die in Sing Sing's electric chair finally has been granted. Wood, who admitted killing five persons—including two elderly men who had befriended him in Astoria, Long Island, New York, in 1960—had begged civil-rights organizations and interested individuals not to interfere with the carrying out of the death sentence. The detective investigation of Wood's latest crimes, the 1960 double murder, and the revisions in parole laws which resulted, were described in a story entitled, "The Case That Changed Parole," in the November, 1960, issue.

Backer came in late in the evening. He had spent the day investigating Robert Mercer. It appeared the salesman definitely had left Reno and had taken a new Buick from the agency for which he had worked.

"I can't find anybody who can say whether he knew Sonja McCaskie," Backer reported. "But it's darn strange that he disappeared at about the time she was slain."

"What else did you come up with on him?"

"Not much. He came here from the East. Everybody speaks highly of him. It doesn't make much sense that he'd take off, stealing a car which can be surely traced, without some good reason."

"You've got an all-points out on him?"

"Covering every state in the union. Some of his acquaintances think he may have gone to Los Angeles. I've asked for a special canvass there on hotels and motels. If he keeps the car, we shouldn't have too much trouble locating him."

But there was still the question as to whether the disappearance of Mercer had anything to do with the slaying of Sonja McCaskie. Backer said he would go on trying to determine if Mercer had been acquainted with the girl, or might have met her even briefly before he disappeared.

THE mystery concerning the car seen briefly in front of Miss McCaskie's apartment late Thursday night was solved with the voluntary appearance of George Horgan, who operated the ski-instruction school at Slide Mountain. He told the investigators he had stopped by at 11:30 to deliver Sonja's pay check as a ski instructress.

"My wife was with me," Horgan said. "I knocked on the door, but there was no answer. I didn't know if Sonja was asleep or had gone out. I slipped her check under the door."

Horgan said Sonja's sports car had been parked in the driveway at the time. He had heard no sound inside the apartment and the lights were out.

The check for $39 had been located by Seevers and Hart on a dressing table in the bedroom, indicating it had been picked up by someone.

But had Sonja picked up the check, or her killer? Had he been inside the apartment when Horgan knocked?

These were questions for which the investigators wanted answers, as they might pinpoint the time of death and give some indication as to who had entered the apartment. The thorough examination of doors and windows showed there had been no forced entry. Sonja must have let the slayer inside. But the detectives knew this did not necessarily indicate the slayer was someone Sonja knew. He could have used some ruse to get her to open the door, and with the garrote could have silenced her before she could make an outcry. Or perhaps she simply had forgotten to lock a door.

The following morning, while the rest of the investigators were busily running down leads from aroused citizens, examining the physical evidence and questioning persons who had known the honey-haired ski instructress, Briscoe consulted a well-known psychiatrist in the city. He was hoping to gain some insight to the ghastly crime and the kind of a person capable of committing it.

"We've been working on the theory that the killer is someone who knew her," Briscoe said, after giving the psychiatrist a brief history of the affairs of the slain girl, as revealed by her diary and those who knew about her personal life.

"I don't think her private affairs are particularly significant," the psychiatrist said. "In my opinion, the killer may not have known the victim."

"How about this business of cutting out her heart and leaving it by the front door, or putting the severed foot into a silk stocking and wrapping her head in her panties?" Briscoe asked.

"It all indicates some type of fetishism," the psychiatrist answered. "Undoubtedly this case will be recorded in medical history, along with those of Jack-the-Ripper, Bluebeard and other dozens of times in the history of sex chotic and I don't think you will find the answer or any motive for it in any normal relationships the victim may have had."

"Is there anything you can tell me about the kind of person the killer might be that would help us locate him?" Briscoe asked.

The psychiatrist went to a bookcase and picked out two volumes. One was *Psychopathia Sexualis* by Krafft-Ebing, the other *The Sexual Question* by Forel. "You can find similar cases reported dozens of times in the history of sex crimes in these books," the psychiatrist said. As he thumbed through the pages, he asked: "Have you found that any of the victim's personal belongings are missing? Things like shoes, stockings, handkerchiefs or undergarments?"

"Not that we can tell, so far. Why?"

"Many such cases are associated with or have their beginning in fetishisms—usually unnatural attractions toward certain articles of clothing worn by women. Fetishism often builds up to a form of sadism."

Stopping at a page in the book by Forel, the psychiatrist read: "Some sadists . . . flog prostitutes or prick them until they bleed, while others prefer to martyrize their victims slowly, and thus procure the maximum pleasure. Sadists do not always confine their attacks to living people; some violate the dead bodies and cut them into pieces."

"That's our type man," Briscoe said. "But how do we find him?"

The psychiatrist shrugged. "It will be difficult. Except for occasional outbursts of the psychotic tendencies, the person may go about in a quite orderly and normal way of living."

Pausing a moment for thought, the psychiatrist asked Briscoe: "Did you notice if the victim had any clothes out on the line? Any of her personal garments, particularly underthings or stockings?"

"Yes, she did!" Briscoe exclaimed. "I distinctly recall seeing some on the clothesline behind the house."

"That could be your answer. The killer might be someone with a fetish for women's underclothes. He could have been attracted to that particular apartment by the clothes hanging out on the line."

"But why wouldn't he just steal the clothes? Why would he go inside to kill and butcher the girl?"

The psychiatrist explained that a particular psychosis could gradually become more intense, requiring more and more stimuli.

READING again from Forel, he said: "Sadism is for a long time restrained by fear, education or moral sentiments. The highest degree of sadism leads to assassination. In this way human tigers entice young girls into a wood and cut them to pieces."

"Then, it may have been someone she didn't know, and all this stuff about her affairs with men——"

"As I said before," the psychiatrist interrupted, "whether she knew the person is not particularly pertinent. I would suggest that you look for someone who has been practicing fetishisms—stealing women's clothing, window-peeping and the like. His psychotic tendencies may finally have led to this brutal killing."

"We can be sure we're looking for a man, and not a woman?" Briscoe asked. He explained about the beatnik-type woman who had been a house guest in Sonja's apartment over the Christmas holidays, and that there had been some theories that the crime might be similar to the famous Winnie Ruth Judd case.

Dubbed "The Tiger Woman" by the press, at the time she had been convicted of slaying two female companions and shipping their bodies in a trunk, 32 years ago, Winnie Ruth Judd had been condemned to death. However, she had been declared insane and placed in a sanitarium. She made several escapes, the latest only a short time ago, and at the present time is still at large.

"In a case like that, cutting up the body is only concealment of the crime," the psychiatrist explained. "In this case, it is fairly evident that the motive was solely that of mutilation. I wouldn't entirely discount a woman as the slayer, but I'd be much more inclined to believe you will find him to be a man with the fetish tendencies I've mentioned."

Briscoe returned to Headquarters and sent a crew to cover the neighborhood in which the slaying had taken place. The men were instructed to go from door to door, asking if anything unusual had occurred recently, such as personal articles being stolen from clotheslines or Peeping-Toms being seen in the area.

He asked Seevers and Hart to go with him and several of Sonja's friends to the apartment to determine if the slayer had taken anything.

THE canvass showed that Sonja had done a small washing on the evening before she was slain, and it was on the line in back of the apartment at the time her mutilated body had been found. A number of intimate pieces of apparel still hung on the line, but there was no way to determine if anything had been taken.

Seevers asked about the German-made camera, which he had mentioned previously to Briscoe after finding the instruction sheet but not the instrument. The friends said Sonja had purchased the camera only recently and had been very proud of it. She had used it to take a number of pictures of her baby, Kim.

But they did not know whether Sonja had loaned it to anyone. She was generous with her belongings and often loaned things to her friends.

"One thing, we've got the serial number from the instruction brochure," Seevers said. "She was supposed to have filled out the card and send it in for a factory guarantee, but failed to do it."

Briscoe said that on the long chance the killer had taken the camera, and on the even less likely chance he would pawn it, police would start visiting the pawnshops at once. This in itself was a considerable task, since, because of the gaming casinos, Reno possibly has more pawnshops per capita than any other city in the Nation.

Returning to Headquarters, Briscoe found Shoemaker waiting for him. The Sergeant announced: "We just got a call from Fairfield in Solano County, California. They've got what looks like a red-hot lead."

The call had come from Inspector William Vucurevich, who reported a man had been picked up at the Travis Air Force Base, after he assaulted an air policeman. In searching the man, the officers had found a key to a locker in a bus depot. In a briefcase in the locker the investigators had found a steak knife and an anatomy chart.

"The guy is Arthur Simmons, a former mental patient," Shoemaker said. "So far, they haven't been able to learn if he was here in Reno recently, but they're working at it."

"Get over there and work with them," Briscoe directed. "Feed us everything you can get and we'll check it out here. This is the kind of thing that might give us a solution."

Shortly after Shoemaker left for Fairfield, Seevers and Brodhead came into the office. Brodhead began the conversation by referring to a vodka bottle Seevers had found in Sonja's apartment.

"The print belongs to a guy named Bill Pharre," Brodhead said. Pharre was one of the employees at the meat packing plant where Sonja had been employed. He voluntarily had taken a polygraph test and had given the police his fingerprints and footprints. "And I've got his sworn statement that he was never in Sonja's apartment," Brodhead concluded. "But the print is his."

"You're sure about it?" Briscoe asked.

Seevers nodded. He had made a careful comparison. Pharre's fingerprint matched the one on the bottle. "Only neither of his footprints matches the one we found in the bedroom. If it did, we'd have him nailed."

"Bring him in here," Briscoe said. "There may be some other explanation for that bloody footprint. If he lied about being in the apartment, he must have something to hide."

Meanwhile, a steady flow of reports came in to Police Headquarters from the terrorized citizens of Reno. The entire city was asking: "When would the butcher-slayer strike again?"

Additional reports were arriving from all parts of the country, for the press wires had given the mutilation-killing of the Olympic ski star a top priority rating for their newswire and newsphoto services. The story also was being sent overseas to Europe and commanded more space in foreign papers than that of governmental affairs.

The usual number of confessions by cranks came in from a number of places. Suspects were questioned and cleared in a dozen West Coast cities.

Pharre was brought to Headquarters, where he continued to deny he ever had been in Sonja McCaskie's apartment. He had seen the blonde secretary at the meat packing plant but insisted he had not known her personally.

"You know about fingerprints," Brodhead told him. "You know there are no two sets alike. One of your prints was on the vodka bottle we found in her apartment. But you claim you were never there."

"That's the truth!" Pharre exclaimed, perspiring. "I can't explain it, but I'm telling you the truth. I was never there. In fact, I can't even recall the last time I had a drink of vodka. I usually drink Bourbon."

THE questioning of Pharre went on for almost an hour. Suddenly he exclaimed: "I just remembered!" The strain vanished from his face as if by magic. "About two weeks ago, I dropped by Jim Henry's place. He gave me a drink and it was vodka. And I handled the bottle."

Henry was brought to Headquarters. He readily confirmed Pharre's story. When asked how the bottle had come to be in Sonja's apartment, Henry explained he had loaned Sonja a step-ladder for her painting. When he delivered it, he had taken over the bottle for a drink with her. Henry was able to establish a complete alibi for himself for the time of the slaying.

Looking at Henry, Pharre said with very evident relief: "Man, am I glad you weren't killed or something. Imagine the time I'd have had trying to explain this if you weren't around."

So another lead failed. And it was followed by the collapse of the lead in Fairfield. Shoemaker called in to report that Arthur Simmons positively had been placed in Sacramento during the hours in which Sonja had been slain.

The men going through the neighborhood where the grisly killing had taken place reported that several women had seen what they thought to be Peeping-Toms recently. However, most of these reports had to be discounted because of the fear which would certainly cause some to magnify normal incidents out of proportion. However, the officers did locate a woman who claimed a pair of black-lace panties had been stolen from her clothesline only a few days before the slaying.

Briscoe phoned the psychiatrist he had talked with earlier and explained about the panties theft. "If this guy is a panties-thief, like you think, is there anything else that would help in locating him?" he asked.

"He could act perfectly normal, except when he has this phobia."

"Will he kill again?"

"Quite likely," the psychiatrist answered. "Unless you find him, he undoubtedly will express his unnatural desires by killing again."

"How soon?"

"I can't answer that. Maybe tonight. Maybe next week. Maybe not for a year. But sooner or later, I feel he will kill again. It will be the same kind of gruesome slaughter, with the same slashing of the victim."

Briscoe realized the police problem was not only to find Sonja's slayer but also to locate him before another woman died. But how? What to do, that wasn't already being done? What clue had been overlooked? What lead did they have that eventually would give them the killer?

Every officer on the force was working overtime. Extra help had been sent by California authorities, who loaned the Reno police their top investigators and crime lab men.

Newsmen and photographers from the leading newspapers in the West converged on Reno for a more detailed account of the crime than was being covered by the wire services. The private life of Sonja McCaskie was completely revealed, as the newsmen pried details from those who had known her.

A flash came in from Chief of Police Archie W. Miller in Paden, West Virginia. State Police there had located Robert Mercer and the Buick sedan allegedly taken from the Scott Motor Company in Reno. Mercer had been arrested in the company of another Reno man. Both denied knowing anything about the slaying of Sonja.

Mercer was questioned in Paden, while the car and its contents were taken to the Public Safety laboratory in Charleston by State Police Corporal E. E. Rice for a minute examination.

A lie-detector test, which confirmed Mercer's story that he was out of the state before Sonja had been slain, cleared him of complicity in the homicide. He was ordered held pending charges over the vehicle he had taken out of the state without permission.

BY FRIDAY, April 12, after a week of investigation, every trail the investigators had been working on seemed to peter out. Briscoe was forced to tell the press that the officers had no lead to the slayer's identity.

The crime, however, had caught the imagination of the people and the press, and it continued in the headlines. Day and night police were busy running down reports phoned in by residents concerning suspicious characters. More than 200 persons had been questioned in the case, and 20 men had been given polygraph examinations and cleared of any suspicion.

Lust . . . hate . . . revenge . robbery . . . perversion. All remained as possible motives for the crime. Seevers and Hart continued to sift through the piles of evidence collected at the scene, hoping for the one thing that would point out the slayer.

Then, on Saturday afternoon, John Peevers, an investigator from the District Attorney's office who had been assigned to help the members of the pawnshop detail, reported he had located Sonja's German-made camera. It had been pawned the previous Saturday for ten dollars. The serial number proved it was the same instrument.

The investigators hurried to the pawnshop.

The name on the ticket was Thomas Bean. A Reno address was given.

"I remember the fellow who came in," the pawnshop owner said. "He was young. I asked him where he got such a fine camera. He said his father gave it to him as a gift."

"You'd recognize him?" Shoemaker asked.

"Sure I would. A big kid with sandy colored hair."

Was the name on the pawn ticket genuine—or phony? Was the address real?

"Let's go," Shoemaker said. "We'll find out soon enough."

The address was real, but no one named Thomas Bean was there. However, in talking with people in the neighborhood, the investigators learned that a Roy Bean and his son, Tommy, had lived there. They had moved to a different section of town—the same section where Sonja McCaskie had lived, and where she had been slain.

They located Thomas Bean, an eighteen-year-old high-school youth. He was big and he had sandy colored hair. They asked him about the camera. He denied pawning it. He was taken to Headquarters.

"Anybody mention the killing to him yet?" Briscoe asked quietly.

"Not yet," Shoemaker said. "If we can tie him to the camera, we can tie him to the killing. We're going to take his fingerprints and footprints first. After we get them, we'll know more as to how much he's involved."

Bean voluntarily submitted to having his fingerprints taken and, when asked if he'd ever been in trouble with the law, said he had served time in the Nevada Youth Training Center, a reformatory at Elko. He had been released the previous year.

"Okay, let's have your footprints now," Seevers told the youth.

"What for?"

"Because we want them."

Bean lurched away. He whirled and ran. He made it out the door of Police Headquarters.

"After him!" Seevers shouted.

A dozen police officers gave chase, as the youth reached the street and raced up an alley. Shots were fired.

"Don't shoot to kill him!" Detective Ralph Andreini shouted. "We've got to have him alive!"

Andreini gained on the youth. He dove, grabbed him by the ankles. They tumbled into the street.

When Bean got back to his feet, handcuffed by the detective, he screamed: "Why didn't you kill me? I wanted you to kill me! Go ahead and kill me!"

Returned to Headquarters, Briscoe asked the youth: "You want to tell us about it?"

"About what?"

"Killing the girl."

"You know I killed her?"

"Your footprint will prove that."

Bean shrugged. "What do you want to know?"

"Why?" Briscoe asked. "Why did you kill her, and why did you cut up her body that way?"

Bean allegedly told the investigators that for some time he had made a practice of prowling around at night, stealing panties from clotheslines. He collected the undergarments and, in fondling them in his room, would imagine the women they belonged to.

The story police say Bean told was almost identical to the theory Briscoe had heard expounded by the psychiatrist.

BEAN allegedly told investigators he never had seen Sonja McCaskie before he entered her apartment, but he had been attracted to the place by her underthings left on the line. His first impulse had been only to steal a pair of the girl's panties.

After taking a pair of panties from the clothesline, he had tried the back door of the apartment and found it unlocked. He took off his shoes and socks and stole inside. He found the blonde ski star sound asleep. She had not awakened as he stood over her bed. He even had pulled up the blind to get a better look at her.

"The garrote," Briscoe said. "The one made from a piece of cord with the clothespins for handles. Where did you get it?"

Bean allegedly said he had read somewhere about a garrote fashioned in that manner. He had made one.

Police say Bean claimed he had no definite plans to kill anyone, but the thought had been forming in his mind during his prowlings. He also allegedly told the investigators he had worn gloves during the crime, and when they became soaked with blood he had slipped a pair of nylon stockings over his hands so he would not leave fingerprints.

The investigators claimed Bean calmly told them how he had strangled Sonja as she lay in bed, almost before she was completely awake. Afterward, he had assaulted her.

"Why did you cut up her body?" Briscoe asked.

The question did not seem to ruffle the youth, the investigators claimed. He told them this also had been on his mind. He had taken a butcher knife into the apartment with him, but it hadn't been enough.

As the shocked investigators listened, almost in disbelief, the youth allegedly related how he had spent almost five hours in the apartment with the victim, cutting her to pieces as he listened to hi-fi music being played softly in the apartment. "I like music and she had some good pieces," he allegedly said, almost without concern.

Bean could give no reason for his actions, other than that he had been curious about cutting up a body and often thought about it. He said he had no intention of hiding it.

Bean allegedly related how, following the mutilation, he left the apartment at 7:15 in the morning and took Sonja's sports car out for a spin. He drove as far as Windy Hill, where he tossed some of his bloody clothes and the blood-soaked gloves off the cliff. While he was there, he had driven the car over a large boulder and smashed the fender and bent the tire rim.

He returned the car to the driveway at 9:15 in the morning and then left for his home.

"Why did you take the car back?" Briscoe asked.

With a show of indignation, Bean allegedly said: "Because it didn't belong to me."

"But you took the camera?"

"Yeah, and a portable radio," he allegedly said. "They were things I could use. I needed some money, so I pawned the camera the next day. I sure never figured you guys would be smart enough to trace it to me. I thought as long as I didn't leave any fingerprints, you'd never find me."

Investigating the youth's background, the officers learned he had been arrested in Salt Lake City on June 19, 1961, after he sneaked up on a sleeping porch and attempted to strangle a teen-aged girl. There had been no prosecution in the case because the youth's parents were planning to move to Las Vegas. The Utah authorities had relinquished their hold on the boy on the promise that he would be turned over to the Nevada Youth Center, where he was sent to a training school.

The boy's father and mother were divorced, and Thomas had come to Reno with his father six months prior to the slaying.

The youth's father, Elza Leonia (Roy) Bean, told the press that he would stand by his son because he wouldn't be much of a father unless he did.

On April 15, Thomas Bean was arraigned before Judge William R. Beemer in Reno on charges of first-degree murder and ordered held in custody, without privilege of bond, pending further legal proceedings.

When this was written the phone calls which Mrs. Nielson believed had been answered by a man in Sonja's apartment had not been explained.

The names Michael R. Stevenson, Phil, Arthur Simmons, Bill Pharre and Jim Henry are fictitious in this story.

Kidnaped from the Midnight Gabfest *(from page 17)*

Meanwhile the description of Mrs. Watkins went out on the statewide police radio network.

With the blowups and several detailed maps of Jackson County, Lieutenant Myers and Sergeant Southworth returned to the laundromat, where they had decided to make their headquarters for the duration of the search.

A map was spread out on a table near the wall phone and, on a ledge above it, Lieutenant Myers propped two of the pictures. The squads he had left in Brooklyn had been busy. They had searched the ground around the laundromat and found nothing. They had questioned numerous individuals and had come up with one nebulous lead: a man recalled seeing a green car near the laundromat about three o'clock that morning. But he didn't see who was in it, or notice what kind of car it was.

While they were waiting for further instructions, the phone rang. A woman, Mrs. Jeanne Hall, who lived on Wamplers Lake Road, had called in response to the broadcast bulletin. She had been in the laundromat after midnight and recalled seeing Joan Watkins.

Lieutenant Myers sent a squad to bring her to the temporary headquarters.

The officers assigned to the search began arriving and by mid-morning all were there. In addition to the two State Police cars, there were eleven from the Jackson County Sheriff's Department and several sent by the Sheriffs of Lenawee and Washtenaw Counties. Altogether, there were 40 officers in 20 cars, supplemented by eight mobile radio cars manned by ham operators.

Lieutenant Myers spread out his map and territories were assigned to each team. Each team also was provided a picture of Joan Watkins.

"Here's what we're looking for," Lieutenant Myers told them, "a torquoise blue billfold, maybe a black slipper, or the clothing Mrs. Watkins wore. Maybe a body—we just don't know."

The cars moved away and the search began.

Mrs. Hall was brought in and she gave this account to Myers and Southworth:

She had gone to the laundromat at about 12:15 with her nine-year-old daughter. A short time later—she wasn't sure of the time—Joan Watkins came in and began laundering the diapers. Other people were there, but she didn't know who they were: an elderly couple, a young man and a young woman.

ANOTHER man came in. He, too, was young and she didn't know who he was. But he seemed to be acquainted with the other young man who already was there. The two had talked for a few minutes and the newcomer had left. She thought it was after one o'clock.

"Was Mrs. Watkins still there then?"

"Yes."

"What time did she leave?"

"I don't know. My daughter and I left about one-thirty. I looked around and Mrs. Watkins wasn't there. I hadn't seen her leave, and I decided she must have gone in the washroom. I didn't think any more about it until I heard she was missing."

"When was the last time you saw her?"

"Sometime between one and one-thirty."

"This young man who came in and left—did he bring in any laundry?"

"No. Apparently he was just visiting." But that wasn't unusual, she added; the laundromat was a popular gathering place.

"Can you describe him?"

"Not too well." Mrs. Hall said she hadn't paid any particular attention to him. He was young, in his 20's, she thought, and rather muscular. She recalled that he wore a blue hat.

Mrs. Hall could add nothing to this account and was returned to her home.

Who was the man in the blue hat? Who were the other people in the laundry? Why hadn't they contacted the police also?

By now, practically everybody in the area knew that Joan Watkins was missing. Soon, a curious crowd had gathered in and around the laundromat. It was a public place and Lieutenant Myers couldn't keep the people out, especially since he had no concrete evidence that any crime had been committed. With the help of State Troopers, he did manage to keep his own working space clear.

THE broadcast bulletins were having their effect. Calls were pouring in to the office of the Sheriff, to Jackson Police Headquarters, to the Jackson State Police Post and to Police Headquarters in Brooklyn.

An excited woman phoned the Sheriff's Office and cried: "I just saw that woman who disappeared. If you send somebody out there quick, maybe you can rescue her."

The call was transferred to Sheriff Hammer. "Where did you see her?" he asked.

"At a filling station on Highway Fifty. I stopped there to get some gas and I saw a car with a man and woman in it. The man got out and went into the station and the woman tried to attract my attention. She wrote 'HELP' on the windshield with her finger. Then she wrote something on a paper napkin, rolled down the window and dropped it out."

"Did you get the note?" the Sheriff asked eagerly.

"No, I was afraid. I came home and called you the minute I got here."

"Did you get the license number?" Sheriff Hammer pressed. "Did you notice what kind of car it was?"

"No, no. I was too frightened to think of that."

"Well, did you notice which way the car went?"

"Yes. It went east on Highway Fifty."

This message was relayed to Lieutenant Myers, who motioned to Sergeant Southworth. As they drove toward the filling station, Myers told of the woman's call.

They were at the station in minutes, questioning the attendant.

"Yes, a man and woman were in here a few minutes ago," he said, "but I didn't notice anything wrong."

"Did you see a paper napkin dropped out of the window?"

"No, but you can take a look if you like."

The officers made a thorough search of the area around the station, but didn't find the paper napkin.

"Did you see the man get out of the car?" Myers asked.

"Yes. He came inside the station and went to the washroom."

"And if this woman wanted to, she could have just gotten out of the car and walked away?"

"Yes. He was in there about five minutes and the door was closed. There was nothing to stop her if she wanted to get away."

As Myers and Southworth drove back to the laundromat, they realized the woman's story had been ridiculous. They knew from experience that there would be many more phone calls. Most of the information would be worthless, but none could be passed up. Myers sighed as he contemplated what might lie ahead—long days, sleepless nights, frustration and—perhaps—at the end, heartbreak for Douglas Watkins.

Now 42, Myers had been a full-time employee of the Jackson County Sheriff's Department for twelve years. For six years before that, he had been a bus driver, but he had been interested in law-enforcement then and had spent his spare hours working as a part-time deputy. In those eighteen years, he had gained a remarkable insight into human behavior.

He wondered why he had not heard from the other people Mrs. Hall had seen in the laundry and he guessed it was because they didn't want to become involved. Or could one of them be the answer to the riddle?

Back at the laundromat, Lieutenant Myers phoned the Sheriff's Office. No word had come in from anybody who admitted being in the laundry Sunday morning, but half a dozen other leads had been phoned in.

"Any of them sound promising?" Lieutenant Myers inquired.

"Only one. A woman called about that green car. She said the driver was a young man named Herschel Schultz, who lives in Jackson."

"Can you check it out at that end?"

"Yes," Sheriff Hammer replied. Detective Duane Thayer is on it now."

"Good. The others can wait."

Periodic reports came from the searching squads, who were slowly cruising the roads—even the secondary highways and back roads—of the area. A State Police plane circled ovehead, keeping in touch with the ground crews by radio. Troopers with binoculars scanned the vast landscape not in view from the highways. They had found nothing.

Crowds continued to mill around the laundromat. Each newcomer was questioned by a deputy: Were you in the laundry Saturday night? If so, who else was there? Do you know Mrs. Joan Watkins? Did you see her in the laundry? Did you see her leave?

NONE of those questioned would admit having been in the laundromat Saturday night. Many were acquainted with Joan Watkins, but none had seen her on Saturday. Those who knew her well said it was unthinkable that she would go away voluntarily.

"She was a fine girl and she was crazy about her baby," said one woman. "She just wouldn't go away like that."

Sergeant Hendges finished contacting Joan Watkins' close friends and made his report: none had seen or heard from her in the past 24 hours, but they were agreed on one point: she was a devoted wife and mother and she would not have left voluntarily.

"Then how," asked Lieutenant Myers, "was anybody able to grab her without being seen? Surely, she would have screamed."

"Maybe she was here alone when it happened," Sergeant Southworth suggested.

"Yes, that could account for it. If we could only find the others who were here when Mrs. Hall left. Maybe they all left before Mrs. Watkins did."

"Yes, she could have been alone when that green car we heard about came by."

Detective Thayer, who had been sent to check on Herschel Schultz following a telephone tip, verified that Schultz owned a green car, but it hadn't been driven for a long time.

"He is in the hospital and he is almost blind," Thayer said. "He's been there for two weeks and couldn't possibly have been at the laundromat when Joan Watkins disappeared."

Lieutenant Myers wasn't surprised. A telephone tip is one way to satisfy a grudge and cause a man inconvenience, even though the accuser knows he is innocent.

The search of highways went on throughout the day and yielded nothing; it was called off at nightfall, but Lieutenant Myers asked the same officers to report early the next morning.

Myers and Southworth returned to Jackson, where the State Police just had received a report from the Detroit Post. Immigration officials had turned back a woman who had sought to cross into Canada because she had unsatisfactory identification. She had given her name as Carla Nelson and an address on Chatsworth in Detroit.

She was about 28 years old, wore glasses, was dressed in blue jeans and a white sweat shirt. The border officials said she matched the description of Joan Watkins. Officers of the Detroit Post said they would check the Chatsworth address and try to establish the woman's identity.

Lieutenant Myers ordered more copies of the picture, to be distributed to law-enforcement agencies throughout Michigan, as well as to officials at the Canadian border. One copy was rushed to the Detroit Post.

Meanwhile, fifteen other telephone tips received throughout the day were checked out and proved worthless.

"Do you suppose Schuyler could help?" Sergeant Southworth asked.

"Maybe. It's worth a try." Lieutenant Myers knew that Schuyler was a State Police tracking dog.

Southworth contacted Trooper Paul Ruge, Jr., the dog's trainer, who promised to have Schuyler on hand the next morning.

It was past midnight when Lieutenant Myers finally went to bed, 24 hours after Mrs. Watkins had left her home, but he was up at dawn and was at the laundromat when the squads reported to continue their search. Myers marked off the roads they had already covered in Jackson and adjoining Lenawee Counties and assigned new territories. The searchers started out, again with a plane hovering overhead.

Then Lieutenant Myers went to the Watkins home, where the apprehensive husband waited with his father; both had taken time off from their jobs. They were joined by Joan's father.

From the three men, Lieutenant Myers obtained the names and addresses of all Joan's relatives and her known friends.

Lieutenant Myers inquired about Joan's former fiance, Whitney Roe.

"He telephoned me about a year ago to inquire about Joan," her father said. "I told him she was married and that's the last I've heard of him."

"Do you think she had been in touch with Roe—by telephone or letter or in person?"

All three men were sure that she hadn't been. Nevertheless, Lieutenant Myers contacted Ann Arbor officials and asked them to check on Roe.

"Do you know if she ever was fingerprinted?" Myers asked.

The three men said that, so far as they knew, Joan's fingerprints were not on file anywhere.

State Police Technician George Heins was summoned and began dusting articles, such as glasses and kitchenware, known to have been handled by Joan Watkins. Her prints would be useful in identification if she had amnesia and had wandered far from home —or if police in some remote section found the body of a woman they couldn't identify.

WHILE Heins was at work on this tedious task, Lieutenant Myers obtained shoes and other garments worn recently by the missing woman. He took them to the laundromat, where Trooper Ruge was waiting with Schuyler. The dog sniffed the articles, then followed a trail that led to the area where the Watkins car had been parked. There, Schuyler lost the scent and Trooper Ruge took him back inside to start over.

Then Sheriff Hammer phoned. He had just received a call from a woman who said that her son, Mark Godfrey, and his wife, Anne, had been in the laundry Saturday night. They hadn't called because they had seen nothing happen to Joan Watkins and thought it wasn't important for them to talk to the police.

"We want to talk to them," Lieutenant Myers said.

"Okay. I'll have them brought to see you," the Sheriff said.

The couple, both in their early 20's, said they customarily went to the laundromat on Saturday, as they had done this week. They said a woman they didn't know came in with her young daughter shortly after midnight. This would have been Mrs. Hall. A few minutes later, Larry Hanley, whom Mark had known in school, came in. Mrs. Godfrey had met him on a few occasions.

Mark and Larry were engaged in conversation when Joan Watkins came in. She began at once to wash the diapers. Larry talked a few more minutes, mentioning that he was at loose ends because his wife was in the hospital with a new baby, born a few days before. Then Larry left.

THE Godfreys said an elderly man and woman they weren't acquainted with also were in the laundry, but took no part in the conversation.

"What about Joan Watkins—did she talk to Larry Hanley?"

"No. But he said hello to her on the way out and she said hello, so I guess they are acquainted."

"What time did Joan leave?"

"I don't know," Godfrey replied.

"I don't, either," said his wife. "One minute she was here and the next she was gone. But I didn't actually see her leave."

"What time did Hanley leave?"

"I'm not sure, but I think it was before one o'clock."

"Joan was still here then?"

"Yes. I guess it was about one-thirty when we noticed she was gone."

"I wonder," said Lieutenant Myers, "why Hanley hasn't gotten in touch with us?"

"Maybe he didn't want to involve us."

The Godfreys explained that Hanley had come to their home Sunday morning and asked if they had heard that Joan Watkins was missing. "Larry asked if we had called the police to tell them we were in the laundry," said Mrs. Godfrey. "Mark said no, we didn't want to get involved. So Larry said he wouldn't call the police, either."

"Was Hanley wearing a blue hat?"

"Yes, he was."

"What did Hanley talk about?"

"Mostly about the new baby and about the house he is building," Godfrey replied. "He's been working on it for some time and it's almost finished."

Lieutenant Myers told of his fear that Joan had been kidnaped as she went to the car with the box of soap powder. "Did you hear a scream or any other unusual sound?" he asked.

The young couple said they had heard nothing at all.

They were excused and deputies were sent to pick up Hanley.

After hours of dusting objects Joan Watkins was known to have handled recently in her home, Technician Heins came up with a complete set of latent prints, built up finger by finger, which he believed were those of the missing woman.

By early afternoon, the searchers had covered all the roads in a wide area and had found nothing. Lieutenant Myers told them to come in, then turned to Sergeant Southworth: "What do you think?"

"If we find anything, it will be a body, I'm afraid," Southworth replied. "Why don't we concentrate next on a search of empty buildings."

"Good idea," Myers agreed and spread out his maps.

Seventy lakes dot the resort area around Jackson, with hundreds of homes and cottages, many of them occupied only during the summer months. Also, many old barns and various other buildings are not in use.

Lieutenant Myers divided up the area again and the squads were sent to make systematic searches of the buildings that were not occupied and not locked.

Schuyler was brought in by Trooper Ruge. The dog had made several starts, but in each case, the trail had ended in

the parking lot. "If you'd like," Ruge said, "we can try again tomorrow."

"Fine," said Lieutenant Myers. "Next time, you might try the highway."

Then a report came from Detroit: The woman who had been turned back at the Canadian border was found at the address she had given on Chatsworth in Detroit. Though her description generally matched that of Joan Watkins, the State Police detectives had established that she really was Carla Nelson.

After Sheriff Hammer had relayed this message to Lieutenant Myers, he said there were some other developments. The Ann Arbor police had checked on Whitney Roe, Joan's former fiance, and reported that his movements since Saturday had been fully accounted for. He had not been away from Ann Arbor and could not have kidnaped Joan.

TWO women had reported seeing Joan Watkins in Adrian that morning. Adrian police had investigated and had learned that the woman they had seen lived in Adrian, though she resembled Joan in some respects.

Many similar reports would come in, Lieutenant Myers knew; and none could be ignored.

Deputies arrived with Larry Hanley, a husky young man of 22, who said that he was a factory worker, but that he had been laid off and presently was unemployed. Hanley readily admitted being in the laundromat after midnight.

"I was in there three or four times Saturday night," he said.

"Why?"

Hanley shrugged. "Didn't have anything else to do—and I meet a lot of folks I know there."

"Did you see Joan Watkins?"

"Sure. She was still there when I left."

"You are acquainted with her?"

"Yes, we've met."

"Did you talk to her?"

"I just spoke to her, that was all. I didn't stop because she seemed to be pretty busy."

"What did you do then?"

"I went down the street to Green's bar, had a drink and went home."

"Who waited on you in the bar?"

"Fred Green, the owner."

"Anybody else see you there?"

"Sure." After some thought, Hanley named half a dozen persons.

"What time did you leave the bar to go home?"

"About one-thirty."

"Did you pass the laundry on your way home?"

"No, I went the other way."

"Did you see anybody hanging around outside when you left the laundry?"

"No, I didn't. But I wasn't looking for anybody."

Hanley was excused and Lieutenant Myers looked at the names he had jotted down. First on the list was Fred Green, the bar owner. Myers walked to the tavern and found Green there.

"Sure," he said. "Larry Hanley was in here."

"Alone?"

"Yes. His wife just had a new baby and she was still in the hospital."

"What time did he leave?"

"About one o'clock, I guess."

"He said it was one-thirty."

Miles shrugged. "Maybe so. I'm not positive about the time."

Lieutenant Myers called off the names on his list. "Were those people in here, too?"

"Yes."

This seemed to substantiate Hanley's account. The people he had named could be questioned later, as a matter of routine.

More calls had come in and when he returned to Jackson, Lieutenant Myers found fifteen reports on his desk. He was checking over them with Sergeant Southworth when the phone rang. It was a woman.

"I'm positive I saw that missing woman!" she said excitedly.

"Where?" Myers asked. "When?"

"Just a few minutes ago, out on Highway Fifty. She was driving and she bumped my rear fender to attract my attention. I looked back and I saw a man in the back seat. His hat was pulled down over his eyes to conceal his face."

"Can you describe the car?"

"No, but I got the license number." She repeated the number and Myers jotted it down.

A quick reference to the records showed that the license was for a 1959 Chevrolet and that the owner, McKenzie Davis, lived in Jackson.

"Let's see if we can find him," Myers said to Southworth.

They drove to the address in Jackson and found the Chevrolet parked in front of the house. The man who answered the door said he was McKenzie Davis. He laughed when he was told of the woman's report.

"That's a woman driver for you," he said. "I told my wife she was too close behind that other car. Honey, come here a minute."

A young woman wearing glasses came into the room. She smiled when she was told of the report. "I did touch her rear bumper," she said, "but I don't think there was any damage. She stopped suddenly and I didn't put on my brakes fast enough. But I sure wasn't trying to attract her attention."

Davis explained that his wife had picked him up at work and that he had sprawled in the back seat because he was tired.

As they returned to the Sheriff's office, Lieutenant Myers sighed. "What about these other leads?" he asked.

"Let some of the deputies check them out," Sergeant Southworth said.

The fifteen reports were assigned to various deputies, who ran them down and found them worthless.

The next day, State Police Detective Leslie Wykes and Sheriff's Detective Sergeant Carl Hendges were assigned to devote full time to the case. During the balance of that week, they investigated every remote possibility. Friends and relatives of Joan Watkins were questioned in detail about her recent behavior. There was nothing in it to indicate that she planned to leave home.

Records of telephone calls were checked. One male relative, who admitted he had been fond of Joan, had made a long distance call to the home of her parents and had inquired about Joan's health. He had been away from home at the approximate time the young mother disappeared and was unable to prove he hadn't seen her.

He agreed to a lie test, which was scheduled for February 25 at State Police Headquarters.

The search of vacant and abandoned buildings had gone on through the week but yielded no clues.

Two of the persons named by Larry Hanley were questioned and they verified his story that he had been in the tavern. They were unable to fix the exact time.

Then relatives with whom Hanley had been staying were questioned. They said that Larry had come home at about three o'clock on the morning Joan Watkins disappeared.

Hanley was questioned again. "It's only about five miles from the bar you said you left at one-thirty to where you are living, but you didn't get there until three o'clock. Where were you?"

Hanley said he stopped by his unfinished house, as he often did at night.

"Are you willing to take a lie test?" Lieutenant Myers asked.

"Sure. I don't know what happened to Joan."

The test also was scheduled for Monday, February 25.

Meanwhile, Captain Massoglia and Sheriff Hammer conferred with the four officers assigned to the case. "It may be a body we're looking for," said the Sheriff. "Or she may have gone away. I think we should search every inch of the area around here."

The others agreed and the massive search was organized for Sunday, February 24. A call went out for volunteers and this brought a quick response. More than 275 law-enforcement officers and over 800 volunteers were on hand when the search began from the Brooklyn Elementary School.

Lieutenant Colonel Warren Sutton, in charge of Air Force search and rescue operations for Michigan, commanded ten search planes and more than 200 CAP cadets from Jackson, Battle Creek and Detroit. Hot coffee, doughnuts, sandwiches and milk were provided by the Sheriff's Department, the Greater Brooklyn Association and the Meat Farm Market. The Leonti Fire Department sent two gas-fueled mobile kitchens to provide hot soup.

The searchers were dressed in heavy hunting clothes against the bitter cold. They moved off in groups of 30, after Lieutenant Myers had assigned them specific territories, keeping close together as they made a literal inch by inch search of the snow-covered fields. Police from seven counties and several State Police Posts prowled the roads, while the ham radio operators coordinated the movements with their mobile units. The Sheriff's Posse, a group of 25 volunteers, mounted horses and rode through the woods and thickets that couldn't be reached by car.

As each group finished its assigned territory, its members returned to the school for quick refreshments, then started again on a different assignment. It was the most comprehensive search ever undertaken in the area and it ended just before dusk. No trace of Joan Watkins was found.

Did this mean that there had been no foul play, that she had vanished for some other reason, that she might be safe, after all?

Douglas Watkins was encouraged by the failure of the mammoth search to uncover any evidence of violence and he went before the press and radio reporters and faced the television cameras to voice a plea to his wife to come home. To this, he added an appeal for help from anyone who might have knowledge of her whereabouts.

The next day, Joan Watkins' relative was given a lie-detector test at State Police Headquarters and was cleared. Next, Larry Hanley was questioned under the polygraph. State Police Chief of Detectives Howard Whaley said it showed Hanley was not telling the complete truth.

But he stuck to his story. Following the test, Lieutenant Myers talked to the other four persons Hanley had named as being in the tavern the night Joan disappeared. They said they had been there and that they had seen Hanley. They had thought little of it, they said, until Hanley came to them and reminded them they had seen him.

"Did he ask you to lie for him?" Myers asked one.

"No. He just wanted to make sure I could back up his alibi."

The other witnesses told Lieutenant Myers that Hanley had prompted them, too.

DURING the days that followed, Hanley was questioned repeatedly. He agreed to another lie test, which was scheduled for March 14. But the day before, Hanley said he couldn't make the trip and the test was postponed.

"You know," Lieutenant Myers said, "Mrs. Watkins may be dead and her body could be in a lake, a sandpile or even in the basement of that new house you're building."

Hanley bristled. "If you think that, why don't you come out there tomorrow and dig up my basement?" he demanded.

Lieutenant Myers had thought of this but, legally, he lacked the power. There still was no evidence of a crime; technically, the case was nothing more than a missing person.

Nevertheless, Lieutenant Myers and Sergeant Southworth continued to question Hanley, asking him again to take another lie test. He finally agreed and it was given on Saturday, March 23. Again, the police said, it showed he was lying. This time, they said, he told a new story—that Mrs. Watkins had given him ten dollars to take her to Jackson.

Lieutenant Myers made no pretense of believing this and a third lie test was given on March 27. "You're lying, Larry," Lieutenant Myers said afterward. "You can't cover up forever."

Then, according to Lieutenant Myers, Larry Hanley broke down and told this story:

After leaving the tavern, he returned to the parking area of the laundromat just before 1:30, and saw Joan Watkins putting the box of soap powder into her

Your Opinion, Please

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car. He asked her to sit in his car with him and she refused. He had a .32-caliber pistol and pointed it at her. She then got in his car and he drove out Highway 50.

He turned off about five miles from the laundromat onto a lane that led to his uncompleted house. His car got stuck in the mud and he argued with Joan. She got out of the car and he swung at her. She started to run and tripped, sprawling on the muddy ground. He fired one shot that struck her in the temple. He knew she was dead.

He buried her in a shallow grave in the earth floor of his basement garage. Later, after Lieutenant Myers had suggested she might be buried in the basement, he was afraid the police would dig, so he moved the body to an eight-foot-deep trench that had been dug at the side of the house for water pipes. He installed the water pipes himself and filled in the excavation. Neighbors saw him shoveling dirt, but they knew he was working on the new house and paid no attention.

"I shot her. I buried her," he summed up crisply.

Lieutenant Myers called for help from the State Police. Troopers brought a power shovel and began digging. About two hours later, they reached the body, which was removed by crime lab technicians. The body had been well preserved in the cold, damp ground and was identifiable. The bullet hole in the left temple was easily found.

The body was removed to a mortuary and Coroner Edward Montgomery ordered a post mortem. The bullet was found and the autopsy showed that Joan had died instantly.

According to the police, Hanley said he had thrown the weapon in Clark's Lake, where a search was made. It was not found.

"It really is only corroborating evidence and isn't important," said Lieutenant Myers. "We have Hanley's statement and it was he who showed us where to find the body."

Larry Lee Hanley was charged with murder and appeared before Jackson County Circuit Court Judge John Simpson Wednesday evening, March 27, 1963. Hanley waived examination and Judge Simpson remanded him to the custody of the Sheriff to await trial on the charge.

As this story was written, Larry Lee Hanley was being held without bond in the Jackson County Jail, pending trial.

The following names are fictitious in this story: Whitney Roe, Herschel Schultz, Mark and Anne Godfrey, Fred Green, Carla Nelson and McKenzie Davis.

For Reference: The Bank to Be Robbed *(from page 23)*

Word of the bank robbery swept through Fairplay like a raging forest fire. Many of the townsfolk gathered on the street near the bank to discuss it in detail. Not in recent years, at least, had anything so exciting as an "honest to goodness" big-time crime like a bank robbery taken place in Fairplay. A great deal of speculation about the bandits and who might have seen them while they were in town was carried on.

A dozen well-meaning but erroneous reports were received by Richards and Hurst from citizens who had seen characters and cars, either in town or driving away, at about the time the holdup had taken place.

FBI Agent Cook arrived with several technicians. The lab men were dispatched to Singleton's home. They hoped they might turn up fingerprints or some foreign materials left there while the bandits were keeping Mrs. Singleton a hostage.

Then the first solid lead came in. It was from Mrs. Mazie Boyer who operates the Hand Hotel, located directly across the street from the bank.

"I saw the whole thing," she told the investigators. "Yes, sir, I saw the whole thing, and I didn't know what was taking place."

Mrs. Boyer said she had been looking out the window of the hotel when Singleton drove up and parked in front of the bank. She had seen him get out, followed by the man with the satchel.

"I thought John was going to the bank early this morning. And another thing, John left his car right in front and usually he parks it around the side," Mrs. Boyer said. "But I never dreamed it could be a holdup."

After a moment, Mrs. Boyer exclaimed: "Holy smoke! I just happened to think—I've been robbed too."

"What do you mean?" Agent Cook asked.

"They skipped out without paying for their room."

"You mean they stayed here in the hotel?"

"That's exactly what I mean."

Mrs. Boyer said that the two men—and the descriptions of their features and clothing left no doubt but what they were the bandits—had come into the hotel around eight o'clock on Sunday night. They had registered as John Claymore and Harry Edwards, both from Paris, Texas.

"They told me they were traveling salesmen," Mrs. Boyer said. "They wanted a room with a bath but I didn't have one. I told them I expected some checkouts this morning and I could put them in another room if they were staying over. They said they'd be here for several days."

Mrs. Boyer recalled that the pair came down for breakfast at seven o'clock. They ate leisurely. "Imagine them sitting here drinking coffee—they had four cups each—and all the time planning to rob the bank," Mrs. Boyer said. "I don't see how anybody could be so calm with something like that on their mind."

The pair apparently had walked out of the hotel and gone straight to Singleton's home.

"Did you see their car?" Cook asked.

"Not when they went out this morning, but I did see it last night," Mrs. Boyer said. "It was a real flashy job."

She described it as a 1962 Thunderbird, a rose beige with a white top. Several other persons recalled seeing the flashy car in town. No one remembered the license numbers, although it very likely had Colorado plates. Otherwise the license might have been noted.

Richards immediately reported this information to Patrol Headquarters, so it could be passed on to the highway blockades. However, the information was not received until almost two hours after the bandits had left Fairplay and it seemed likely they would be beyond the blockade points by this time. The roads open to them could have started them on the way to Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo, even Grand Junction to the west. Once they reached one of the larger cities, the flashy car wouldn't be so noticeable.

Cook sent word for the technicians at Singleton's house to come to the hotel. The hotel register was impounded for handwriting samples and the room the two men had occupied was thoroughly examined.

Unfortunately, the dishes and silverware they had handled at breakfast already had been washed.

Cook telegraphed FBI Headquarters in Washington, D.C., with the descriptions of the bandits and their modus operandi. They would be checked against the file of known bank robbers.

Diligent questioning of residents and shopkeepers in the town failed to find anyone who had seen the pair before they arrived and registered at the hotel. If they had been in Fairplay earlier to case the bank heist, they had done a good job of keeping themselves unnoticed.

The investigators also tried to check the movements of the men after they arrived in town. The best information indicated the men had gone directly to their room and stayed there until morning. The detectives were unable to learn that they had contacted anyone after reaching Fairplay.

Later in the day Commander Schippers and Captain Dale High arrived in Fairplay. They reported that the road blockades still were being maintained on the long chance that the bandits had not attempted to flee the state but had holed up somewhere.

"But I doubt that very much," Schippers said. "They tied up Singleton and his wife, probably figuring that would give them an hour or two to clear the area."

Captain High greeted Agent Cook warmly, for the two were old friends. High had been stationed at Colorado Springs before being transferred to the Denver Division of the State Highway Patrol.

"How are you coming with it?" High asked Cook. "Got anything that looks good?"

Cook explained that he and his men were acting only as observers and lending whatever assistance possible, since the FBI had no jurisdiction in the case at the moment.

"We're on about the same footing," High said. "The State Highway Patrol is limited in its power to investigate crimes, but we figured the local law might be able to use some help."

Sheriff Hurst openly welcomed the assistance. His office wasn't equipped to handle cases on the scale of the bank holdup.

"Professionals?" Schippers asked Cook.

"I don't think there's any doubt about it," Cook replied. "They made no attempt to conceal their features or even the car they were driving, which means they weren't afraid of being recognized. Chances seem pretty good they're from out of state."

"Why would they pick a spot like this?"

"Where else could they pick up sixteen grand any easier?" Cook asked. "They either drove through here at one time and spotted the bank, or they were in contact with somebody who told them it would be an easy touch. Pros are always on the lookout for what they call 'naturals,' and this would be one of them."

"Any chance of tracing the money?"

Cook shook his head. He already had conferred with Singleton and learned that most of the cash taken had been in small-denomination currency. It was kept on hand to cash pay checks and take care of the needs of local merchants.

The one clue developed during the day of investigation in Fairplay was a fingerprint lifted from a drinking glass in the room the bandits had occupied. A single print isn't sufficient to make a search of criminal records; however, it would be valuable if a suspect were picked up. A copy of the print was airmailed to FBI Headquarters, where it could be compared with the prints of persons coming under suspicion because they matched the descriptions of the two bandits.

Several times during the day flurries of excitement erupted due to calls from the blockade points reporting possible suspects. Each time, however, the persons being investigated were cleared. It appeared the bandits had made a clean getaway.

The following morning, High and Schippers prepared to return to Patrol Headquarters in Denver. They asked Sheriff Hurst and Agent Cook if they could be of any further assistance.

"You might check on that T-Bird," Cook suggested. "I've got an idea they rented the car. If they did, Denver would be the logical place."

"On a job like this, wouldn't they steal a car?" Schippers asked.

"Not if they were real pros." Cook explained that professionals wouldn't want to take the chance of being picked up in a "hot car," either on their way to the job or while fleeing the holdup.

"Pros only use a stolen car if they're going a short way, and then abandon it," Cook said. "It's a long drive in here, so I doubt if they'd have risked it in a stolen car. And they wouldn't have used their own car because someone might have noted the license number. The logical answer would be a rental car."

But if the bandits had rented a car, it also would be likely, in keeping with the rest of the well-planned robbery, that they'd have had false identification.

"But you never can tell where a lead might develop," Cook said. "About all you can do is follow all the angles and hope they overlooked something."

One thing they hadn't overlooked was a large supply of money orders in the bank vault. An inventory showed they were missing. With these stolen money orders, the loot taken from the bank might be twice the original estimate of the loss.

Before leaving town, Schippers asked Cook if he thought there was any value in continuing the road blockades.

"I doubt it," Cook said. "The description of the men and the car are out to every police agency in the Southwest. But the bandits know that, too, so they've undoubtedly gotten rid of the car by this time. If they hadn't planned on getting rid of it, they wouldn't have been so careless about everyone seeing it when they came into town."

The road blockades were withdrawn.

It appeared the slick heisters had made good their imaginative bank robbery in Fairplay.

HIGH and Schippers had returned to their Denver Headquarters by four o'clock in the afternoon. Then, on the second call he made to auto rental agencies, High learned that a rose-beige Thunderbird with a white top had been rented from the American National Rent-A-Car Agency at Stapleton Field.

"We rented out a car of that description on Friday morning and it was returned to us at two o'clock yesterday afternoon," the agency manager, James R. Dover, said.

"Did the fellow renting it say his name was Claymore or Edwards?" High asked, giving the names the bandits had used on the hotel register in Fairplay.

"Wait a moment and I'll see." Dover came back on the line a minute later. "The man we rented the car to gave his name as J. Carl Schodt. He said he was a jazz guitarist from Los Angeles and wanted a real sporty looking car."

"Have you got a record on how far the car was driven?"

"A little over fourteen hundred miles."

This was more than ample mileage to drive to Fairplay and back. Enough even to make a "dry run" before the actual holdup, if the bandits were timing themselves for a getaway after they returned to Denver.

"Did this fellow Schodt say where he'd been?"

"That's a funny thing," Dover commented. "You know, under our rental agreement, the agency reimburses the customer for all of the gasoline used. All the customer has to do is turn in the receipts from the service stations. This fellow would have had considerable

money coming back. But he didn't have the receipts and when I asked about them he said we could forget it, he had enjoyed driving the car so much it was worth it."

"If he's the guy we think, it was worth it all right," High commented dryly.

If the car had been rented by one of the bank robbers, he wouldn't have wanted to turn in gasoline receipts proving the Thunderbird had been in the vicinity of Fairplay.

"We'll be over to see you right away," High told the rental agent. "If the car is still there, we'll want to examine it."

High relayed the information to Schippers, saying: "The name Schodt is probably a phony, as well as the identification he used. But if the bandits came out of Denver and returned here, we may pick up some other kind of a lead on them."

Commander Schippers pointed out that would be going beyond the duties and jurisdiction of the Highway Patrol in the investigation. He suggested that the lead be given to the Denver authorities and they could cooperate with the Park County Sheriff's Office and with the FBI, who might actively enter the investigation if it could be assumed the bandits had left the state.

Schippers called Denver Chief of Police James M. Slavin and gave him a run-down on what had been developed so far. Chief Slavin turned the case over to Chief of Detectives James Shumate.

Captain Lloyd Jamerson and Detectives Louis Lopez and Chester D. Brannon were assigned to the investigation. They were to meet High and Schippers at the office of the car rental agency. FBI agents also would be present as observers.

THE rose-beige Thunderbird was impounded, to be examined by lab technicians.

"But I don't think you'll find much," Dover said. "We seldom get a car back in the condition this one was returned."

"What do you mean?" Lopez asked.

Dover explained that the car had been thoroughly washed, inside and out. It was absolutely immaculate. "Most times we have to have a car cleaned before we can put it out again, but not this one. I swear it came in cleaner than it went out."

This figured, too. The bandits were pros and had planned their job thoroughly. They had taken no chance of leaving any fingerprints in the car that could be used to identify them, nor any soil that might be matched to the Fairplay mountain region.

"Let's see the rental agreement and find out if there's anything on it that will give us a lead," Jamerson suggested.

As he looked over the leasing form, Jamerson exclaimed: "This is really good! Can you imagine a guy with this much gall?"

In a space where the customer was to give his banking references, the person now known as Carl Schodt had listed the Bank of Fairplay.

"He really must have been chuckling to himself when he put that down," Brannon said. "Imagine a guy planning to rob a bank and then putting the bank name down as a reference."

"The last laugh may be on him," Schippers said. "Up to now, there have been no leads on the bandits. I'd say this almost positively names Schodt as one of the bandits and the car as the one used in the holdup."

"It isn't actually evidence, but it is a good lead," Jamerson said. Turning to Dover, he asked: "What can you tell us about the fellow who rented the car? His name and whatever else he put down on the lease agreement will obviously be phony."

Dover said he had received a telephone call from a man who identified himself as Schodt. "He pronounced it like the word 'shot,' so I asked him to spell it," Dover said. "He had a sense of humor, for he said it wasn't spelled like being half-shot. Then, he said he wanted a real sporty looking car. I told him about the T-Bird and he said he'd take it. I delivered it to him and had another little talk with him. He seemed to be a real nice fellow."

"You delivered the car? Where?" Lopez asked quickly.

Dover said it was an address in the 400 block on Broadway. It was the same one Schodt had listed on the rental agreement. "He apologized for the way the place looked," Dover said. "He told me he and his wife had just come in from Los Angeles, that he was a jazz guitarist and she was a professional model. He said she was planning on opening a modeling agency here in Denver and that he would probably be appearing in some of the night clubs. He told me when he landed a spot he'd invite me to come and see him. He explained wanting a sporty looking car because it would help him in getting jobs."

The address obviously would be a part of the overall plan of the bank robbery. The investigators felt fairly certain they would find it had been rented only a few days previously and would be vacant now.

"What about the driver's license that's listed here?" Jamerson asked, looking at the rental agreement.

"I saw it. We require a valid driver's permit."

"Was it from Colorado?"

"Now, that's funny," Dover said thoughtfully. "He told me he was from Los Angeles, but he had a Colorado driver's license. I didn't even think about that at the time."

"What about the picture?"

Colorado requires a photo identification on drivers' licenses.

"It looked like him," Dover said. "Of course, you know how some identification pictures are."

If the bandits had planned this part of the robbery as carefully as the other phases of it, the driver's license would prove to be either a phony or one that had been stolen.

"Verify it anyway," Jamerson told Brannon. "See if a license has been issued to a J. Carl Schodt. If one has, get the photo negative. We can have it enlarged and see whether or not he's the fellow who rented the car. And a copy sent to Fairplay will tell us if he's one of the robbers."

Turning again to Dover, Jamerson asked: "You say the car came in about two o'clock yesterday afternoon?"

"That's right."

"Only one man in it?"

"Just the fellow who rented it."

"Any luggage?"

"I didn't see any. I'm certain there wasn't."

IT WAS Jamerson's thought that the bank bandits might have driven straight into Denver from the holdup scene. They could have gone to the airport and purchased tickets for a flight out of Denver to almost any part of the country and checked their luggage before returning the rental car.

The ticket sellers at the airport would be questioned to see if they could recall the bandits from their description.

As Lopez looked over the additional information required on the rental agreement, he said: "Captain, does this name ring a bell with you?"

The reference given by the man who called himself Schodt listed a Donald Reule, with a Denver address.

Dover interrupted to say: "That's also a part of our policy. We require a person renting a car to give at least one local reference. It gives us someone to contact if the car is not returned."

Studying the name, Jamerson said: "If it's the same Donald Reule, it rings a bell. But I don't figure this guy was dumb enough to give a true name that could be checked out. And it could be he's a practical joker and gave Reule's name tongue in cheek—like he listed the Fairplay Bank as reference."

Donald Reule was a former Denver police officer. He had served on the force for four years before quitting. A short time previously he had been arrested as part of a gang of car-strippers who allegedly had been operating on a large scale in the Denver area. At present, Reule was out on bond, awaiting a hearing on the charges. His name, because he had been a former police officer, had been mentioned frequently in local newspapers.

Brannon returned. Motor Vehicle Bureau personnel were searching their files for the name J. Carl Schodt.

"What's the next move?" Lopez asked.

"First, a visit to the airport," Jamerson said. "They may have decided to rent the car here because they'd be close to the airport when they returned it. We can get a crew from Headquarters to cover that with the descriptions of the bandits. I'd say our next stop should be the address where the car was delivered to Schodt. Maybe we can learn something there. After that, we'll investigate Reule."

AS THE detectives were about to leave, one of the FBI agents came up. "I just got a message from our office," he reported. "We may have picked up a lead on one of the bandits."

He said the description of the bandit who had accompanied Singleton to the bank vault closely resembled that of Richard James Young, who recently had been placed on the FBI's "Most Wanted" list. Young had been accused, along with Theodore James Hollywood, of robbing the Eastport Plaza Branch of the United States National Bank in Portland of $53,000 on January 24.

"Our information indicated that Young fled to Brazil," the agent said. "But he may have returned to this country. If this bandit is Young, he is considered extremely dangerous. He has a twenty-year criminal record of increasing violence."

The agent said pictures of Young were being rushed to Fairplay. If Singleton was able to identify him as the bandit, the Denver detectives would be notified immediately.

The Denver investigators went to the address where the car rental agent had delivered the Thunderbird to Schodt. They checked first with the apartment manager and were surprised to learn that the apartment was occupied by two women, Mrs. Jeannie Lu Pearson and Miss Carol Ann Brady. They had lived in the apartment for nearly a year.

The detectives described Schodt and his companion to the manager. He did not recognize the men.

Looking up the stairway toward the apartment, Brannon said tersely: "This could be it."

Jamerson nodded. "Let's go," he said. "And take it carefully."

They mounted the steps. Jamerson signaled the detectives to draw their guns and stand against the wall on either side of him. He knocked on the door.

An attractive young woman opened it. Sudden alarm spread over her face at sight of the guns. In response to Jamerson's inquiry, she identified herself as Mrs. Pearson.

"We're looking for Carl Schodt," Brannon said, identifying himself as a police officer.

"He isn't here."

"Who is inside?"

Mrs. Pearson said that only Miss Brady, who shared the apartment with her, was inside.

Warily, the detectives entered the apartment. A quick and thorough search showed only the two women were there.

"Where is Schodt?" Jamerson asked.

"I don't know."

"But you do know him?"

Mrs. Pearson hesitated, then answered: "Yes, I know him."

The apartment was nearly bare. The detectives noted several partially packed suitcases, as if the women were preparing to leave.

"You're going someplace?"

"We're getting ready to leave on a vacation."

"With Carl Schodt?"

Mrs. Pearson hesitated. "Why are you asking all these questions?" she demanded. "What's this all about?"

Jamerson sized up the situation. Here were two young women. Two men had pulled the bank robbery in Fairplay. Schodt had given this address on the rental agreement for the Thunderbird that had been seen in Fairplay with two men in it. He also had listed the name of Donald Reule as a reference.

Quickly putting the pieces together, Jamerson said: "Look, we know about Schodt and Reule. Are you going to cooperate with us?"

"What do you mean, cooperate?" Miss Brady asked. "What do you want to know?"

"We want to know where Schodt and Reule are."

"We don't know."

Jamerson noted that neither Miss Brady nor Mrs. Pearson had said anything about the inclusion of the name Reule with Schodt. He followed up the lead by asking:

"How long have you known Donald Reule?"

Mrs. Pearson answered by saying she had known Carl Schodt for about a year. Reule was his friend. He had introduced Reule to Miss Brady.

"Okay, so you're planning to meet them someplace," Jamerson said, pointing toward the luggage. "I want to inform you that, as of now, both of you are under arrest. If you cooperate, you may be able to save yourselves a lot of trouble."

"Under arrest!" Mrs. Pearson exclaimed. "What for?"

"For complicity in bank robbery. I told you we know all about it."

"Well, I don't know anything about it," Mrs. Pearson said. "And neither does Carol. I don't know how you expect us to cooperate with you about something we don't know."

JAMERSON studied the young women, calling on his long experience as a police officer to help him size up their reactions. He decided they might be telling the truth. He outlined to them what had taken place, told how the bank at Fairplay had been robbed by two men and how the Thunderbird had been traced to the rental agency. And that the car had been delivered to Schodt at this apartment.

"He's got my two sons with him!" Mrs. Pearson exclaimed as Jamerson finished. "I didn't know anything about a bank robbery! Do you think I'd have let him take my little boys with him if I'd known anything like this had happened?"

"Let's have it right from the start," Jamerson suggested.

Mrs. Pearson said that Schodt and Reule had suggested they take a trip to Mexico. The men said they had come into some unexpected money. There had been no mention of where they got the money, nor had the women heard anything about the bank robbery.

Schodt came to the apartment late Monday afternoon. He suggested that he take Mrs. Pearson's car, an older model sedan, and drive it to Los Angeles. He said he would take the boys along with him because they would probably like the drive. Mrs. Pearson and Miss Brady were to take a plane and meet him and Donald Reule in Los Angeles.

The detectives could appreciate the clever planning. There would be no apparent connection between two bandits seen in a flashy Thunderbird and one man and two small boys in an older model car. It was a perfect getaway plan.

"Where is Reule?" Jamerson asked.

Schodt had told the women Reule had business to take care of in Colorado Springs. He would get a plane there and meet the others in Los Angeles.

Further questioning revealed that

Schodt had given the two young women $900 in cash to pay any debts they had in town and buy plane tickets to Los Angeles. The proposed vacation to Mexico would take a month.

"He's got my little boys," Mrs. Pearson said, close to hysteria. "What if something should happen? If the police should——"

"You needn't worry about that," Jamerson assured her. "When and where were you to meet them in Los Angeles?"

The women said they were to take the nine o'clock flight out of Denver the following evening. Schodt and Reule would meet them at Los Angeles International Airport.

THE women were taken into protective custody. The one thing the detectives had to make certain of was that no word leaked out that the women had been contacted by the police. If either Schodt or Reule discovered the investigators were on their trail, they most likely would abandon the two small boys and head for Mexico alone.

A policewoman was left in the apartment with instructions to pose as the apartment manager if either Schodt or Reule should call.

Jamerson contacted the Los Angeles police. Detective Lieutenant T. A. Sloan and Sergeants R. W. Reed and L. M. Rafferty were assigned to assist in the case.

"Lopez and Brannon will be taking the first plane out of here to work with you," Jamerson told them. "If we can't locate Schodt and Reule before tomorrow night, we'll have to grab them when they show up at the airport there."

Before leaving Denver, Lopez and Brannon obtained photographs of Schodt and Reule. Reule's picture was taken from the local police file; Schodt's from his driver's license application.

Copies of the photos were rushed to Fairplay, where Singleton and his wife reportedly tentatively identified them as the bank bandits.

At eight o'clock, Lopez called Jamerson in Denver.

"Have you come up with anything?" Jamerson asked.

"Not a thing. I just wanted to know if they called there."

"Nothing here," Jamerson said. "So far as we know, they should be at the airport to meet the girls."

"We'll be ready," Lopez said. "I just hope we can grab them without any trouble."

"I've been thinking about that," Jamerson said. "Do you suppose Reule might recognize either you or Brannon? He was on the force quite awhile."

"I doubt it," Lopez said. "I don't think he'd be expecting us, and an airport is a pretty busy place. But we'll try to keep in the background and let the Los Angeles officers take them."

Tension mounted as the time grew closer for the plane to arrive from Denver. The detectives scanned the faces of hundreds of people hurrying through the airport. They were particularly looking for the two small sons of Mrs. Pearson. It seemed likely Schodt would bring them to the airport to meet their mother.

At 8:50 the men had not yet been spotted.

Would they show? Or had they somehow learned that Mrs. Pearson and Miss Brady had been contacted by the Denver police?

At 8:55 the approach of the Denver plane was announced.

"There!" Lopez whispered to Lieutenant Sloan. "The guy thumbing through the magazines. He's Reule."

"Do you see Schodt?"

"Not yet."

Sloan beckoned to Reed and Rafferty. He pointed out Reule. "Ease up to him," he instructed. "But don't take him yet. We want the other guy, if he's here."

What if only Reule had come to the airport to meet the women? Lopez and Brannon went into a hurried conference. In less than a minute the Denver plane would arrive.

Should they let Reule see that the women were not on the plane and hope he might lead them back to Schodt and Mrs. Pearson's two small sons?

"It would be a big gamble," Brannon said. "If we should lose Reule, he and Schodt would take it on the run."

The arrival of the Denver plane was announced. The passengers would be coming off the field and into the building within minutes. Lopez and Brannon had to make their decision. Sloan looked at them questioningly. Was he to give the signal for the detectives to take Reule, or were they to wait until Schodt could be located?

"There!" Brannon exclaimed, sudden relief in his voice. He had spotted Schodt. The suspect was at the counter of a gift shop.

SLOAN signaled Reed and Rafferty. Lopez and Brannon, with Sloan, moved in quickly on Schodt. Both suspects were taken completely by surprise and offered no resistance. They were hustled to the office of the airport security guards.

"Where are Mrs. Pearson's boys?" Brannon asked Schodt.

"They're okay. They're at the room in the hotel waiting for us."

Schodt and Reule led the detectives to a rental car parked outside the airport. The officers claimed they found several pistols and $10,387 in cash in suitcases in the car.

The suspects allegedly took the detectives to the plush Beverly Hilton Hotel in Beverly Hills, where Mrs. Pearson's two small sons were waiting in one of the most expensive suites. The detectives claimed they found much evidence of lavish spending.

The officers reported the suspects told them they already had rented a $500-a-month beach house at swank Malibu Beach, where they intended to vacation and enjoy the robbery loot.

Reule and Schodt waived extradition proceedings and were returned to Colorado. In Salida, District Attorney Robert W. Nevens filed kidnaping and bank robbery charges against the pair. The arraignment was in Salida, Chaffee County, because the two suspects agreed to that location. Fairplay, where the robbery was committed, is in Park County. However, both are in the Eleventh Judicial District.

Judge Max Wilson ordered that they be held in custody in lieu of $20,000 bond each. It was learned that Schodt's true name was Carl Scott.

Investigators later stated that the fingerprint found in the Hand Hotel across the street from the Bank of Fairplay definitely matched one of Scott's taken after his arrest.

Mrs. Pearson and Miss Brady were released from protective custody following the arrests.

The FBI agents announced that Richard James Young, who had been thought to be one of the bandits, actually had returned from Brazil and was captured a few days later at the Los Angeles International Airport.

The names Mrs. Jeannie Lu Pearson and Miss Carol Ann Brady are fictitious in this story.

Continue to Be a Proxy Mother—or Else (from page 30)

somebody to help with the City of Hope drive, who did they come to? Harry Goldman, that's who. If you went out looking for a good man, you wouldn't find one anywhere better than Harry Goldman."

Berman said that Goldman was a member of the Star King Masonic Lodge, the Odd Fellows and the B'nai B'rith. He belonged to two Jewish congregations, the Beth Israel and Ashey Sfard.

"Either the attack was a mistake, or somebody is crazy," Berman said.

But the youth had taken his time in the store before throwing the lye. It wasn't likely he'd made a mistake. And the waiting car definitely indicated a planned attack.

The inspectors returned to the hospital. They learned there was considerable doubt as to whether Goldman's sight could be saved as the caustic had splashed into his eyes.

"He's in a lot of pain now and it's going to last for a long time to come," a physician said. "We've given him a sedative, so you won't have long to talk to him."

The officers went into Goldman's room.

His face swathed in bandages, Goldman made a desperate effort to control his agony and cooperate with the investigators. The first question they asked was whether the youth who had thrown the lye in his face was the same one who had thrown the liquid at him on Sunday.

"He wasn't the same one," Goldman said. "Sunday, they were kids—maybe fourteen or fifteen. This other one, he was a man, twenty or older."

"Do you know why he did it?"

Shaking his head, Goldman answered: "All I can do is lie here and ask myself why. Why me? Why do this to me? It doesn't make sense. I've never had any trouble with anyone in my whole life."

The officers thanked Goldman for trying to help them, told him they would make every effort to apprehend his assailant, and left. In their car they discussed the case. So far they had no solid lead, no reason for the attack. Yet there had to be an answer.

THE San Francisco newspapers played up the lye attack. It had come only a short time after the sensational Doctor Geza deKaplany case, in which a doctor killed his beautiful young wife in a fit of jealousy by pouring nitric acid over her body. Suggestions were made that the publicity given the deKaplany case might have inspired the attack on Goldman.

"We don't think so," Fotinos told Lieutenant Gregg. "Something unusual is behind this, but so far we can't find out what it is."

"I want you to spend full time on it," Gregg told the detectives. "Have you seen the statement the Chief issued?"

The investigators nodded. Chief of Police Thomas Cahill had told the news agencies: "It's a vicious thing this criminal has done. He's a dangerous person to be at large. Every police effort will be expended to locate him."

The crime laboratory technicians had made a careful examination of the paper sack and plastic nursing bottle the attacker had left behind. No fingerprints were found. From the liquid left in the bottle, they were able to determine that the solution had been made by dissolving common household lye in water.

"Not a chance in the world to trace it," a technician declared.

"How about the bottle?"

"You can buy one like it in any drug or variety store. The same goes for the paper sack. We aren't going to be able to give you any help."

The inspectors returned to the Fillmore district. A great many persons there said they knew Harry Goldman. What the officers learned from the many questions they asked could be summed up in the interview with Mrs. Esther Katz, operator of the Ukraine Bakery.

"I've known Harry Goldman and Irving Berman since the day they opened the front door of their delicatessen," Mrs. Katz told them. "If you started walking from here to New York City and you stopped and talked to everybody you met between here and there, you wouldn't find one man who is any better than Harry Goldman."

And so it went for three solid days. Coreris and Fotinos worked almost around the clock, talking to hundreds of persons in the Fillmore district. They talked not only to the shopkeepers, but also to the bums, the drunks and the addicts. They talked to kids and to old people.

"You tell me what more we can do," Fotinos said, discouraged, to Lieutenant Gregg. The days filled with long hours of continuous work showed on his face. "We've got no physical evidence and we can't come up with a motive. We've got a description and a witness, but nobody who can recall ever having seen the guy before or since. You tell me what more we can do."

The case appeared hopeless, unbreakable because the dominant factor was that the lye attack was so wanton and ruthless and unreasonable.

"What about the white man seen sitting in the car?" Gregg asked.

"We aren't sure he was white and we've got no description of him. And all we know about the car is that it's an older model and light colored. Nobody recalls it."

– Coreris said: "We aren't going to get anywhere until we can come up with a motive. Goldman doesn't know what it is, I'm sure of that. He isn't hiding anything. And neither is his partner nor the clerk. But whoever did it must have had some fancied reason—some imaginary grievance—or something. I don't know how we're going to find out about it."

"Somebody in the district must know."

"I don't know," Coreris said, doubtfully. "If anybody around there knew anything, I think we'd have heard about it. You never heard of a guy who was more highly regarded than Goldman."

"Well, keep working at it," Gregg encouraged. "I don't have to tell you guys how police cases are made. If you ask questions long enough, sooner or later somebody gives you what you're looking for."

GOLDMAN still was in the hospital. The physicians said he was suffering a great deal of pain, but they now held some hope they could save at least the partial sight of one eye.

Coreris and Fotinos continued to spend their time in the Fillmore district, asking the same question over and over again. Why had someone tried to blind Harry Goldman?

They didn't get the answer to that question, but in questioning one youth they did pick up what appeared to be their first lead. He said he had overheard another youth talking about "doing a job on a guy."

"What kind of a job?" Fotinos asked.

"He said he was going to 'pop this guy's eyes out'."

"When was this?"

The boy thought it was a day or two before the attack on Goldman.

"Who said it?"

"I don't know. I just saw the guy around."

"Who was he talking to?"

"Some other guys. I don't know them, either. Honest, I just heard them talking."

"Start remembering," Fotinos ordered. "You know who the guy was. We aren't going to tell anyone who told us about this. You start remembering because we want to know who it was, and we want to know right now."

"All I know is that I've heard him called 'The Brute.' He's a big guy and tough. I've seen him around, but he's older and a real tough guy, so I don't have no truck with him."

The description of 'The Brute' roughly fitted the Negro youth who had flung the lye in Goldman's face. The inspectors pressed their informant for more details until finally satisfied that the boy was telling the truth and knew the other youth only by the nickname.

Questioning of others revealed that The Brute's real first name was Rudy, but no one could be found who knew where he was. He hadn't been seen around for awhile.

The inspectors went to the hospital and asked Goldman if he knew the youth called The Brute. He hadn't heard of him. "I only saw the fellow once," Goldman declared. "If he was someone I knew, I would have remembered him."

Esther Dumo and Irving Berman were asked about The Brute. They couldn't place him. "But I'll tell you one thing," Mrs. Dumo said emphatically. "If I ever see him again, I'll know him. That's one face I'll never forget."

Who was The Brute? And was he the one who had thrown the lye in Goldman's face? If he was, why had he done it?

"I've got an idea," Fotinos said, as the inspectors discussed their next move. "If this Rudy has been around the Fillmore district for any length of time, there's one person who would know him."

"Who's that?"

"Sterling Weatherspoon."

"You're right. Let's go see him."

INSPECTOR STERLING WEATHERSPOON was in charge of the Juvenile Bureau. Coreris and Fotinos called at his office and told them what they had in mind.

"We aren't sure how old this character is," Fotinos said. "He's big and he's tough. He's been placed at twenty or older, but he could be younger. It's hard to tell about some of these kids."

"They call him The Brute, huh?" Weatherspoon said.

"We think his name is Rudy, but we can't come up with a last name. And we haven't had any luck locating him. Those who do know him claim they don't know where he lives."

Weatherspoon thought for a moment. "You may be looking for a kid named Rudy Hoskins. I have reason to remember him. He's probably been through this office more often than any other kid in our files. If I remember correctly, he was paroled about a month ago from the Preston Industrial School for Boys."

"You've got a file on him?"

Nodding toward the filing cabinets, Weatherspoon said: "If he's Rudy, it's one of the thickest files we have."

"How about a picture?"

Weatherspoon shook his head. "We don't mug or fingerprint juveniles. But I think Rudy may be your boy." He went to the cabinet and found Hoskins' file. "Yeah, here it is. He's known as 'The Brute,' and with good reason."

As Weatherspoon spread out the file on seventeen-year-old Rudy Hoskins, he told the inspectors: "This kid came in here first when he was ten years old. Since that time, he's spent most of his life in one juvenile institution or another. But it's hardly surprising."

"What do you mean?" Fotinos asked.

Weatherspoon said that Rudy's mother had seventeen children. "At least she thinks she's had that many; it may be more. Once she told me she thought she had seventeen, another time she said twenty. But she could remember the names of only nine."

"What about the boy?"

"He has an IQ of about sixty," Weatherspoon said. "He seems to have started life with two strikes against him and he's been striking out ever since."

Rudy Hoskins' file showed he had been listed as a bicycle thief at ten and had been in and out of various guidance centers since that time, on progressively more serious charges. After being paroled from a reform school in March, 1961, he was returned two months later on a charge of forcible rape. He was sent to the Preston School of Industry and transferred to the Atascadero State Hospital for psychiatric treatment. He had been paroled on January 15, 1963.

"With a record for violence and forcible rape, why is he out on parole?" Coreris asked.

"I don't know."

The parole report from the hospital stated that Rudy Hoskins was considered to be "thoroughly acceptable and of average adjustment."

Fotinos said: "We've got to locate a picture of him. We've got witnesses. Maybe at the hospital or the school—"

Weatherspoon interrupted. "We may be able to locate one right here in town." The record showed that Rudy had attended high school in San Francisco for a short time.

The inspectors went to the school and found a photograph of Rudy that had been made for the yearbook. They hurriedly took it to the delicatessen and showed it to Mrs. Dumo.

"He's the one!" she cried. "I'm sure of it. He's the one who did it. I told you I'd never forget that face."

But where was Rudy Hoskins, The Brute? And why had he tried to blind Goldman? With the earlier information the inspectors had received—that Rudy had bragged he was going to "pop the eyes" out of someone—there seemed little doubt but that the attack had been planned and deliberate.

"Mrs. Dumo, do us a favor," Fotinos said. "Don't say anything about this for awhile."

"You mean don't tell anyone you know who did it?"

"That's right."

"You're going to find him?"

"Yes, we'll find him. But it will make it easier if no one knows we're looking for him, at least for awhile."

Fotinos knew there might be a problem in locating Rudy Hoskins. He told Coreris: "The kid isn't very bright. And he could have been hired by someone to do this. We daren't forget he was seen running up the street and getting into a car."

Coreris nodded. "And if whoever hired him knows we're looking for him——"

"Yeah," Fotinos said. "We've got to get to him first."

Weatherspoon had given the inspectors a lead that might help them locate Rudy. He was known to associate with two sixteen-year-olds who lived in the Fillmore district. Both had records; not quite as lengthy as that of The Brute, but they were well known to the juvenile authorities.

The boys were Roney Mundine, who had been charged with malicious mischief, petty thefts and strong-armed robbery, and James Coleman, who had a record for malicious mischief, petty thefts and burglary.

LATER in the day the inspectors located Mundine and Coleman. They were asked about Rudy.

"He ain't around here no more," Coleman told them.

"Where is he?"

"He's just gone. We don't know where."

"When did you see him last?"

As the boys hesitated over the question, an idea came to Fotinos. "Come on, we're taking you in," he said.

"What for?" Mundine demanded.

"For throwing that lye at Mr. Goldman, the man who has the delicatessen."

"We didn't do that."

"We'll see," Fotinos said. "Mr. Goldman says he can identify the boys who threw the stuff at him on Sunday night. He said one of the boys came into his store earlier and bought a pickle."

"How's he going to do that?" Coleman challenged. "He can't see. I read it in the paper. He's blind."

"He lost the sight of one eye, but he can see out of the other."

Coleman looked to Mundine. After a moment, he allegedly blurted: "Okay, but the stuff we threw at him didn't hurt him none. It only got on his clothes."

"Why did you do it?" Coreris demanded.

Coleman shrugged and allegedly said: "A guy hired us."

"Who?"

"Just a guy. He came around looking for somebody to rough up a fellow. He said he'd give us five bucks each. But then he wouldn't pay off because he said we didn't do a good enough job."

"A white man?"

"Yeah, a white man."

"Why did he want Mr. Goldman assaulted?"

"He didn't say. We didn't ask him."

ACCORDING to the inspectors, the two youths told them the man first had approached them with a proposition to "rough up" Goldman. They were to jump him and beat him with their fists or a club. But as he discussed the plan with them, he had changed it to putting out Goldman's eyes.

The man had suggested that the boys shoot out Goldman's eyes with a BB gun. "We didn't have no BB gun and we probably couldn't hit him in the eye, anyway," Coleman allegedly said. "Then he told us to jump him and poke his eyes out with a stick. He finally gave us a bottle with some stuff in it to throw in his face."

According to the inspectors, the two youths had accepted the bottle with the solution in it and had waited for Goldman to come out of his shop on Sunday evening.

"Jimmy threw the stuff but he didn't get it in his face," Mundine said. "The guy came around the next day and wouldn't pay us because we didn't do the job right. He said he wanted somebody else to do it. He said Goldman might recognize us if we went there again, so he had to get somebody else. We got him The Brute. Only Rudy said he wouldn't do the job unless he got fifteen bucks for it."

"Fifteen dollars to put out a man's eyes—blind him for life?" Fotinos asked.

He received no answer.

The youths were taken to Headquarters where a formal statement could be obtained. They continued to insist they did not know the man who had hired them and Rudy Hoskins. Nor did they know why he wanted to blind Goldman.

"It was his beef," Coleman said unconcernedly. "All he told us was he wanted the guy's eyes poked out."

There was still the mystery for the motive for the attack. Nothing the investigators had been able to uncover even remotely suggested anyone who might be seeking revenge against Goldman.

The investigators exchanged baffled glances. With two suspects in custody, the motive for the crime still was as much a mystery as ever. If it could be laid to revenge, which seemed likely, they had nothing to point out the person seeking it.

The inspectors went to the hospital to question Goldman again. They were certain now, with the statement obtained from the youths, that the attack had been planned. They were hoping Goldman could suggest the motive.

Physicians told the detectives it was almost certain Goldman would lose much of the sight of his right eye and that it would take delicate surgery to recover sight for the left eye. He also would require extensive plastic surgery where the lye had burned his face.

Goldman was told about the statements the two youths had given.

"You know, I've been thinking," he said. "Somebody meant to kill me."

"At least to blind you," Fotinos said.

"No, I mean kill me," Goldman said. "That's what they tried to do when they fixed the brakes on my car."

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"The brakes on your car?" Coreris asked. "What's this all about?"

Goldman said that about a month previously, on February 16, while driving home from the delicatessen, the brakes on his car had failed.

"You know how steep it is going down the hill on Fulton Street near Arguello," Goldman said. "I put on my brakes and I didn't have any. I almost smashed into a couple of cars and before I could put on the hand brake, I ran right up on somebody's lawn."

"What happened to the brakes?"

"I took the car to a service station. The fellow found a hole in the flex line that let all the fluid out. He said it looked as if someone had punched the line with an ice pick."

"You didn't report this?" Fotinos asked.

Goldman shrugged. "At the time it didn't make sense. Who would want to punch a hole in my brake line? I thought it was an accident. You know, that I had run over something in the street that flew up and hit the line. I just didn't think about it."

But in the light of what had happened, there seemed little doubt now that whoever had plotted to blind Goldman first had tried to injure or kill him by having his automobile crash out of control on the steep hill.

"Who?" Coreris asked. "Who did it?"

"Believe me I'd tell you if I knew," Goldman said. "It isn't very pleasant to think that somebody wants you dead, or hates you enough to put your eyes out. I tell you, I've thought over everything in my life—every single thing I can remember—and I don't know. I can't think of anything I've ever done, ever said, that would cause anyone to wish me this kind of trouble."

The sincerity with which Goldman made the statement caused the inspectors to believe him implicitly. He did not know who had tried to kill him and who had paid to blind him.

Yet, there was someone.

That person might try again.

And if that person knew the police suspected Rudy Hoskins had been hired to do the job, Hoskins' life also might be in danger.

"WE'VE got to find that kid, and in a hurry," Fotinos said, as he and Coreris left the hospital. "Not only to see if he knows who hired him, but before somebody shuts him up for good."

"I'll check in with the Lieutenant," Coreris said. "Then we'll head back to the Fillmore district and see what else we can pick up. There's got to be an answer to this thing someplace."

When Coreris contacted Headquarters, Gregg told him: "I just received a call that may give you a lead."

A woman who lived on Ash Street in the Fillmore district had reported seeing a white man and a Negro youth sitting in a parked car there the day before the attack on Goldman occurred. It was an older model, light-colored sedan.

"What's the lead?" Coreris asked. "You think the guy or the kid may live around there?"

"No," Gregg answered. "Esther Dumo has an apartment on Ash Street. The woman thinks they were watching her place."

"We'll talk with Mrs. Dumo right away," Coreris said.

The inspectors returned to the delicatessen. They told Mrs. Dumo that Mundine and Coleman had been arrested and about their statement of being hired to make the attack on Goldman. Also that someone had tried to damage the brakes on Goldman's car so he would have an accident.

They then asked her about the white man and Negro youth who had been observed watching her apartment.

"I just don't understand it," Mrs. Dumo said.

"Look," Fotinos pressed. "There's got to be a connection. If this man and kid were watching your place, then there has to be a connection between them, you and the lye thrown at Mr. Goldman."

"But what connection?" Mrs. Dumo questioned. "I told you I never saw that boy before he came in and bought a pickle on the day before."

"It's the man who hired these kids," Fotinos insisted. "The connection must be there. He wanted to put out Goldman's eyes. Why?"

"How can I tell you why, if I don't know why?" Mrs. Dumos said. "There isn't anything I wouldn't do to help Harry, nor anything I wouldn't do to help you find who hurt him. But how can I tell you something I don't know?"

Coreris said, "Please, Mrs. Dumo. You'll have to think. It could be something that wouldn't make much sense to anyone else. Anyone who would hire kids to throw lye in a man's face and blind him—anyone who would discuss shooting a man's eyes out with a BB gun—can't be very logical. But what we've got so far adds up to those facts. If there's someone——"

"Albert Lucero," Mrs. Dumo said.

"Who?" Fotinos asked, hearing the name for the first time.

"Albert Lucero," Mrs. Dumo repeated.

"Who is he?"

"He is the only person I can think of. He didn't want me to take this job with Mr. Goldman."

"Tell us about it," Fotinos urged.

MRS. DUMO said she had known Albert Lucero for almost ten years. About five years previously, he had divorced his wife. After the divorce, Mrs. Dumo had taken care of Lucero's daughter. The girl now was thirteen years old.

"But there was nothing—I mean no reason for him to have hard feelings toward Mr. Goldman," Mrs. Dumo said. "I took care of his little girl and he paid me. Sometimes we went out together for an evening. Then I got this job in the delicatessen. At first it was only part-time work. But when Mr. Goldman told me I could work here full time, I told Albert he'd have to find someone else to take care of his daughter. He was angry about it. He tried to argue me into not working, but this is a good job and I like to work here."

"How long has it been since you've seen Lucero?" Coreris asked.

"A month, maybe longer. I can't believe he'd hurt Mr. Goldman. But there's no one else I can think of. It really doesn't make much sense, does it, that he would harm Harry? Maybe he didn't and I——"

"We'll find out," Fotinos said. "Where can we find Lucero?"

Mrs. Dumo gave them an address and the information that Lucero had been employed as an alley duster in a bowling lane. They checked the address and learned he had moved. He was no longer employed at the bowling alley.

A city-wide search was started for Rudy Hoskins and Albert Lucero.

The inspectors went to the hospital. Goldman slowly was recovering from his painful injuries. The doctors said he definitely would lose the sight of his right eye, but they had hopes that surgery might give him partial vision in his left. He also would need extensive plastic surgery on his face where the lye had burned the skin.

The inspectors asked him about Albert Lucero. Goldman told them: "I remember him. He came into the shop several times to see Esther. I had coffee with him several times."

"Did he ever threaten you?"

"Why would he threaten me?"

"He may have thought you were paying attention to Esther Dumo and was jealous."

"But how could that be?" Goldman questioned. "Esther is a fine employee. We are good friends. But there is nothing else. How could he get such a crazy idea?"

The search for Rudy Hoskins in the Fillmore district resulted in the information that his mother recently had moved to San Diego. Possibly Rudy had gone there. Lieutenant Gregg contacted Detective Sergeant Harry Mote in San Diego. He outlined the case and asked that Rudy's mother be located and if Rudy were found that he be held for the San Francisco authorities.

On Wednesday afternoon, March 20, 1963—just one week minus two hours from the time the lye solution had been thrown on Goldman's face—Inspectors Coreris and Fotinos spotted Albert Lucero on the street in the Fillmore district. He was picked up and taken to Police Headquarters.

Lucero denied knowing anything about the attack on Goldman. He was told that Mundine and Coleman could identify him as the man who had hired them to "poke the eyes out of Goldman."

"Those kids are liars!" Lucero exclaimed. "I don't know anything about this."

Lieutenant Gregg came in and said he just had received a call from San Diego. At about the same time that Coreris and Fotinos had been arresting Lucero, the police in San Diego had located Rudy Hoskins at the home of his mother.

"You want the kid to tell us what happened?" Gregg asked Lucero. "We're going down there tonight to get him. Or do you want to tell us about it now?"

According to the investigators, Lucero hung his head and mumbled: "It was a crazy thing to do. I don't know why I did it."

"Why did you do it?" Gregg asked.

"I didn't want Esther to work there," Lucero was quoted as saying. "I told her I didn't want her to work there. I told her I wanted her to come back so things could be the way they were and she could take care of my daughter. But she kept saying what a fine man this Harry Goldman was. What a good job it was and how good he was. It made me sore. At first, I was only going to have the kids rough him up. But I kept getting madder and I told them to poke out his eyes."

Lucero was asked about the attempt to damage the brakes on Goldman's car so he would have an accident. He flatly denied knowing anything about the puncture in the brake line.

"All I wanted was to have him roughed up," Lucero claimed. "I didn't want to kill him."

LIEUTENANT GREGG and Fotinos went to San Diego. They returned with Rudy Hoskins. The investigators claimed he gave them a voluntary statement in which he admitted throwing the lye solution into the face of Goldman. He claimed Lucero had given him the bottle with the solution in it and had paid him fifteen dollars.

"You'd put a man's eyes out for fifteen dollars?" Gregg asked the youth.

The seventeen-year-old known as "The Brute" reportedly shrugged. "I didn't think about his eyes. I just figured it would burn his face some. And fifteen bucks is a lot of dough," he was quoted as saying.

Hoskins was asked if he knew anything about the damage to the brakes on Goldman's car.

"Al told me about it," Hoskins allegedly said. "He told me he stuck an ice pick in the brake line. He said he wanted Goldman to get smashed up, but the old guy got lucky and drove the car up in somebody's yard."

Lucero continued to deny that he had tampered with Goldman's car. However, when Assistant District Attorney Walter Guibbini presented the case to the grand jury on March 25, 1963, an indictment was returned charging Lucero with attempted murder. Lucero and Hoskins also were indicted on charges of assault with a caustic chemical, conspiracy and mayhem. They were ordered to be held in lieu of $26,250 bail each, pending further legal proceedings.

Roney Mundine and James Coleman were turned over to the California Juvenile Authority to be processed on charges of an assault with a caustic chemical and mayhem.

But Jessie May Wanted to Go on Singing *(from page 6)*

The investigators stayed at the strip until late evening, canvassing all the other clubs and bars. Many of the employees and a number of patrons were acquainted with Jessie May but none could recall having seen her the previous evening.

"I think we've covered every spot out here where she could have gone," Wertz finally said. "And we've checked the cab companies. The only answer is that somebody picked her up after she left that first club."

"We have two hours left to fill in, from nine-thirty until eleven-thirty," Cooper said. "She met somebody, went somewhere with him and then was killed. Our job now is to find out whom she met."

"We have that list of men friends her mother gave us, and we can question the people she worked with and other people she knew."

Several of the men friends were questioned that evening. A number more were contacted the following day. Persons at the packing house where Jessie May had worked were questioned. The detectives came up with nothing but blanks.

"If she was picked up by someone she didn't know, this could get pretty rough," Blair pointed out. "About all we can be sure of is that she left the Edison Strip, otherwise someone would have seen her and recognized her."

"Let's canvass places that have western music," Cooper suggested. "We know she liked to sing western ballads. It would be natural for her to go some place like that."

THE description of Jessie May, wearing black Capri pants, a white blouse and carrying a large white purse was distinctive enough that, if anyone had seen her, they most likely would recall it. Additionally, the fact that she was known to be ready and eager to sing was a help.

But two days of covering night clubs, bars and places she might have gone in the Bakersfield area produced not a single lead.

The post-mortem examination completed by Doctor Moe definitely established the time of death at around 11:30 on July 4. The weed seeds in the victim's hair were of the type found in most of the uncultivated fields in the area, so this was of no help.

Cooper, Blair and Wertz spent a week questioning everyone they could find who had known Mrs. Cornell. They were unable to come up with a single person who recalled having seen the woman after she left one night club to walk the two blocks to another—and vanished.

"There were two hours from the time she last was seen until she was slain," Cooper pointed out. "If she got in a car with someone—and I don't think there's much doubt but what that is what happened—then she could have gone a considerable distance in that length of time."

The authorities in the smaller towns around Bakersfield were contacted. Emphasis was placed upon the way the victim had been dressed and the fact

that she had been carrying a large, white purse. Also that she was known to sing western ballads whenever the opportunity presented itself. The officers were asked to canvass taverns and cocktail lounges for anyone who might recall having seen the woman.

Puzzling over the fact that Mrs. Cornell had been moved from a weed-grown field to the roadside where she was found, the investigators reasoned that the killer might not have realized she was dead.

"He may have just slugged her and thought she was unconscious," Wertz said. "Then, after he got her back in the car and discovered she was dead, he dumped her out on the road."

"Which still doesn't give us anything until we know who she was with," Cooper said. "And right now, I'd be willing to bet it was some stranger who picked her up. We've checked out just about everybody she knew here in Bakersfield."

HOPING the victim's purse and shoes might provide a lead, the investigators asked the cooperation of the news agencies in requesting that anyone finding a white purse or a pair of ballet-type slippers contact the police.

Eight days after the body had been found, with the investigators coming to a complete blank wall at the point where Jessie May had left the night club on the Edison Strip, a call came in from Captain Loustalot in Lamont.

"We may have picked up a lead on the Cornell slaying," Loustalot told Captain Fote.

"I'll have the boys check in with you right away."

Loustalot and Deputy Williams were waiting when Cooper, Blair and Wertz arrived at the substation. Loustalot told them that Williams had located a witness who might have seen Mrs. Cornell in Lamont the night of July 4. He introduced them to a seventeen-year-old boy, Gregg Anderson.

"Gregg, tell the detectives what you saw on the night of the Fourth of July," Loustalot urged.

"Well, like I told you, I'm not real sure about it. But I heard on the radio about this woman who got killed and that she sang western songs, so I got to thinking about it and told Deputy Williams . . ."

"We understand," Loustalot said. "Just tell them what you saw."

Anderson said that he had been passing a small liquor store in Lamont at about eleven o'clock on the night of the Fourth of July. A car was parked at the curb with some people in it and a woman was in the back seat of the car singing.

"I think maybe she was a little drunk and she was singing a western song. How I happen to remember is because it's one of my favorites. You know, it's the one about a cowboy in Laredo who gets killed and they carry him off under a white sheet."

"How old was this woman?" Cooper asked.

"She looked kind of old to me," Anderson answered. "I mean, she wasn't no girl."

"How about the others in the car?"

The boy said he hadn't noticed particularly. Other persons were in the car but he had noticed only the woman who was singing.

"What kind of car was it?" Blair asked.

Anderson shrugged. "I can't remember," he said. "It was just a car."

Loustalot told the investigators: "This is only part of it. We checked at the liquor store. The clerk there remembers a young fellow coming in to get a bottle of liquor. He said he questioned the youth about his age. He produced an identification card to show that he was twenty-one. But the clerk looked out to the car and saw a young, redheaded girl. He still was reluctant to sell the boy whisky, so the fellow pointed out that it was for the woman sitting in the back seat. She was considerably older."

"Does he remember anything about the older woman?" Wertz asked.

"Nothing in particular. We've talked to him. But it was at about the same time that the boy heard the woman singing in the car."

"It might have been Mrs. Cornell," Cooper said. "We know she disappeared from the Edison Strip. She went someplace."

"We've got something more," Loustalot said.

"Yeah? What else?"

"When John and I talked to the fellow at the liquor store and he mentioned seeing a young girl in the car, and that she had red hair—it rang a bell."

He explained that the substation had received a report on a seventeen-year-old runaway from the Lamont area. The girl's name was Helena Mason. She was believed to have left with a 23-year-old youth, Oscar Apperson, also from Lamont.

"There wasn't much to do on the report when we received it because the chances were that the kids ran away to get married," Loustalot said. "I know it's stretching things to figure that this Helena Mason may have been the redhead in the car with the woman singing western songs, but——"

Cooper interrupted. "Anything is worth running down. We're at an absolute dead end in the Cornell case. When was the Mason girl reported as a runaway?"

Apperson said the report had been received on Friday, the sixth. Mrs. Cornell had been killed on Wednesday night.

"What have you found out about the girl and this guy Apperson?" Wertz asked.

"Not much. They were known to go around together. Apperson doesn't have such a good reputation, but he has no criminal record. We haven't found anyone who can tell us where they went."

"The kids may have picked up Mrs. Cornell and then she met someone else," Cooper suggested. "In any event, let's do some checking and see what we can come up with."

"Where do we start?" Blair asked.

THE report received on Helena Mason as a runaway had given names of several of her friends. The investigators contacted them. They learned that Helena and Apperson had been going together for some time and that Helena had talked of getting married. They also learned from a friend that Helena and Apperson had planned to go to the fireworks display at the college stadium in Bakersfield on the Fourth of July. On their return trip to Lamont, they would have passed along the Edison Strip at about the time Mrs. Cornell came out of the club.

"We're working with a plenty thin thread and it wouldn't take much to break it," Wertz commented, as they continued to inquire about the young couple.

"But we have to locate them," Cooper said. "If they did just pick her up and let her out someplace, we'll have filled in part of that two-hour blank spot."

A nation-wide bulletin was issued on the couple, listing Helena Mason as a "runaway" and asking that she and Apperson be held for the Kern County Sheriff's Office for questioning.

The investigators returned to the routine check on the Cornell case in Bakersfield. Dozens of persons who had known the slain woman were questioned without producing any leads.

Months passed and the investigators still had not been able to get beyond the point where Jessie May had walked out of the night club. Neither her purse nor her shoes were found. The whereabouts of Oscar Apperson and Helena Mason remained unknown.

Then, on January 6, 1963, Captain Fote called in Cooper and Blair. "Remember the Jessie May Cornell case?" he asked.

"It isn't one we're likely to forget," Cooper said. "Has something new developed?"

"I got a call from the police in Firebaugh. They picked up Oscar Apperson and Helena Mason. It seems they didn't get married, after all. They're holding Helena on a juvenile delinquency charge and Apperson on the charge of suspicion of contributing to the delinquency of a minor."

Firebaugh is in Fresno County, 130 miles north of Bakersfield. The authorities there had checked on a young couple staying in a motel and learned the name of the man was Oscar Apperson. They remembered the wanted bulletin, issued by the Kern County Sheriff's Office, which was on file there.

"You're having them returned here?" Blair asked.

"Yeah. We can hold the girl on the runaway charge and Apperson for contributing to the delinquency of a minor. But what can we do about the Cornell case?"

"Unless we can get them to talk, we haven't got a thing," Cooper admitted. "We haven't anyone who positively can place the Cornell woman as being with them on the night she was slain."

WHEN the couple had been returned to the Kern County authorities in Bakersfield, Captain Fote had Helena brought to his office for questioning. Cooper, Blair and Wertz were present.

At first the girl was hostile and belligerent. She refused to answer any questions. But as Cooper, in the role of examiner, asked her about the trip she and Apperson had made, taking them through most of the southeastern states, the girl calmed considerably.

"Remember the Fourth of July, Helena?" Cooper asked, when she became more cooperative.

"What about it?"

Disregarding the challenging tone, Cooper went on easily: "You and Oscar drove out to see the fireworks display at the college stadium. You do remember that, don't you?"

"How do you know about that?" Helena asked, obviously surprised.

"We know quite a few things," Cooper continued in an even tone. "We know that on the way back, at about nine-thirty in the evening, you passed the Edison Strip and picked up a woman. Her name was Jessie May Cornell."

Cooper let this information sink in before continuing: "And we know that you drove to Lamont where Oscar stopped at a liquor store. And if you will remember, this Cornell woman was singing western ballads."

Helena looked even more greatly surprised. "How did you find out all that?" she asked.

The question was what Cooper had been waiting for. It confirmed what had been only a theory up until now. It had been Jessie May Cornell in the car in Lamont. And it had been Apperson who had gone into the liquor store.

"There's one thing we don't know," Cooper said. "We don't know why the woman was killed."

"He didn't mean to kill her," Helena blurted then, according to police. "I know he didn't mean to. He told me that and I believe him. You've got to believe him too. He really didn't mean to."

"Why don't you tell us about it," Cooper urged.

Investigators claim Helena told them that she and Apperson had gone into Bakersfield to see the fireworks display at the college stadium. On their way home, they had passed the Edison Strip and saw a woman walking on the shoulder of the highway. She was carrying a large white purse. Apperson stopped to pick her up.

"Why?" Cooper asked.

"He said he thought she might have some money," the girl was quoted as saying. "Anyway, he picked her up and she was a little drunk. She said she wanted to go someplace where they had a western band so she could sing. She started right in singing."

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"Then what happened?"

Apperson had suggested getting a companion for Mrs. Cornell and all going to a night club that had western music. He had asked her if she had any money and she told him that she had money and some liquor in her purse. Apperson had driven to Lamont to the home of a friend, Charles Bruce, who had been persuaded to come along as an escort for Mrs. Cornell.

"She had some more drinks out of the bottle she had in her purse," Helena continued, according to police. "Then she told Oscar to stop and buy another bottle. She kept singing and saying she wanted to go someplace where they had live music. I told Oscar it was late and we should get home. He said he would drive the woman someplace and get rid of her."

ACCORDING to the girl's story, as quoted by the authorities, they had driven to a remote area and the two young men and Mrs. Cornell got out of the car. Helena remained in the car. They were gone for perhaps a half hour or longer. When Apperson and Bruce returned to the car, Mrs. Cornell was not with them and Apperson was carrying the woman's large white purse.

"I asked them what happened," Helena said. "Oscar said he thought the woman was dead. Charlie was all shook up and seemed to be sick. We drove him home."

"And then?" Cooper prompted.

"Oscar said we had to go back. He said he wanted to be sure the woman was dead and if she was, to take her body someplace else. I went back with him."

Helena claimed that when they returned to the field she accompanied Apperson to the spot where the woman's body was sprawled in the grass.

"Oscar carried her over his shoulder and put her on the floor in the back of the car. Then we drove off."

Cooper asked: "Why did he leave the body alongside the road?"

"He wasn't going to. But just as he dragged the woman out of the car, another car came down the road. He was afraid that the persons in the other car had seen him, so he just left her there and we drove away and came back to Lamont."

Cooper suggested: "And then he decided that you should go away?"

The girl nodded. "When it was in the newspapers and over the radio that the woman's body had been found, Oscar said that it would be best if we should go away. He said we'd stay away until everybody forgot all about it."

"What did he do with the woman's purse?" Wertz asked, thinking of the evidence that would be needed to back up the girl's statement.

"I forgot to tell you about that. On the way home, we stopped and burned her purse and her shoes. But the next day, Oscar said we'd better go back and check in case everything hadn't burned up. There was a compact and some other things and Oscar threw them in an irrigation ditch."

"Can you show us where?"

"I think maybe I can."

The investigators claimed that they recovered bits of the burned purse and shoes from a sump in the irrigation canal.

THE officers went to Lamont where they arrested 21-year-old Charles Bruce on a charge of suspicion of murder.

Bruce and Apperson were confronted with the statement Helena had given the officers. Both suspects denied that it was true. "It's just something Helena made up," Apperson insisted. "She's sore because we didn't get married. She's got a wild imagination."

"Wild enough to imagine these things?" Cooper asked, exhibiting the burned parts of the purse and shoes that had been recovered from the irrigation sump.

Fote asked: "Will either of you submit to a lie-detector test?"

Apperson hesitated, then said, according to police: "What's the use? She told you the truth. We killed her, all right, but we didn't mean to. All we wanted was the money from her purse."

Police claim that, according to Apperson's story, Jessie May Cornell was nearly intoxicated and insisting that they go to a place with live western music because she wanted to sing. He said they drove out in the country and came to a spot where a lighted farmhouse could be seen in the distance. Apperson had told Jessie May to get out of the car and they would walk to the place. That it was a night club that had live western music.

He and Bruce led her into the field, where they intended to snatch her purse and leave her. But Jessie May had clung to her purse and Apperson struck her. She sat down on the ground, still clutching her purse. "I socked her a couple of more times," Apperson said.

Bruce told the officer that they thought the woman was only unconscious, but found when they tried to revive her that she was dead.

"It made me sick to think what we had done," Bruce said. "I ran out of there and got back into the car. I was sick all the way home."

Apperson and Bruce were charged with first-degree murder for the slaying of ballad-singing Jessie May Cornell. No charges were placed against Helena Mason, who was held in juvenile custody as an "out of control" juvenile.

On Wednesday, March 6, 1963, Apperson and Bruce appeared before Superior Court Judge Norman F. Main, in a non-jury trial, to face the charges placed against them. After hearing the testimony, Judge Main pronounced Apperson guilty of second-degree murder and Bruce guilty of manslaughter.

Judge Main sentenced Apperson to a term of from five-years to life in the California Chino State Prison. Bruce received a sentence of one to ten years.

The names Ellen Rae, Gregg Anderson and Helena Mason are fictitious in this story.

Their Feet Could Have Saved Their Lives *(from page 27)*

McDonald scowled at the weird and strange workings of the human mind being revealed by the psychiatrist.

"The age of the woman or her other physical qualities would in no way affect a fetishist's desires," the psychiatrist went on. "This man's obsession is only with the feet of women. I doubt very much if he would be concerned with any other part of the anatomy."

McDonald nodded. "That would explain why she wasn't criminally assaulted."

"Exactly. His fetish would make him oblivious to any other consideration."

"Where are we going to look for a guy like that?" McDonald asked. "Could he be an escapee from a mental institution?"

"It's possible, but not necessarily probable," the psychiatrist answered. "If his compulsion has led him into previous trouble, he may have been confined at some time. But to single him out by some action or physical characteristic, other than at the times when he is seized by the fetish obsession, would be impossible. He undoubtedly appears perfectly normal. He might be married and hold a responsible position in the community. This compulsion is simply something that has grown to the point where he can no longer restrain it and hold himself within the bounds of accepted conduct."

"He'll do this again?"

"I don't think there is any doubt about that. He might not kill the victim. But he most certainly will be driven to fondling the feet of women. Homicide is not the driving urge, only an attempt to escape detection."

During the investigation of the Saxon slaying, McDonald had contacted mental institutions throughout the country and sent bulletins to other police agencies, requesting any information they had on sex deviates with a foot compulsion.

But despite the best efforts of the investigators, The Phantom Foot Fondler remained at large.

Months passed and no new cases were reported in the Tucson area. It was believed The Phantom possibly had left Tucson after the slaying of Mrs. Saxon.

Now, Mrs. Betten had been killed.

As the intensive investigation continued at the death scene, McDonald heard from Sheriff Waldron V. Burr. "I just received a call from Doctor Hirsch," he said. "I thought it might give you some help."

"What is it?"

"His preliminary examination shows the woman wasn't strangled by the necktie around her throat. He thinks she was manually strangled. Her Adam's apple was crushed and other marks on her throat and neck indicate this."

The post-mortem examination also showed the victim had been bruised on her shoulder and chin. A blow alongside the left temple had ruptured her eardrum.

"That just confirms what we already suspected," McDonald said. "I don't think there's any doubt we're looking for The Phantom Foot Fondler."

IT WAS McDonald's opinion that Mrs. Betten had been strangled before the man began his weird rite. Mrs. Saxon had survived the initial attempt to strangle her and the slayer had finished the job with a butcher knife.

"How are you coming out there?" Burr asked.

"Not much yet. We're——" He broke off. A moment later he said, "Smith just came in. He says we've got a lead. I'll contact you as soon as I find out what it's all about."

Smith told McDonald that the crew combing the area just had talked to a woman living about a half mile from the Betten home. She believed she had seen the slayer two days previously.

"He came to her door with the bit about using the telephone," Smith said. "Fortunately, she didn't let him in."

McDonald accompanied Smith and Lyons to the woman's home. She told them a man had come to her door about noon that day.

"It's pretty remote out here, so I always keep the screen door locked," the woman said. "And I make it a rule never to let anyone in the house while I'm here alone. He told me his car had broken down and he wanted to call a garage."

"You saw the car?" McDonald asked.

"It was parked down the road."

"What kind of a car?"

The witness wasn't sure. It was a light color and an older model.

"What happened?" McDonald asked.

The woman said she had refused to let the man in. "I told him that if he would tell me what garage he wanted, I would place the call for him."

"What did he say to that?"

"He just looked at me, mumbled something and left. I watched him. He went right down to his car and started it up and drove away. There wasn't anything wrong with his automobile and I'm certainly glad I didn't let him into my home."

"You're probably alive today because you took that precaution," Smith said.

McDonald asked: "Can you describe the man?"

She said he was probably in his late 20's or early 30's. He had thinning light-brown hair. "And unusual eyes," she added. "They were blue, but an unusual shade. You noticed them right away. He seemed very polite and nice until I refused to allow him into the house."

Aside from the description of the man, which placed him even more positively as The Phantom Foot Fondler, and the rather vague description of the car he had been driving, one other point interested the investigators particularly.

This was the fact that he had come to the woman's door about noon. Mrs. Saxon had been attacked at about that time and Mrs. Betten had been killed shortly before twelve o'clock.

"And that's an unusual time for a guy to be prowling around," McDonald pointed out.

"Not if he wants to find women home alone," Smith said.

"Maybe not, but it means he must not be employed during the day."

The attack upon Mrs. Saxon had taken place on a Tuesday. Mrs. Betten had been slain on Wednesday. The man had been thwarted from coming into the woman's home on a Monday. "And as I recall, those other cases reported to us said the foot fondler approached them at various times during the week."

"Somebody with a night job," Lyons suggested.

"Or maybe a door-to-door peddler."

But the Saxon investigation thoroughly had covered all known peddlers in the area. It seemed more likely the man was someone employed on an afternoon or evening shift and free in the morning hours. This wasn't much of a lead, but at the moment they had little else to follow.

The crime lab men completed their examination of the Betten home. Numerous fingerprints had been found but there was no way to determine whether or not any had been left by the slayer.

No bloody knife that could account for the jagged slash on the victim's finger was found. Nor were any knives missing, so far as Betten could determine from checking over those in the kitchen. It appeared most likely the slayer had brought the knife with him and used it to threaten Mrs. Betten.

Reconstructing the crime, the investigators felt the slayer had come to the house with his routine request to use the telephone. Mrs. Betten had let him in. Possibly he had attempted to fondle the victim's feet. She had repulsed this and he drew the knife. She had been slashed in resisting him.

"But the bandage," Smith said. "I don't figure that. Do you suppose he went away and came back?"

McDonald shook his head. "If he had left, Mrs. Betten most likely would have called our office. He probably told her to bandage her finger and followed her to the bathroom while she put it on."

THE theory fitted the known facts. There was no blood in the bedroom where the strangulation had taken place. Mrs. Betten probably had been forced into the room at knife-point.

"We haven't a great deal more right now than we had in the Saxon case," Smith said practically. "We've got a description, but we had that before. And the description of the car is too vague to be worth much."

"We've got one thing," McDonald said determinedly. "We know The Phantom Foot Fondler is still in Tucson. And we're going to find him this time."

The area was swarming with the Sheriff's men. Some were contacting residents, while others searched the desert and along the roads on the

chance that the slayer had thrown away the knife. A set of fingerprints would be a great help.

The news of the socially prominent woman's slaying was being carried on radio broadcasts. One of those who heard it was Mrs. Geraldine Saltzberg. She called the Sheriff's Office and told them she had talked to Mrs. Betten on the telephone that morning.

"I called to tell her what a wonderful time we'd had at the party and how much I had enjoyed the symphony," Mrs. Saltzberg said.

"What time was this?" Undersheriff James O. Whyckoff, who had taken the call, asked.

"It was exactly eleven-thirty. I know the time because I looked at the clock as soon as I got off the telephone. Lucile said she had to hang up because someone was at the door."

"Did she say who it was?"

"No. She just said that the door bell was ringing."

THE information was passed on to McDonald at the scene. He questioned Betten as to whether or not his wife had expected any callers during the morning. Betten said there were none that he knew of.

"Would she let a stranger into the house?" McDonald asked.

"I don't know," Betten answered. "I've asked myself the same question. I suppose it would depend upon what kind of story the person told. Lucile was always involved in some kind of charity work, and you know how people go around selling tickets and things. She might have let someone in. I don't know how else they could have gotten in."

A story like The Phantom Foot Fondler told about his car breaking down and wanting to use the telephone possibly would have gained him entrance to the house.

Sheriff Burr called McDonald.

"Any leads?" Burr asked.

"Nothing so far. I'm having the boys go over the Saxon file. We talked to plenty of people on that case. If any of them show up in this one, it may give us a lead."

"You need any help?" Burr asked.

"Yeah," McDonald said.

"What?"

"Tell me where I can find a guy who likes to play with women's feet. That's what we need to know now. We've been looking for him ever since Mrs. Saxon was killed. I thought for awhile he might have blown town, but we know he's still around here now."

"And this thing will happen again if you don't find him."

"I know that. And we're going to find him. Right now, I don't know how, but we'll keep at it until we turn up something."

McDonald called some of his deputies into a conference at the Betten home. He outlined all of the facts uncovered in the investigation so far.

"We know the guy got here at eleven-thirty," McDonald said. "He rang the doorbell while Mrs. Betten was on the telephone. And he left here before twelve-thirty when Mr. Betten returned. That's a one-hour period."

The description they had of the suspect was good, particularly his sky-blue eyes. "And we're pretty sure he's the same guy who tried to get into another home out here using the telephone ruse," McDonald added. "He's driving an older model, light-colored sedan. Somebody must have seen him. I want everyone living in this entire area questioned."

McDonald assigned other deputies to talk with delivery and service people who were in the district. Someone might have seen a lone man in a car cruising through the area.

"One more thing," McDonald added. "He always strikes at about noon. He might be somebody who works in this section and has time off at lunch. If he hit and then went back to work, it might explain why we haven't been able to get a line on him."

As the deputies accepted the various assignments, McDonald warned them: "Call in with any lead you get. No matter how remote it may seem, we want to check out everything. This man has to be caught, or we're going to have other killings just like the two that have happened already."

Shortly before six o'clock, Sheriff Burr called McDonald, who still was on the scene. "I think we've got something hot," he said. "You'll want to get on it right away."

"What's up?"

Burr said his office had received a call from a woman who lived in the same area where the slaying had taken place. She reported that at about ten o'clock that morning, while she had been driving near her home, a man in a car had forced her automobile to the side of the road.

He had shouted, "I want to sell you something!"

Burr said: "She waited until he got out of his car and then she drove off. But she was smart enough to take the license number of his car. We're running a check on it now."

"We'll get right over and talk to her," McDonald said, jotting down her address.

They found the woman at home.

"It frightened me at the time," the woman said. "No other cars were on the road and I didn't know what he wanted. I waited until he got out of his car and started toward me and then I raced away."

"Did he try to follow you?"

"No. The last I saw of him, he was just standing there on the road."

"But you did get his license number?"

"I saw it when he pulled in ahead of me and forced me to stop," she said. "Later, I wrote it down."

She exhibited the note she had made of the Arizona plate numbers and added: "He actually didn't do anything to me, but he acted so strangely I thought it best to make a note of it. Then when I heard about Mrs. Betten being killed, I called your office. There may be no connection but——"

"Lady, I wish more people were as intelligent and cautious as you have been," McDonald interrupted. "You may not only have saved your own life, but also the lives of other women in this area."

The woman was able to describe the man only as being rather young looking. She wasn't sure if she would be able to identify him if she saw him again. "But I am sure about that license number," she added. "I repeated it to myself all the way home and until I was able to write it down. I intended to tell my husband about it and have him find out who the man was."

BY THE time McDonald, Smith and Lyons reached Headquarters, Undersheriff Whyckoff had checked out the license number. It was registered to a Marvin Leslie Davis, with an address on the south side of town. "We haven't contacted him as yet," Whyckoff said. "I thought we'd wait and see what you fellows turned up."

"We'll go out and see him right now," McDonald said.

When the investigators arrived at the small home, they found Mrs. Davis and three pre-school daughters in the house. She told them her husband was a security officer with the 803rd Combat Defense Squadron at the Davis-Monthan Air Base. He was on duty.

They asked about the car. Mrs. Davis identified the license number as that of their family automobile. "Why do you ask?"

"Do you know where your husband was at noon today?" Smith asked, ignoring her question.

"He was right here," Mrs. Davis answered. "I fixed his lunch for him. After lunch, he changed clothes and went out to the base to go on duty."

"You're sure?" Smith asked.

"Of course I'm sure. Why are you asking all these questions?"

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"Did anyone else have your car this morning?" McDonald asked. "Did your husband lend it to anyone?"

"I don't think so."

"And you're positive he was here all morning?"

"I didn't say that," Mrs. Davis corrected the impression. "You asked where he was at noon. He was working this morning and came home for lunch."

"I thought you said he was a security guard at the air base and was on duty now."

Mrs. Davis explained that her husband had a part-time job as a door-to-door salesman. He worked his route during the mornings for additional income.

"Did he tell you where he was selling this morning?" McDonald asked.

"I don't think he mentioned it. Why? Has something happened to Marvin?"

The detectives said they were just checking on an incident. McDonald asked: "Can you be fairly certain as to the time your husband returned home?"

Mrs. Davis said she was positive he had come into the house not later than 12:15. He had eaten lunch at about 12:30.

If Davis were Mrs. Betten's killer, he could have driven directly from the slaying to his home and arrived by 12:15.

"Did he seem upset when he came in?" McDonald asked.

"Not that I noticed. He read the paper until I called him for lunch. I do wish you'd tell me why you are asking all these questions about Marvin."

"Just one more question," McDonald said. "What is the color of your husband's eyes, Mrs. Davis?"

"Blue."

"Sky-blue?"

"I suppose you could say that. Most people notice Marvin's eyes. They're unusual. I hope our daughters have eyes like Marvin."

THE detectives drove out to the Air Force Base. They contacted the OSI office and Air Force investigators accompanied the Sheriff's men as they located Davis and began questioning him.

Without mentioning the slaying of Mrs. Betten, the detectives first questioned him about the incident in which the woman's car was forced to stop on the road.

"What's she beefing about?" Davis demanded. "All I did was stop her to ask her if she wanted to buy some of the products I was selling."

"Do you usually force cars off the road to sell the driver something?" Smith asked.

"I guess it was kind of silly," Davis said. "But I was out there and called on about a half dozen houses and didn't find anyone at home. I saw this woman in her car and I thought maybe I could sell her something. I didn't want to follow her to wherever she was going, so I tried to stop her. But I didn't even get to talk to her. She just drove away when I got out of my car."

"You were out in that area this morning?" Smith pressed.

"Sure I was," Davis said. "I just finished telling you I was. But that woman has no beef coming."

"What time did you get home?"

"About noon. Maybe a little earlier."

"Your wife says it was twelve-fifteen."

"So maybe it was twelve-fifteen," Davis said. "What's this all about? Is that woman going to try to make trouble for me?"

"Not that woman," McDonald said. "But you could be in big trouble over a woman named Mrs. Lucile Betten."

"Who is she?"

"You haven't heard that a woman by the name of Mrs. Lucile Betten was strangled out in that neighborhood this morning?"

"Are you guys crazy?" Davis cried. "Do you think I strangled somebody? Is that what this is all about? If it is, you're off your trolley. Sure I was out there, but I never killed nobody."

"We've got a witness we'd like to have take a look at you," McDonald said. "She says she'll recognize a man with sky-blue eyes."

"A witness to what?"

McDonald related the story told by the woman who had refused to allow the man into her home to use the telephone.

"I'll save you the trouble," Davis said. "I asked to use her telephone. She wouldn't let me in the house."

"You said you wanted to use the telephone to call a garage, but there wasn't anything wrong with your car. She saw you drive it away."

"There was plenty wrong with my car," Davis answered. "I sprung a leak in my radiator. I was afraid I'd burn up the engine if I kept running it. But when the woman wouldn't let me use the telephone, I drove it anyway."

"She offered to call a garage for you."

Davis shrugged. "If you guys were ever door-to-door salesmen, you'd understand. You get so darn mad at the way people treat you. When she said she wouldn't let me use the telephone, I just got sore and said to heck with it."

Davis continued to insist he never had been to the Betten home and knew nothing about the woman's death. He was taken to the Sheriff's office for further questioning. The OSI officers were present.

IN ANOTHER room, investigators studied Davis' Air Force records. They showed he was 27 years old and had been born in Gainesville, Texas. He had served seven years with the Air Force and had a perfect record. Davis had been transferred to the base in Tucson from the Dyess Air Force Base in Abilene, Texas, the previous August. He had no record of any disturbed conduct or psychiatric problem.

"But it would put him here in Tucson at the time Mrs. Saxon was slain," McDonald pointed out.

"But you don't have any real evidence to link him to either slaying," Burr said. "He's got sky-blue eyes and he was out in the district where Mrs. Betten was killed, but you can't convict a man with only that."

"I know it," McDonald admitted.

They went in to talk with Davis.

"Look, will you take a lie-detector test?" Burr asked. "You don't have to, but if you aren't involved——"

"Why not?" Davis interrupted. "I don't know how you guys got the idea I strangled some woman. All I was doing out there was trying to make a little extra dough to support my family. When you got a wife and three small kids, the kind of money you get from the Air Force doesn't go very far. I want to clear myself."

Deputy John Rohr and McDonald carefully prepared a series of questions for the polygraph examination. Some covered Davis' Air Force record and facts about his family. These could be answered without any concern. Others contained information that would be known only by someone who had been in the Bettens' ranch-style home. A number of questions in the examination made mention of "feet," "foot," "shoe" and "sex." The words were used so that under ordinary circumstances, they would cause an individual no particular concern.

While Rohr gave Davis the polygraph examination, McDonald conferred with Captain Carl Kempe, in charge of the city-county crime laboratory. "Have you got anything to definitely link a suspect to either the slaying of Mrs. Betten or Mrs. Saxon?" he asked.

"We've got more in the Saxon case than we have in the Betten," Kempe answered. "There's the butcher knife and a piece of broken ice pick that were in the woman's body. But as you know, both implements were from the woman's house. We're still evaluating the evidence from the Betten home, but I don't think we'll be able to give you much worth while."

As the disappointment showed on McDonald's face, Kempe said: "Look, Jim. I'm sorry. Remember, we can only get what's there. We don't manufacture evidence."

"Yeah, I know. But I wish we had something more than a pair of sky-blue eyes to tell us whether or not this guy Davis is the guy we want."

At the completion of the lie-detector test, Rohr made a careful examination of the recorded reactions to the various questions put to Davis.

"What do you think?" McDonald asked.

"In my book, he flunked," Rohr said flatly. "But there's nothing you can nail him with. You can't force a person to tell the truth with a polygraph machine. All it indicates is whether or not he is lying and what his reactions are to certain words and thoughts."

"How did he make out on the questions mentioning feet and shoes?"

"Take a look." Rohr pointed out the lines on the graph indicating respiration, perspiration and pulse rate. "The needles darn near jumped the track on some of those questions. Unless I miss my guess a mile, this guy is the foot fondler you've been looking for."

McDonald went into a conference with Burr, Smith and Lyons, with the OSI investigators sitting in as observers. "I think we've got the right guy," McDonald said. "But the only evidence we have is the description of the slayer as having sky-blue eyes. We have no witnesses or evidence that can place him on the scene of either crime."

"You're pretty sure he's a foot fondler?" Smith asked.

"The polygraph indicates it."

Smith said: "If he killed those women, he knows he's guilty. How about giving up another crack at questioning him. John and I will do the one-two routine on him. It may work."

In the one-two system of interrogation, one investigator assumes a belligerent role. He asks questions and makes accusations that cause the suspect to actively dislike him. The second interrogator assumes a friendly role. The suspect often turns to the second interrogator with a form of rapport that will produce a confession.

"It's worth a try," McDonald said. "We'll have him brought in again and you can see what you can get out of him."

When Davis was returned, Smith assumed the role of the belligerent questioner. "We believe you killed that woman today," he stated flatly. "What's more, we believe you killed the Saxon woman last October. We think you're lying in your teeth if you deny it and we're going to get the truth out of you sooner or later."

"Take it easy," Lyons said to his partner. "I know this guy is going to cooperate with us. Aren't you Marvin?"

THE two detectives seesawed the suspect back and forth with questions, until Davis finally asked: "How long are you guys going to keep this up? I got up early yesterday morning and I'm dead tired."

"We'll quit, if you'll just answer one question truthfully," Lyons said.

"I didn't kill those women."

"That isn't the question I wanted to ask you."

"What do you want?"

"You've got a wife and three small daughters at home. I saw them this afternoon. They're nice kids."

"Yeah," Davis said.

"Do you love them?"

"What kind of a question is that?"

"It's the question I want you to answer truthfully. Do you love your wife and your kids?"

"Of course I do."

"Enough to give them a break?"

"What are you talking about?"

Continuing his role as a friend, Lyons lowered his voice to a confidential tone. "Then, listen to this," he said, earnestly. "We know about the foot-fetish business. We'll have witnesses in here tomorrow who can identify the man who tried to fool around with their feet. If you did it, there's no use denying it. But what I want to do is help you."

Lyons waited a moment, and then went on: "Sometimes, there are things a guy can't help doing. It's just something that comes over him. But if he can't help doing it, he'll do it again."

Davis still said nothing.

"Your kids are small now," Lyons went on. "They could get over something now and maybe forget that it ever happened. But what's going to happen if this keeps on? What's going to happen if another woman is killed—and another? What if your kids grow up and find that their father is a woman-killer. What then?"

Davis bit his lips.

"You can't help yourself when you get this urge to fondle women's feet, can you? How did it start? How did you get doing it?"

"I don't know!" Davis allegedly cried out. "I don't know how it started. And I don't know why I did it."

"You want to tell us about it now?"

"Yeah. I'll tell you about it."

THE detectives claimed that Davis voluntarily gave a statement telling how he had gone to the Betten home selling his door-to-door products. He had told Mrs. Betten he was giving out free samples and she had let him into the house.

The investigators claimed Davis revealed he had pulled a knife from his pocket and threatened the woman. When she tried to fight him off, he slashed one of her fingers.

"I told her I was sorry for what I had done and to put a bandage on it," Davis was quoted as saying. "She went to one bathroom and couldn't find any. Then she went to the other bathroom and found something to put on her finger. Then I forced her into the bedroom with the knife."

In commenting on the statement, the investigators pointed out that the trail of blood found in the home confirmed Davis' statement, and could only have been known by someone who had been in the house.

The detectives said Davis' statement then told how he strangled the victim with his bare hands. Later, he had knotted the necktie around her throat.

"Why?" Lyons asked. "Why did you threaten the woman and why did you strangle her?"

"I took some money from the dressing table," Davis allegedly said. "Didn't you know I took some money? There were five five-dollar bills."

"That isn't why you killed her."

"I was going to attack her," he allegedly said.

"But you didn't. You only took off her shoes."

Hanging his head, Davis allegedly said: "I know. I couldn't. It's—it's the feet. I know it doesn't make sense. When it's all over, it doesn't make sense to me, either. But at the time, it drives me crazy. It's their feet."

Sheriff Burr asked Davis about the slaying of Mrs. Saxon.

"I'm tired now," Davis allegedly answered. "I want to go to sleep. I've got nothing to lose, so I'll tell you about it later."

The officers did not press the questioning further. Davis was taken to a cell. The officers said he almost immediately fell off to sleep. When he awakened, they claimed, he gave them a detailed account of the slaying of Mrs. Saxon.

In the statement, Davis allegedly revealed that he had removed Mrs. Saxon's shoes. And as in the slaying of Mrs. Betten, he allegedly told of his urge to fondle the woman's feet.

Charges of first-degree murder for the slayings of Mrs. Betten and Mrs. Saxon were filed against Davis by County Attorney Norman E. Green. Davis was given a preliminary hearing before Justice of the Peace Toby LaVetter on April 4 and was ordered held for trial without privilege of bond.

Two Victims—In 15 Miles and 15 Minutes (from page 20)

choose to stop, it could swerve by on the west lane or the road shoulder.

Antanofio Aguilar, driving a big truck and trailer loaded with meat from Stockton to Oakland, came up the road. He was stopped by Humphrey.

"I want to use your rig awhile," Humphrey told him.

"What for?"

"To put across the highway for a roadblock."

"I'm due in Oakland before six o'clock," Aguilar protested. "If I don't get there in time to unload, I'm going to be in trouble."

"This won't take long. The car we want to stop is within a few miles of here right now. It ought to arrive in the next five minutes. I need something to block off the other half of the highway."

Aguilar obliged. He jockeyed the big rig around until the truck and trailer covered most of the highway. With the patrol car parked almost alongside it, the only means of getting by would be to slow down and make a sharp turn around the patrol car and then out in front of the truck.

More deputies were arriving on the scene.

Humphrey placed them along the highway. "These punks have guns," he warned. "They shot a guy in Lodi and they've been shooting at a highway patrol car chasing them. They may come out shooting, so be ready."

More flares were placed along the highway, giving warning for nearly a half mile ahead. Even at a high rate of speed, it would give the car a chance to brake to a halt before it reached the sheriff's car and the truck and trailer choking off the highway.

Humphrey took up his position alongside the sheriff's car with a sawed-off shotgun. If the car tried to bull its way through, it would have to slow down enough to give Humphrey a chance to use the weapon.

THE radio in Humphrey's care relayed the message that Sorenson had been shot down by the pair who now were fleeing in the California Highway Patrol car.

"They've got Sorenson's gun and a couple of their own," Humphrey told the waiting deputies. "Don't take any chances."

More sheriff's cars had been placed strategically along the entrance path to the blockade point. If the fleeing slayers tried to turn around, the cars up ahead would pull across the highway and seal them into a box.

Deputies armed with pistols, rifles and shotguns were stationed behind their cars, using them as shields, waiting for the fleeing killers to arrive.

"It won't be long now!" Humphrey shouted. "A message just came in that a police car from Rio Vista is chasing them. Get ready, everybody!"

Woodall and Bradford had pressed their police car to the limit in the chase west of Rio Vista, but they could only glimpse the black-and-white patrol car far ahead of them on the longer straight sections. They estimated that at times the patrol car was traveling at speeds up to 130 miles an hour.

It could only be a matter of a minute—or even seconds—before the patrol car would appear on the straight stretch ahead of the roadblock. No turn-offs were nearby.

The trap was set.

Fingering his sawed-off shotgun, Humphrey took up his position in the narrow opening between his car and the truck and trailer.

"How long do you think?" Aguilar called from the cab of his truck.

"Any moment now."

"You figure there's going to be shooting?"

"If there is, you stay covered up there in the cab."

"Don't you worry about that," Aguilar said. "I don't want to get myself shot."

The screaming siren could be heard even before the patrol car came into sight. The deputies lining the trap tensed, gripping their weapons harder.

The car came hurtling around a distant curve and up to where the first flares were burning by the highway.

It flew by them, giving no indication it intended to stop.

The car passed more flares. The driver certainly could see that the highway ahead was completely blocked by the big truck and trailer and the sheriff's car. Yet it bore on at full speed.

Halfway down the stretch the deputies stationed near their cars could tell the driver wasn't going to stop. They opened fire at the screaming patrol car.

It came on like a juggernaut.

"They're not going to stop!" Aguilar shouted from the truck cab.

SHOTS and the screaming siren mixed in a bedlam of sounds. The car sped on, just a blur in the sunlight. It was doing better than 100 miles an hour as it hurtled down the fire-lined highway.

It couldn't stop.

They could see that now. Even if the driver floored the brakes, it was too late now to stop the hurtling machine before it crashed into the blockade.

Humphrey leaped. The only shelter was his car. He reached it.

The racing patrol car, without any slackening of the throttle, bore down like a monstrous ram, smashed into the sheriff's car head on.

The impact was like an explosion, drowning out even the shrieking siren and the guns of the deputies who had tried desperately to stop it before it reached the impact point.

Heavy metal was torn like paper.

The sheriff's car folded in the center and wrapped like a horseshoe around the front of the stolen patrol car, which in an instant, had collapsed like an accordion to about half its normal size.

Deputies raced up to the California Highway Patrol machine. Two stunned, but still alive, youths were in the front seat.

The driver of the car suffered only a broken leg and face injuries, while his passenger was only cut and bruised.

The two youths had been saved by the safety belts they had fastened during the flight. Ironically, the belts had been intended to protect the life of the patrol car driver, Charles Sorenson, now dead.

Also dead was Investigator Hale Humphrey. He was picked up 75 feet from the wreckage. He had been hurled that far through the air. His body was like a rag doll's. Nearly every bone was broken. He had died instantly.

The youths were taken to the Solano County Hospital in Fairfield, where they were identified as Richard Price and Jack Sikes.

LATER in the evening, California Highway Patrol Captain James E. Booth questioned Price.

"Why?" he asked the eighteen-year-old boy. "Why did you shoot and kill the officer, and why did you crash the car into the blockade and kill the deputy?"

Price had only a question of his own for an answer. "What else could I do?" he said, with a tone and gesture to indicate that these words explained everything.

"You never gave him a chance," Booth said. "You never gave either of the officers a chance."

The investigation allegedly established that Price had been hiding alongside the vacant house when Sorenson approached it. As Sorenson stepped around the corner, Price reportedly jammed a pistol against the officer's throat and fired twice. He picked up the slain officer's revolver and then ran to the patrol car.

"Nobody ever gave me no chance," Price answered.

Investigation into Price's background indicated the first link in the chain of circumstance leading up to the senseless killings had occurred in another automobile accident just seven years earlier—the same year both Sorenson and Humphrey entered the law-enforcing fraternity. Price's father had been killed in an automobile accident in San Jose.

Without the firm hand of his father to guide him, the boy had become a problem. Teachers complained he wouldn't do his work and he disturbed others. Complaints mounted, with charges of vandalism and petty thefts. Soon Richard Price, then twelve, was in Juvenile Court.

"I don't know what I can do with Richard," his mother said. "I've tried everything, but he's running wild. Punishment only makes him mean."

"What's the trouble, Son?" the juvenile judge asked. "Why can't you get along with others?"

The skinny, gangly boy, tall for his age, eyed the judge defiantly. "I get along, okay," he said. "I can take care of myself."

"All right, we'll give you another chance. You listen to your mother and try to behave."

THIS was just the first of a number of "other chances" Richard received from juvenile authorities. Time and again he was picked up by the police and three times he was placed in detention camps by the California Youth Authority. He quit high school and bummed the streets, unwilling and unable to find work. The file on the boy bulged with accusations of vandalisms, burglaries and car stealing.

The last detention came from stealing a car in San Francisco. A highway patrolman spotted the stolen vehicle and gave chase. Price drove at speeds up to 110 miles per hour before he was finally captured.

"I'm a jerk," he told the arresting officer.

"That's right," the officer agreed. "You know you can't get away with stealing cars."

"Baloney. I mean I'm a jerk for stealing a heap like that one. Next time I'll grab a really hot job. If I had a crate that would move, you cops would never have caught me."

At the hearing, which sent young Price to the Youth Authority rehabilitation camp, he bragged he had stolen 25 automobiles in San Francisco before he was caught. "I can hot-wire any car that's made," he said. "And I can out-drive any cop if I got wheels under me that will go."

At the detention camp, psychologists worked with Richard in a rehabilitation program. They thought they found the answer to his problems. Plagued with acne that reddened his face, and self-conscious in the presence of girls because of this, Richard had become a braggart and bully among younger boys. He assumed the role of "tough guy" and elaborated on his experiences and bragged how someday he would "really be a big shot."

THE psychologists were unable to reach Richard. He jeered at the helpful suggestions they offered. He was a troublemaker in camp. He collected a number of younger boys and became their self-styled leader, bullying them to do his bidding.

Richard was headed for trouble, the psychologists agreed. But how great a trouble they unfortunately were unable to foresee.

The Youth Authority released Richard in September of 1962, when he was eighteen. He was given one more chance "to make a man of himself." He was warned that this would be his last chance as a juvenile. If he got into trouble again, he would be prosecuted as an adult.

Before leaving camp, Richard bragged to his younger cohorts: "You guys won't see me around a joint like this again. From now on I'm going big-time."

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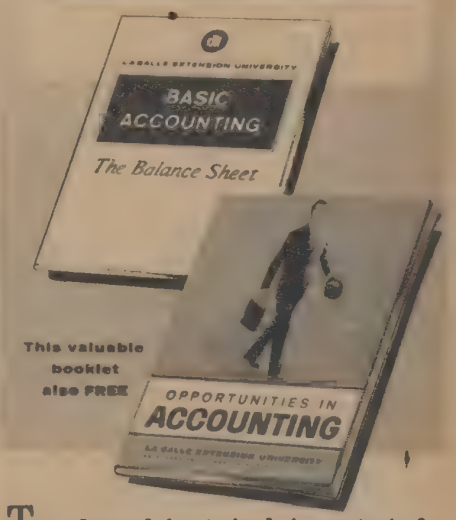

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"Yeah," one of the boys said. "What you gonna do?"

"You wait and see. If you hear about me again, it'll be on the front pages in headlines. No more chicken stuff for me."

"What you gonna do, rob a bank?"

"Just wait and see. When you guys get out, you look me up. Maybe I can use you. I'm going to have myself a real mob. We'll be headlines."

QUESTIONING of the youths indicated that Friday, March 15, 1963, had started out no more eventfully for them than it did for the two police officers who were to die that day. For the past few weeks Richard and Jack Sikes, a sixteen-year-old runaway boy, had been running around together.

"What are we going to do today?" Sikes asked that Friday morning.

"We're going to Montana."

"Montana? Why Montana?"

"Because I've never been there, stupid," Price answered. "We're going to Montana."

"How we going to get there?"

"We're going to steal a car. Then, I'm going to pick up my girl and we'll leave."

"Is she going with us?"

"Why not? You got any objections?"

Price had taken the girl out a couple of times in stolen cars and it made him feel "big" to have a girl-friend. The two youths stole a car and drove to her home. Her parents worked and the girl was there alone.

"Get your stuff together," Richard told the girl. "We're leaving."

"What are you talking about?"

"I'm going to Montana and you're going with me."

"I can't go to Montana," the girl protested.

"Why not?"

"What would my folks say? Are you crazy? I can't just run away."

"You going to let your folks tell you what you can do? You want to come with me, or not? I'll show you a good time."

"I can't do that?"

They quarreled. Price left the girl's home. Outside, in the stolen car, Jack asked: "We still going to Montana?"

"You're darn right we are. I don't care about no dame, anyhow. She'd just be in the way. I got what I wanted."

He exhibited a .25-caliber automatic pistol.

"Where'd you get that?"

"It belongs to her old man. I saw it in the house once when I was there before. I took it."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"What does anyone do with a gun, stupid? You use it. We're going to Montana first class. You ain't seen nothing, yet. We're going to have plenty of dough and a real time. You stick with me, Buddy, and you'll go first class."

CAPTAIN BOOTH again went back to see Price. "So nobody ever gave you a chance?" he said. He just had read Price's record. "They just gave you one chance too many. They gave you the chance to kill two good men."

Jack Sikes, the sixteen-year-old runaway, was confused and bewildered by all that had taken place. "I didn't know what he was doing," the boy said. "Rich told me we were going to Montana. I wanted to go with him. Then all this started to happen. I just went along, but I didn't know what he was going to do."

When questioned by newsmen, Price allegedly said it was true that Sikes hadn't taken an active part in either of the shootings. "The punk didn't know what was going on," Price reportedly bragged. "I did the whole business. I shot the guy in the service station and then I gunned down that cop."

"Didn't you think you'd be killed when you smashed into that patrol car?" reporters asked Price. "They say you were doing a hundred miles an hour and that you didn't even hit the brakes."

"We were doing a hundred and thirty," Price corrected. "Any of you guys ever drive a hundred and thirty miles an hour?"

The reporters shook their heads.

"It's like riding lightning," Price said. "You don't think about being killed and you don't care."

Price asked the newsmen: "Is this going to make headlines? Will my picture be on the front page?"

"You'll make the front page."

"Do me a favor," Price requested.

"What do you want?"

"When you write about this, you tell all those punks I used to know that I made the big-time, huh? They thought I was giving them a lot of hot air, but I showed them. Killing two cops is big-time, ain't it?"

Solano County District Attorney E. Glenn Stanley presented the facts of the case to a grand jury which returned indictments charging both youths with murder, robbery and car theft. They were arraigned in Superior Court on March 25, and this court ruled that Sikes be turned over to the juvenile authorities.

Further legal action against both youths was pending when this story was written.

Late reports indicated that William Kempe was in satisfactory condition, recovering from his bullet wound.

"My Wife Thinks I Killed That Girl" *(from page 39)*

He tested the dark spots on the door and steering wheel. They were human blood and he took samples.

Then he tried other surfaces on the car—the door, the steering wheel, the windows—for prints. "Nothing but smudges," he said with a grimace. "The guy wore gloves."

While Moody gave more detailed attention to the car, Lightfoot mapped out the investigation. He accepted the offer of help from city and county authorities and assigned officers to various tasks.

When the stores at Quimby Village opened for business, troopers and detectives were waiting. They methodically questioned all employees and customers as they came in. Had they seen Sally Jo at any time since Tuesday? Had they seen anybody else in her car? Had they noticed the car itself on the parking lot?

The answers all were negative. The officers learned nothing they didn't already know. But they stayed at the shopping center to talk to still other customers.

Detectives had questioned the two girls again, with the same negative results. They insisted they knew of no man Sally Jo might have had a date with.

Then, shortly after ten o'clock that morning, a call came in from a man who identified himself as Travis Willett.

"It's a woman!" he exclaimed. "She's lying out in the brush about fifteen feet from the road—and she's dead!"

"What road?"

"The Winters Road. About half a mile east of Route Three—about a mile south of the airport."

"You wait there. We'll be right out."

The scene was about five miles from Quimby Village. Troopers Sam Platt, Gene Ellis and Ed Shockley were closest and reached the spot minutes later. Willett was standing near the middle of the road and excitedly flagged them down.

Soon afterward Sergeant Lightfoot, Captain Henderson and Chief Heindenreich arrived.

The body was that of a girl, and as soon as they looked at the face, the detectives knew it was Sally Jo Wisenberg. Except for a sweater, she was nude. A woman's coat, presumably her own, had been thrown over the upper portion of the body. A light blanket of snow covered the coat.

"It snowed Tuesday night," said Captain Henderson. "She must have been here since then."

"I wonder where her clothes are," Lightfoot said, staring at the lifeless body. Many bruise marks showed, as well as a shallow laceration on one leg. But none of these had killed her. The cause of death was all too evident: Her throat had been so severely slashed she almost had been decapitated. Her life's blood had formed a dark pool, now frozen, around her head and shoulders.

Lightfoot shuddered. Mrs. Bolinger's throat had been slashed, too, at Winona Lake.

Then he glanced at the girl's hands. Her wrists had been bound behind her back with a stout leather thong.

"She didn't have a chance," Lightfoot muttered as he strode to his car. He radioed the Ligonier Post and soon was in conversation with Sergeant Moody.

"I'll be right there," Moody said. "But I think we may need help on this one. Suppose I contact the crime lab in Indianapolis?"

"Sure, go ahead. We can't have too much help."

AS HE broke the connection, other official cars arrived. One brought Doctor E. N. Mendenhall, the Allen County Coroner. He knelt beside the body for a preliminary examination.

The other cars contained Sergeant McKown from the Angola Post, more troopers, and city and county detectives from Fort Wayne.

Sergeant Lightfoot wasted no time in assigning them. The troopers and some of the sheriff's deputies would prowl Winters Road, searching for the girl's missing garments and other evidence.

"If you don't find all her clothes on this road," Lightfoot said, "try Indiana Three. That's probably the way she was brought out here from Fort Wayne —and the way the car was taken back after she was killed."

They left and Sergeant Lightfoot turned to the other officers. Some would go back to the girl's apartment to make a more thorough search and talk again to the landlady. Some would re-question Sally Jo's two girl-friends and the former woman tenant. Others would go to the telephone company office and try to find out more about the girl.

"I want you to talk to everybody you can find who was acquainted with her," Lightfoot said. "Somebody must know if she had a boy-friend or if she dated some man."

The remaining officers would join the troopers at Quimby Village. They would cover every shop and talk to every person who entered; they would question employees of the Clyde Theater and stop every patron. They would search the big parking lot inch by inch.

"Block the lot off if necessary," Sergeant Lightfoot said. "Talk to every person who drives in or out. Try to find somebody who saw the girl or her car."

Doctor Mendenhall completed his preliminary examination as Sergeant Moody arrived.

"The crime lab men from Indianapolis are flying over," Moody reported. "They should be at the airport in a few minutes. They want the body left as it was found until they get here."

Doctor Mendenhall nodded. "I'll arrange for a post mortem as soon as they're through."

Then the Coroner gave his report:

The girl probably had died some time Tuesday evening. That was indicated by the condition of the body as well as the snow on her coat. She had been struck several times in the face, probably with a fist.

Doctor Mendenhall indicated broken twigs and other marks in the underbrush beside the road. "I think she was struck out there on the road, perhaps knocked unconscious, then dragged over here and her throat cut. This must be where the attack occurred because this is where the blood is."

He said if her throat had been slashed on the road, there would be a trail of blood from there, and there was none.

"Was it a sex attack?" Sergeant Lightfoot asked.

"I couldn't find any evidence that it was," Doctor Mendenhall replied.

Sergeant Lightfoot groaned and thought again of the Bolinger case; that hadn't been a sex attack either, and there had been no evidence of robbery. Was he now faced with another case with no apparent motive?

He looked down at the attractive girl. "Maybe she wasn't actually attacked," he told Sergeant Moody, "but I'll bet she died fighting off the attempt. Until I find something better, I'm going to assume that was the motive."

A State Police car was waiting at Baer Field when the crime lab technicians arrived from Indianapolis. They were rushed the short distance to the scene and went to work at once. They made pictures of the body from several angles, photographed the area, the nearby road and the underbrush over which the body had been dragged from the road.

A minute examination of the body itself was made and they agreed with Doctor Mendenhall that the girl undoubtedly had been slain where her body lay. They took blood samples, removed the sweater and coat for future laboratory analysis, then indicated to the Coroner that they were through and he ordered the body removed. A Fort Wayne pathologist, Doctor Louis Schneider, was waiting to perform the post mortem.

THE man who had found the body, Travis Willett, was questioned by Sergeant Lightfoot. Willett said that he had been on his way to a roof remodeling job when he saw the lifeless figure. The spot was within 100 yards of the Willett home.

Lightfoot glanced at the nearby house. "If you had been looking this way at the time, you probably would have seen the whole thing. Do you remember hearing anything unusual Tuesday evening?"

"No," Willett replied. Then he pointed out that Winters Road was known as a lovers' lane, that it was a favorite retreat for young couples who wanted to be alone. The sound of youthful voices had become so common that most people living in the area paid no attention to them.

Sergeant Lightfoot described the compact convertible belonging to Sally Jo.

Willett shook his head. "I just don't remember seeing it."

The officers sent to search along the road began coming back with various articles. A short distance from the slaying scene, Hadley had found the bloodstained tip of a knife. Sergeant Moody examined it and handed it to another technician.

They agreed that it appeared to be the point of a steak knife, the type used in restaurants, and that it probably was part of the death weapon.

"Try to find the rest of it," Sergeant Moody said.

Lieutenant Wooldridge and Trooper Ellis spotted the remnants of a girdle on Indiana Route 3, a short distance from its intersection with the Winters

Road. Obviously, it had been ripped from the girl's body by a strong hand.

A short distance away on the same road, Sergeants Nancarrow and Nelson discovered the girl's slip. It, too, had been torn from her body.

Closer to the scene, on the Winters Road, Sergeant Conn and Sergeant Schindler found Sally Jo's dark skirt.

"It's almost as if this guy left us a trail," Sergeant Lightfoot commented, as the garments were turned over to the crime lab men. "Now, if only we can find the knife."

Examining the garments, Sergeant Moody pointed out that none was bloodstained. "That means he attacked her—or tried to—before he cut her throat."

"With what we have now," said Sergeant Lightfoot, "we should be able to reconstruct the crime. Through some means we don't know, he got into her car—maybe he hopped in at a stop light. He threatened her with the knife and forced her to drive out here. Somewhere out here, he bound her wrists behind her, ripped off her clothes and assaulted her. But why did he have to kill her?"

"Maybe she knew him," Sergeant Moody suggested.

"That could account for it," Lightfoot agreed. "Maybe he told her to get out of the car and she tried to run. Then he hit her, dragged her body into the brush and cut her throat. He drove her car back, throwing her clothes out as he drove. He must have thrown the knife away, too."

"His clothes would have blood on them," Sergeant Moody said.

"Yes, we'll cover that angle with all the cleaners in the county," said Sergeant Lightfoot. "Here's a good question—why did he leave the car at Quimby Village?"

"He might have known she often went there," said Moody. "Or he had seen her there at some time."

"Do you suppose that was where he got into her car?"

"I don't see how he could have, with so many people around. Surely she would have screamed or tried to get away."

BUT the police were unable to find a witness to such a happening. The officers at Quimby Village talked to dozens of people and found many who had been there Tuesday evening. Some said they had seen Sally Jo in the stores on other occasions, though not Tuesday night.

The officers remained at the shopping center, waiting to question other people as they arrived.

The detectives who made another search of Sally Jo's apartment had no better luck. The landlady couldn't add anything to what she already had told. Nor could Sally Jo's two girl-friends or the woman tenant questioned earlier.

At the office of the telephone company, the detectives found a few more employees who had been acquainted with the slain girl. But none could add to what the police already knew.

Sergeant Lightfoot went into a huddle with Captain Henderson and Chief Heindenreich at Fort Wayne Police Headquarters. They went through the files and came up with records of six men who had served time for sex offenses or who had been arrested as suspects in sex crimes. All six were picked up for questioning and all six gave accounts of their movements on Tuesday evening.

They were held while their alibis were checked.

Doctor Mendenhall reported on the post-mortem examination: It showed Sally Jo had died of the knife wounds and the time of death was fixed at Tuesday evening, probably between six and seven. The bruises on her body and the laceration on her leg had been caused when she was dragged from the road. The blows on the face were not serious—they might have caused temporary unconsciousness, but would not have been fatal.

No evidence of a sex attack was noted.

When Prosecutor Walter P. Heimke read the Coroner's report, he said: "If it wasn't a sex attack, what was it?" He contacted Coroner Mendenhall and asked that a second post mortem be performed.

Doctor Schneider started on it at once. And he subsequently reported that the girl actually had been criminally assaulted.

MEANWHILE, Sally Jo's grief-stricken parents had arrived in Fort Wayne. Tearfully, they identified the body. Then, after the first shock had passed, they talked about Sally Jo. She had been a good girl, always standing high in her studies when she was going to school, always doing well after she started to work. She was a shy, quiet girl, but she was friendly, too.

In school she took an active interest in athletics. Afterward, her interest in sports had continued. She had bowled regularly when she lived in Richmond and had played golf when she had a chance. She had a normal girl's interest in boys, but so far as the parents knew, she had no boy-friend in Fort Wayne. If she'd been particularly interested in any man, she certainly would have told them.

Of one thing the parents felt positive: Sally Jo had not gone voluntarily with the man who killed her. She had been kidnaped.

Sergeant Lightfoot was inclined to agree. And as he thought about it, he had the strange feeling that the story was not new, that he had heard it somewhere before. It had occurred at a shopping center. A man forced his way into a woman's car, threatened to kill her and compelled her to drive out into the country.

Where had that happened? When had he heard it?

The memory nagged at him and he knew it wasn't something he had imagined. But how could he check it?

It had been some years ago and, as he recalled it, the woman had escaped. The man had been convicted, but by now he might be out on parole.

Maybe the local parole officer, Jack Fitzgerald, would know. Lightfoot called him and repeated the story.

"You didn't imagine it," Fitzgerald said. "It happened in Plymouth about four years ago. A young housewife was getting in her car behind a supermarket when a man forced his way in with her. He had a knife and threatened to kill her if she didn't do as he told her. She drove out into the country until he told her to stop. He was going to attack her, but she talked him out of it and he let her out. She ran to a farmhouse and called the police. The man was convicted of attempted robbery and sent to the Pendleton Reformatory for a one-to-ten-year term. He was paroled last year."

"That's the boy I remembered!" Lightfoot exclaimed. "Who is he? Where does he live now?"

"His name is Robert T. Huggins and he seems to be doing all right. He got married last October and his wife is expecting a baby."

"Where does he work?"

"At a drive-in restaurant."

"I'd like his address. I want to question him about Sally Jo Wisenberg."

The parole officer furnished the address—but by that time the Fort Wayne police already had it. Early that evening, an ambulance had been sent to the Huggins home. Robert Huggins had tried to commit suicide by drinking a mixture of turpentine and iodine.

Ambulance attendants who rushed him to Parkview Memorial Hospital said he told them: "Help me. Please help me. My wife doesn't believe me."

"She doesn't believe what?"

"That I didn't kill anyone. My wife thinks I killed that girl."

"Did you?"

"No, no. I didn't do it."

As soon as Huggins was admitted to the hospital, the incident was reported

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to Fort Wayne police. Captain Henderson and Sergeant Lightfoot hurried to the hospital.

Huggins had been treated and his condition was not serious. He was questioned about Sally Jo's killing and denied it.

"Okay if we take him out for awhile?" Captain Henderson asked.

"Yes, if you bring him back. He should spend the night here."

Huggins was taken to the place where Sally Jo's body had been found and there, according to Sergeant Lightfoot, he broke down and confessed that he had killed her. This, Lightfoot said, was the story he told:

The drive-in restaurant where he was a cook was closed on Tuesday. That afternoon he had driven to Fort Wayne to get a haircut. On the way back, he stopped at Quimby Village. Sitting in his car in the parking lot, he saw Sally Jo drive in. He watched her park, then walked over to her car. He carried a steak knife with a five-inch blade.

He opened the front door of Sally Jo's car and shoved in behind the wheel. He wore gloves and he held one hand in his pocket so that the blade of the knife was clearly outlined.

"Do as I say," he told her, "or I'll kill you."

The girl apparently was too frightened to scream.

Huggins ordered her to lean forward and put her hands behind her back. She did and he bound her wrists together with a leather thong, which was actually one of a pair of laces for heavy boots. He used the other one to bind her ankles. Then he drove out of the parking lot, not stopping until he reached a desolate spot on the Winters Road.

There he ripped off most of the girl's clothing, cut the thong that bound her ankles, then attacked her.

He then pushed her out of the car. She was wearing only a sweater from which the buttons had been ripped. He draped her coat around her and told her to walk back.

She suddenly began to scream.

"That made me mad," he said. "I wouldn't have killed her if she had done as I told her. But when she started to scream, I jumped out of the car and knocked her down."

Next, he said, he grasped her ankles and pulled her away from the road. Then he took the knife and slashed her throat.

He got back in the car and started driving toward Fort Wayne. On the way, he threw out the knife and the various articles of clothing he had ripped from the girl. He took her car back to Quimby Village and left it in the parking lot behind the Clyde Theater, where he first had seen Sally Jo.

He returned home and burned the denim slacks and gloves he had worn. He tried to act natural and Wednesday passed normally. But on Thursday, remorse set in. He must have shown it, he said, because his wife noticed that something was wrong.

Then she heard about the slaying of Sally Jo. She recognized the parallel between this and the previous case in Plymouth. She began questioning him about it, saying: "What do you know about that killing? Did you do it?"

Finally, in desperation, he had decided to kill himself and had drunk the mixture of turpentine and iodine.

A new search was made for the knife and it was found by Deputy Sheriff Lloyd Oswald. Part of the blade was missing and the tip found earlier was a perfect fit for the missing portion.

Prosecutor Heimke filed a preliminary charge of murder against Huggins and the Allen County grand jury, which recently had completed its business and recessed, was recalled. Evidence against Huggins was prepared for presentation to the jurors.

But on the appointed day, March 12, 1963, one juror failed to show up. Investigation disclosed he had gone to Florida, unaware that he would be needed again. The grand jury was dismissed, to convene again when the vacationing juror returned.

MEANWHILE, on March 12, Doctor Mendenhall issued a Coroner's writ, ordering Huggins held in the Allen County jail until released through due process of law. Huggins appeared late that day in the court of Justice of the Peace Jack Lawson and the writ was read to him by Constable Harold Andrews.

Huggins, who seemed to be suffering extreme remorse, made no objection. Sergeant Lightfoot and Lieutenant Richard Miller of the prosecutor's staff returned him to the isolation section of the county jail at his own request.

On March 22, the Allen County grand jury indicted him on a charge of first-degree murder. As this was written, he was being held pending further legal action.

Shot By a Man Without a Gun *(from page 35)*

street and sideswiped a Volkswagen panel truck. "I'll be with you in a couple of minutes."

Minium and LaPeters entered Bender's store and found the merchant figuring his loss.

"You'd better get that guy before he shoots somebody," Bender blurted when the detectives identified themselves. "I think he meant business." He wiped his brow with a handkerchief as he counted the change that had been left in the cash register.

"Was it a lone bandit?" Minium asked, and Bender nodded.

"Handsome guy, real good looking," Bender said. "But mean, you know, a real tough nut."

"Did he pull a gun on you?" Minium asked, taking a note pad from his pocket and beginning a hasty sketch of the store's interior.

Bender shook his head. "Not exactly. Kept it in his pocket. But when I said something he didn't like, I could see him point it at me. I'm telling you, he meant business."

"How much did he carry off?" asked LaPeters.

"Hard to say, exactly," Bender answered. "I'd guess around a hundred and eighty dollars." He sighed. "That's a lot of money to lose at one whack."

"We'll do our best to get it back for you," LaPeters promised. "Can you give us a description of the gunman?"

Bender described the bandit and his car as well as he could, adding: "I just can't understand it, a nice-looking fellow like him. Guess some people just don't like to work for a living."

"There are plenty like that," Miniun agreed. Suddenly his gaze fell on the pistol Bender had placed on a ledge of the register.

"You're lucky he didn't spot that, if he's the quick-on-the-trigger type. Some bandits get jumpy when they discover their victims are armed."

Bender smiled mirthlessly. "I didn't take it out until he was gone."

"Could you show us which way the gunman went?" LaPeters asked. "That would narrow down our search for the car you described."

Bender nodded, and led them to the small parking lot. He began explaining how the light-colored Comet had backed onto Northwest 20th Street and headed west, but stopped when he saw the detectives were paying more attention to a growing crowd at the scene of the accident across the stop-lighted intersection than to his story. Lieutenant Spath was hurrying back toward them, and even from that distance they could see he was shaking his head.

The detectives introduced Bender to the frowning officer, who took his hand mechanically.

"Anything unusual down there?" Minium asked.

"More than we need," Spath replied shortly. Facing Bender, he asked: "Was the man who robbed you armed?" Startled, Bender replied that he thought so.

"Did he shoot at you, or did anyone try to stop him?"

"I ran out to the curb after him," the proprietor answered, puzzled by the officer's grave tone. "Why do you ask?"

"There's a man in bad shape across the street," Lieutenant Spath answered quietly. "He was shot in the head."

Minium whistled. "In one of the wrecked cars?"

The Lieutenant nodded. "In the late-model Pontiac," he said. "The car on the wrong side of the street heading east. It smashed into a Volkswagen truck after the driver took a bullet in the head."

WITHOUT a word, LaPeters turned on his heel and re-entered the liquor store. He strode to the cash register, picked up Bender's black-barreled, brown-handled pistol and lifted it to his nose.

"Did you shoot at the bandit?" he asked the proprietor.

"In the air," Bender replied nervously. "To call a policeman." Then, as he strained to remember, he corrected himself. "No—I shot at the getaway car first. Before I fired into the air, I mean." He shook his head in frustration and disbelief. "But he kept going——"

"Do you think you hit his car at all?" Minium asked. "I know there was a lot of excitement, but please try to remember."

"Yes, I know I hit it once, I saw paint fly off the right door." Bender faced the other way, looking down the street to where a white ambulance had pulled up alongside the halted Pontiac. "But the car I shot at was going the other way——"

"How many shots did you fire at the Comet?" Minium asked.

Bender, becoming more alarmed, said two or three.

"At the getaway car, you know," he explained. "I shot about three more into the air, I was scared, please believe that."

"You had a perfect right to get shook," LaPeters said. "Let's go have a look at the wreck, Bob."

The two detectives hurried across the intersection to the scene of the accident. The ambulance was pulling away with the wounded man and several newly arrived Metro traffic officers were trying to control the crowd of curiosity seekers.

The now-empty Pontiac had come to rest with its left-front fender nudged against the side of the Volkswagen truck. Minium saw that the driver's side of the front seat was splattered with blood. A lunch pail, sunglasses and a woman's sweater were piled on the seat, and a copy of the afternoon *Miami News* lay on the floorboard.

"No holes in the door," Minium noted. "The window on this side is down, so the bullet obviously passed through the opening as the Pontiac went by Bender's store."

"Do you think he realizes it probably was his bullet that hit the man?" LaPeters wondered. "I wish there were some other explanation, but that's the only way I can read it."

"Did you see the shooting?" Minium asked a suntanned man working to calm a dark-haired woman who was screaming hysterically in Spanish. The detective guessed she was the wife of the shooting victim. As he watched, her voice dropped to a monotone; she seemed to be praying.

The man, who identified himself as Woodfin G. Haile, Jr., said he had seen only the automobile accident.

"I work for Orkin Exterminating Company, in an office across the street on Northwest Twenty-Seventh," Haile said, motioning. "It was time to leave for the day, and I was standing on a little balcony overlooking the street. You know—just relaxing for a minute before I went home."

"And you heard shooting?"

"Right," said Haile. "Five or six shots, I believe. I looked around just in time to see this Pontiac go skidding out of control across the intersection."

Turning to Lieutenant Spath, LaPeters asked, "Do you have the injured man's identification?"

"I have his driver's license. It says his name is—it's an unusual one—Shoil Shulkloper Yatvesky, age thirty-six, an address on Southwest Seventh Street."

"Shoil Shulkloper?" Minium said aloud, puzzled. "But his wife seems to be Cuban."

"Shoil too is Cuban," the woman said in broken English, halting her flow of distraught Spanish. "We are Cuban refugees, but Shoil also is Jewish. We don't use that name, Yatvesky. Just Shulkloper."

"I see," Minium said. Since the anguished woman again was relapsing into despair, he chose not to question her further at that time, but turned to another bystander.

"Did you see the other car?" he asked. "The one that drove away when the shots were fired?"

"Sure did," said the man, who identified himself as Robert Lemon and said he worked a service station across the intersection from Sunshine Liquors. "But only briefly, and I couldn't tell much except that somebody was in a big hurry to leave."

"Do you know if the man firing the gun hit the getaway car?"

"I think so," Lemon said. "I heard a sound like a bullet hitting metal. He was only about ten feet from the car when he started blazing away."

"With all the people around, somebody must have gotten a better look at the driver of the getaway car or its plates," LaPeters said. "Let's talk with everybody in the area."

AFTER arranging to have Mrs. Shulkloper taken to the hospital to be near her husband, the officers began interrogating bystanders as Sergeant Nicholas Karpinchik and Jack Leary of the Metro Identifications Bureau arrived. Karpinchik and Leary began photographing the accident scene.

Then a trio of young people pushed through the crowd and hurried up to LaPeters. "Excuse me," one said excitedly. "We think we have some information you can use!"

The youth quickly identified himself as Richard Largen and the couple with him as Mr. and Mrs. Charles Parker.

"That's right!" Diane Parker exclaimed. "We were right behind that Comet when the shooting started!"

"What?" LaPeters felt his heart surge. "Did you get a good look at the gunman or the car?"

"We saw the car very clearly," Charles Parker said. "Diane——"

"Do you remember any part of the license number?" Minium broke in. "That's what's going to put this bandit behind bars and make a charge stick."

"We certainly do," Diane Parker said, excitedly digging into her purse. Triumphantly she pulled out a piece of lipstick-scribbled paper. "Here's the whole thing!"

Minium grabbed it, read the number aloud.

"That's a Broward County registration," Lieutenant Spath said, plucking the paper from Minium's hand and

hurrying away to put the license number on the air.

"If we can stop him while he's still in the car, we'll be way ahead of the game," Minium explained to the trio. "Your presence of mind in jotting down the number may help us wrap this up in a hurry. You don't know how grateful we are."

Before turning to the search for the bullet-scarred Comet, LaPeters asked Headquarters to obtain the name and address of the car's owner.

"And call Fort Lauderdale and Hollywood police, just in case there's an alert out for a stolen Comet in their part of Broward County," LaPeters told the dispatcher. "A hit-and-run bandit like this isn't likely to use his own car and risk its being traced."

BEFORE LaPeters could leave the patrol car, the radio crackled and the detective took a message relayed from Metro Captain Manson Hill. Then he crawled slowly from the car and walked back to where Minium stood at the curb, watching a wrecker get ready to tow Shulkloper's Pontiac away from the intersection.

"Bad news?" Minium asked, noting his frown.

"It's not good. Shulkloper is in critical condition at Jackson Memorial Hospital." LaPeters flung his cigarette into the street and started walking beside Minium toward their prowler. "He isn't expected to live until morning."

Minium groaned. "Does that mean Bender will face a manslaughter charge?"

"Not in my book," LaPeters replied, as they climbed into the car and he switched on the engine. "I'd say it puts the holdup man in line for a homicide charge. If it hadn't been for him, Shulkloper wouldn't be bleeding his life away on a hospital bed."

"Right. The law says that a person who sets in motion a felonious act which injures a third party is responsible for that party's injury," Minium recited from memory. "It seems pretty clear, but I wonder if anyone ever has been convicted on such a charge."

"I don't know," LaPeters admitted. "Our bandit may be the first. After he is caught."

The detective swung his car onto Northwest 20th Street and headed in the direction Bender said the fugitive had taken.

"Speed's the thing," Minium mused, reading his companion's thoughts. "If someone can spot the getaway car with our crew-cut bandit in it, we can wrap this thing up painlessly."

"Unless the guy starts shooting. Bender was sure he had a gun. Maybe he'll pull it if he's cornered."

"And maybe he was bluffing all the way."

"Wouldn't that be ironic? If he is charged with homicide, I mean, and it turns out he didn't even have a gun."

"Ironic, but not funny," Minium said bitterly. "Mrs. Shulkloper doesn't see any humor in it at all, over at the hospital watching her husband fight to stay alive."

Carefully, block by block, they canvassed streets running off 20th, scanning each lot for an abandoned Comet sedan.

The growing dusk blackened into evening, but the officers searched on, covering each lot with their headlights and, when necessary, their spotlight. They knew a dozen other Metro detectives were doing the same thing, as the Department of Public Safety seined the entire vicinity of the holdup in search of the bandit.

Suddenly a radio dispatch from Headquarters jerked them erect. The manager of a restaurant several blocks away had reported the abandonment of a late-model Comet sedan in his parking lot.

"He wants it hauled away," Minium said, elated. "But I think we'd like to have a good close look at it first."

"Were Karpinchik and Leary notified?"

"HQ reports they were. Let's hope they can lift a clear set of prints, if this turns out to be the car we're looking for."

It was, they found out moments later, as they pulled into the Northwest 36th Street restaurant and read the numerals off the Florida plates.

"That's our baby!" LaPeters exclaimed, as they got out.

"Take a look at this door," Minium called from the right side. "A nasty looking gash. Must have been caused by Bender's shot."

The door had been badly dented, but not pierced, by the slug.

"That shot certainly didn't do any damage to the gunman," LaPeters said.

A search of the car revealed only that it had been stripped of any identifying items before it was abandoned.

"He must have removed everything from the glove compartment before driving to Bender's," LaPeters figured. "There isn't a scrap of paper left that might have a name or address on it."

"Here's one thing our man overlooked," Minium contradicted, pointing to the edge of the door. "The sticker pasted on by the last service station where the car was oiled and lubed."

"Broward County, I suppose?"

"Right. Hollywood."

Bulletins sent to the Florida Highway Patrol and Broward County police were paying off. Minutes later, the two detectives learned the Comet's license plates were registered to a man in Hollywood, Florida—a city midway between Fort Lauderdale and Miami.

"There's more," LaPeters reported after taking the radio call. "The owner reported his car stolen several days ago."

"Figures," the other investigator replied. "Let's talk to the restaurant manager and see if the fugitive was in the restaurant at all, or if anyone saw which way he went."

The manager had not, but one of his employees had.

"I was hauling out some trash, and saw this fella hop from the Comet and walk toward me," the handyman said after Minium had described the man they were seeking.

"Did you speak to him?"

"No, Sir, but he spoke to me. Asked me did I know where the bus station was."

"Bus station!" LaPeters could feel the track getting warmer. "Did you ask him what he was going to do with the car?"

"No, Sir, I just figured he'd drive downtown to the station. That's why I told the manager real quick when I came out a few minutes later and saw the car sitting there. Has he done something wrong?"

"We think so," Minium told him. "But we'd like to ask him."

Hurriedly, they climbed back into the Metro car, giving Sergeants Karpinchik and Jack Leary the high sign as they arrived to dust the abandoned Comet for prints. With squealing tires they sped onto 36th Street, at the same time notifying other units to close in on the bus terminal in an effort to stop the suspect before he could board and endanger other passengers.

BUT the fugitive's headstart was too great. When the Homicide men arrived at the station, only a group of Jamaican farm laborers were in sight. A quick search of the premises made it disappointingly clear that the crew-cut robber was gone.

LaPeters identified himself to the clerk behind the ticket counter.

"Have you been here all evening?" he asked, and the clerk said he had.

"We're looking for a man we have reason to believe may have tried to board a bus here," Minium said. "We'd appreciate your cooperation."

"Of course."

"The man we're seeking is husky, good-looking and dark-haired, with a crew-cut," Minium told him. "When last seen he was wearing a light-tan jacket and dark trousers."

The clerk nodded vigorously after mulling over the description briefly.

"Sure, a guy who pulled out on our last bus fits that description," he said.

"Was he carrying luggage, maybe even a brown paper bag?"

The clerk wasn't positive, since the traveler had stood on the other side of the counter while talking to him.

"I didn't load anything into the bus for him, but he may have been carrying a small suitcase or package."

"How long ago did the bus pull out?"

"Oh, gee, it must have been about ——" he glanced at his watch. "Just about an hour."

"What was its destination?"

"New York City," the clerk answered. "That's where this guy was going too. At least he bought a ticket for New York."

"Picked himself up a little cash and headed for the Big Town," Minium said under his breath. Then, to LaPeters:

"He's a fox, all right. By buying a ticket all the way up, he thinks he can throw us off the track by getting off anywhere along the line."

"Where would the bus be now?" LaPeters asked.

"It'd be well on its way up Highway One." The clerk again checked his chart. "It would be out of Dade and Broward counties, probably just leaving West Palm Beach."

"That means he could have left the bus at several places if that was his intention and the long-distance ticket merely a ruse," Minium said.

"Right," agreed LaPeters. "Since the car was stolen around Hollywood, it's possible he got off there."

"If we find he didn't get off in what appears to be his home area, we can assume he actually is heading north with his cash."

QUICK calls sent Fort Lauderdale and Hollywood police officers checking their local bus terminals in search of a crew-cut passenger who may have disembarked. Interrogation of loitering passengers and station employees convinced them that the suspect still was on board the northbound bus, by this time nosing out of Palm Beach County and into Martin County.

"It looks like he's heading out of Florida after all," LaPeters and Minium reported to Captain Manson Hill and Lieutenant Spath when they got back to Headquarters. "My bet is he's on that bus sleeping like a baby snuggled up to his hard-earned loot."

"Not for much longer, though," Hill said, squinting at the wall clock. "Fort Pierce police have been alerted and will be waiting with open arms."

"That's good," said Minium. "How is Shulkloper?"

"He can't live much longer, the doctors say. The bullet pierced his left temple, you know."

"How's Bender taking it?"

"Pretty rough. He went home only a little while ago, real upset. Just can't believe he might have fatally wounded a man he never even saw."

"He was robbed once before, I understand," Lieutenant Spath told the detectives. "A guy with a sawed-off shotgun."

"That explains why he had a gun in the place now," LaPeters said. "A man has a right to protect himself and his property."

The room grew silent, each officer mulling over the case. Lieutenant Spath's gaze was on the clock. "Almost ten-fifty," he said after several minutes. "The bus should be rolling into Fort Pierce about now."

One hundred and ten miles north of Miami, in the quiet, citrus-belt community of Fort Pierce, two armed officers waited in the shadows of the small bus station. As the New York-bound bus followed its headlights into the terminal, Sergeant James Britcher motioned to his companion, James Alread.

"Let's get him," Britcher said under his breath. "Don't forget he might be loaded for bear."

The driver nodded when they asked

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if the man they described was still on board. "Back at the rear of the bus, on the left side. I think he's napping now."

Britcher and Alread climbed the bus steps, moved slowly down the dim aisle. A few passengers looked at them curiously but they had eyes only for a husky, crew-cut man. They spotted him quickly, where the driver had said he could be found. He still was sleeping.

Britcher moved slightly behind the traveler, while Alread stopped facing him. The officers exchanged a look, then Britcher grasped the passenger's shoulder, shook it. The man grumbled sleepily and Britcher shook harder.

"Wake up," the Sergeant said. "Come on, let's go."

The man slowly opened his eyes and scowled. "What's the idea?"

"Police," Britcher said. "We want to talk to you about a Miami holdup."

"Listen, I don't know anything about——"

"We'll talk at the station," Britcher said. "Come on." He gestured and Alread led the way off the bus, the suspect next, Britcher following.

At Headquarters the man identified himself as Howard Andrew Griffith, 29, and said he was a former Fort Lauderdale fireman.

A search of the man's few belongings turned up no weapon, but $127 cash.

"You want to tell us about it, or would you rather wait until the Metro men get here?" Alread asked. Griffith shrugged in disgust.

"Why fight it?" he allegedly replied. "That liquor store guy got a good look at me. Sure, I hit him for a little cash."

"Where were you headed?"

"Massachusetts. I've got relatives up there. Looks like I'm not going to make it, huh?" He laughed. "The gang at the bar is going to get a big charge out of this. I told them just last week that I was going to leave Florida, go to Los Angeles and stay out of trouble."

"You have no idea how much trouble you're in," Britcher told him without emotion.

"How's that?" Griffith asked, puzzled. "It's robbery, right?"

"Maybe more," Alread said. "Did you know a man was critically wounded during the holdup?"

Griffith's eyes widened. "Hey, get off my back! You mean when the owner started shooting at me?"

The policemen nodded.

"But I didn't have anything to do with that! Why, I wasn't even carrying a gun!" He held up his hands as if to show he wasn't armed.

"Maybe not. But you apparently put the whole thing in motion. It doesn't look too good for you at the moment, Griffith. If that man dies, you could be facing a murder charge."

"Murder? But I didn't pull the trigger!" Griffith's face was white. "This is a lousy rap," he blurted, now confused and frightened. "I didn't shoot anybody. I didn't even have a gun."

"The liquor store proprietor thought you did," Alread told him, as the one-time fireman was booked at Fort Pierce to await officers from the Dade County Public Safety Department.

AS A murky dusk settled over Florida's Gold Coast the next day, Friday, November 9, 1962, Metro Homicide Detectives Wallace LaPeters and Robert Minium escorted a thoroughly shaken Howard Griffith back to Miami for further questioning.

At 8:25 on that same morning, Dade County Medical Examiner Nestor A. Loynaz had reported the death of Shoil Shulkloper at Jackson Memorial Hospital. Shoil and his wife, Carmen, who had fled to Miami to find freedom, had found tragedy instead.

Loynaz performed an autopsy on the victim and recovered the bullet which Public Safety Department Firearms Expert Ed Bigler later testified had been fired from Jules Bender's pistol.

Griffith, police say, readily admitted robbing Sunshine Liquors, but just as emphatically denied responsibility for the wounding of the innocent passerby.

"I've just got to take the blame for it and I hope everybody is satisfied," he blurted once.

"How long have you lived around here?" Minium asked.

The handsome bandit shrugged. "Off and on," he said. "I've moved around a lot."

"Did you enjoy being a fireman?"

"It sure beats what I'm doing now," Griffith mumbled, casting a dark glance out the window at the massive Dade County jail.

Griffith, a former night club bartender as well as a fireman, had mixed with the law officially only twice before, both times in Fort Lauderdale on charges of intoxication.

Now his worst fears were realized when State's attorneys—invoking legal authority dating back to the old Common Law of England which says that if a person sets in motion a felonious act which injures a third party, then he is repsonsible—charged Griffith with first-degree murder. In Florida this crime is punishable by electrocution.

Preliminary, but deadly serious, legal sparring began on November 16, when Griffith and Bender appeared before Justice of the Peace Hugh Duval in a combination preliminary hearing and inquest.

An hour and a half after the hearing began, Duval ruled that Jules Bender's part in the tragedy was excusable homicide.

Defense Attorney William B. Seidel sifted through law books trying to substantiate his plea that the charge against Griffith be reduced. As Griffith stood silently by, Seidel pointed out that Griffith had not displayed a weapon and hadn't returned Bender's fire.

State's Attorney George Orr returned the legal fire by citing provisions of the law stating that a man is responsible for acts he sets off while committing a crime.

Duval ordered Griffith bound over to the grand jury on the charge of first-degree murder.

THE one-time fireman went on trial for his life in Dade County Courthouse before Circuit Judge John J. Kehoe on January 21, 1963, in a legal showdown on the charge growing out of a case that was legally unprecedented in Florida history. The trial attracted nation-wide attention.

Assistant State's Attorney Gerald Kogan argued for the prosecution that the crew-cut defendant had instilled Bender with fear and therefore was responsible for the death of the innocent third party. Under the law, Kogan argued, a proprietor has the right to protect himself and his property and to attempt to apprehend a fleeing felon.

Two days later the jury concluded six hours of deliberation by finding Howard A. Griffith guilty of second-degree murder. They ordered the defendant to Raiford Prison for 20 years.

Attorneys for Griffith on February 5, 1963, filed a motion for a new trial, but this motion was denied.

Ben Noodell Had to Chase His Money to Death (from page 33)

tective and Identification Bureaus, the tension was creeping in. The usual banter was missing and one detective was asking another:

"You were with me on this one about six months ago—do you think this guy fits—he was a stick-up guy, tall and skinny—do you think he fits?"

Middle-shift detectives had fanned out over the area between the grocery store and the alley where the body had been found.

They came up with blanks. Many of the people interviewed said they had been watching television between 6:30 and 7:30 p. m.

One fifteen-year-old boy said he had heard a series of sharp explosions but thought they were backfire from an automobile.

None of the residents along the route probably taken by the grocer and his killer had been outside of their homes. Many said they were eating leisurely Saturday evening dinners.

Before Chief Ostler and Inspector Barnes left for their homes in the early morning hours, they had set up a task force to canvass the neighborhood where the killing occurred. It was to move into action at 6:30 a. m., just about when dawn would break.

EIGHT cruiser patrolman from "A" shift under Sergeant Jack Annin and eight from "B" shift under Sergeant Jacob H. Wingender would cover the territory from 16th Street to Florence Boulevard and from Locust Street to Spencer—an area that included the shooting scene with blocks to spare.

They were told to report any clue that might be even remotely pertinent to the case.

Chief Ostler and Inspector Barnes, mindful of the bitter cold and quick snows that had encompassed the Midwest during the previous three months, were eager to preserve every physical clue before it was obliterated by a change in the weather.

The two shifts of patrolmen, augmented by detectives working on their own, were in the area as only the earliest of churchgoers were leaving their homes.

Painstakingly, they worked through the alleys and streets. And it was a young patrolman, Robert M. Pfeffer, who came up with the most important find of the day.

Inside a garage just a few feet from where the grocer had died, Officer Pfeffer found a steak knife with a four-inch stainless steel blade. On the blade were several dark stains.

The knife immediately was rushed to Headquarters for examination.

Were the stains rust—or blood matching the type of the grocer who suddenly had met death in a muddy alley? Only laboratory tests could tell.

Again, like the clue of the dog tag, it could mean everything or nothing.

The tedious search continued, with policemen questioning every person they encountered.

By now the autopsy on the victim had been completed at the Douglas County Hospital by Doctor C. S. Moran.

Doctor Moran reported four bullet entry points—one on the bridge of the nose and four at the base of the skull. The deep cut in the throat started at the right ear and ended in the middle of the throat.

"It's possible the throat cut might not have been fatal if the man had received immediate medical attention," Doctor Moran reported. "But any one of the four bullet wounds would have caused almost immediate death."

The recovered bullets, which were copper jacketed, were partially mutilated. Carefully weighed they ranged between 69.1 grains and 80.1 grains with two of the four a fraction over 77 grains. They were .32 caliber.

The Identification Bureau technicians said rifling marks on the bullets showed they had been shot through a barrel having a right-hand twist with wide lands. This indicated they were fired from an old American make .32-caliber revolver or from a foreign make shooting the same type of bullet.

The bullets were tagged and carefully placed in four small glass containers and put under lock and key in the evidence vaults.

Chief Ostler and Inspector Barnes again were on the job co-ordinating the efforts of their men. Detective Lieutenant Murdock J. Platner was told that all reports from investigating officers would be turned over to him for study.

During conferences Lieutenant Platner would be expected to call attention to any new developments.

Detective Sergeants Henry Brink and Walt Wilson were sent to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Rohrer on Wyoming Street to re-question them in case they had recalled some details that escaped them in the excitement immediately following Noodell's slaying.

THE Rohrers willingly gave a step-by-step review of what they had related on the previous night, but nothing new of value was learned.

Mrs. Rohrer was shown several photographs of men who had taken part in similar store holdups but she could identify none.

"The only thing I might not have told you last night is that the man on the corner seemed to have extremely long arms and he was slowly swinging them back and forth even while he was standing still."

Brink and Wilson then went to the home of George Weiler on Forest Lawn Avenue. Weiler, like his employer, Rohrer, could add nothing to what he had told the police when first questioned.

Brink shook his head as he and Wilson walked back to their police car. "Walt, this has all the makings of one of those cases that cut years off a detective's life."

"Could be, Henry. I've got a feeling we'll have to find that young guy who bought the cigarettes and cards before we accomplish much. From what we know now he was the last one to see Noodell alive, and he also got a look at the killer. I wonder why he took a powder?"

This theory expressed by Sergeant Wilson was rapidly taking hold of the thinking in the higher brass at Central Police Station.

Chief Ostler called reporters of all news media together and asked them to urge the young man to come forward, as well as any other witnesses who had not yet told police what they knew. He emphasized the youth was not considered a suspect and that if he so desired his identity would be kept secret.

At 1:30 p. m. Sunday, Lieutenant Platner received a call at Headquarters from a woman who hesitantly related that an incident which had occurred to her and her daughter at seven o'clock the previous night might have some bearing on the case.

"We were driving north on Sixteenth Street when a man darted into the street as we neared Wirt," the woman said. "I was driving slowly and quickly brought my car to a complete halt. In attempting to avoid the car this man shoved his hand against my fender in a couple of places.

"He stared at us wildly for a moment and muttered something that sounded like a threat, so I started the car and pulled away. My daughter and I got to thinking about it and wondered if he might be involved in the killing of that grocer."

On the long chance that the man might have left some fingerprints that would prove of value later, Lieutenant Platner sent Brink and Wilson to the woman's home. They took the car to the Headquarters garage where it was dusted for prints, but none of value were found.

A man who lived in nearby East Omaha caused a flurry of excitement when he reported he had been shopping in Noodell's market the week before when Noodell pointed out another man to him.

"See that fellow over there?" Noodell reportedly asked. "We caught him shoplifting in here some time back and turned him over to the law. He got thirty days and now he's back. He doesn't think we remember him but we do, and we're watching him."

The informant described the man as a Negro, about six feet tall, weighing around 180 pounds.

"This could be something!" Lieutenant Platner exclaimed. "Maybe Noodell saw the guy shoplifting again, tried to detain him for the police and he refused to hold still for another jail sentence and went all the way and robbed the place."

Platner ordered the records searched. Almost immediately the man's name, Darrell Clinton, was found. Clinton had a long list of minor offenses.

But when Platner read Darrell's description he shook his head dubiously.

"This guy's fifty years old and boosting a few groceries seems to be his idea of a big job—no violence in his record. But go get him," Platner ordered.

THE lead fell with a dull thud when detectives investigated. Clinton had been with at least three persons during late Saturday afternoon and evening.

Feeling that Mrs. Selma Noodell, the wife of the dead grocer, had by now recovered somewhat from the first brutal shock of losing her husband, Platner sent detectives to talk to the woman.

What she had to say bolstered the theory that Noodell might have been chasing the robber when he met his death.

"Ben was a fighter," said Mrs. Noodell. "He served under General Patton in World War Two and was wounded in action."

The marks of a sleepless night were on Mrs. Noodell's face as she talked of her late husband.

"He always said no one was going to take his money without a fight, and I know he meant what he said," she added.

Mrs. Noodell said her husband had no enemies that she knew of, that he was well liked by the many people who traded in the store.

"Did your husband keep a gun in the store? If he did, we'd like to find it. It's possible the robber grabbed it from him in a scuffle and later used it to shoot him."

"I believe he kept one under some cloth on a lower shelf at the check-out stand," Mrs. Noodell said.

When the woman could add nothing more of importance, the officers thanked her and left. At the store they found Noodell's gun. It held four live cartridges and had not been fired recently. Furthermore, it was a different caliber than the one used to kill Noodell. This indicated the robber had been armed when he entered.

Darkness was closing in when the sixteen cruiser officers returned to the Central Police Station along with the detectives who had directed their canvass. It was about seven p. m., just 24 hours after the start of the baffling case which now had captured the attention of thousands of residents in the bustling livestock center of the world.

The solemn group of officers who clustered about their superiors that gloomy Sunday night had little to cheer about. No new clues after the finding of the steak knife had come from the exhaustive search on the north side, and although telephones in Headquarters had been ringing frequently the calls yielded nothing of value.

Fresh teams of detectives were leaving the station; others, who had been on duty continuously for 24 hours, were sent home for a few hours' sleep.

Chief Ostler and Inspector Barnes warned there would be no letup and no free time until the case was solved.

Several businesses and supermarkets had been held up in recent weeks, with one supermarket worker receiving a brutal beating about the head when he made a move to resist.

Chief Ostler knew there would be an immediate public clamor for a solution to the brutal slaying of the highly respected grocer who had survived some of the toughest fighting in Europe during World War II, only to fall before a bandit's gun.

Those directing the investigation evaluated their position. They were fairly sure their quarry had not fled the city because of the immediate attention they had given to the bridges, highways, railroad and bus stations.

Because of Mrs. Noodell's firm conviction that her husband never would have yielded to a bandit's demands without a fight, the officers were becoming more convinced Noodell had pursued the man who rifled the cash register.

A strong possibility existed that the gunman might strike again before leaving the city, because he had picked up only a little more than $300 in the holdup. A man fleeing a homicide charge, they reasoned, might want more money to go into hiding.

What puzzled the investigators most was the fact that apparently no one in that fairly populous portion of the city had seen the grocer and the bandit after they left the store.

Chief Ostler issued an ultimatum: the elusive youth who saw Noodell and the tall Negro leaving the store must be found.

All news media co-operated in publicizing this, and Chief Ostler repeatedly asked that the unknown youth phone Headquarters, even if he did so anonymously.

But a call from the young man was not among the many messages that came in that night or early Monday morning.

And as Monday wore on, another worry was added to the already overburdened Omaha Police Department. It started to snow in the afternoon and weather predictions said it would continue for some time.

Sergeant John Leahy was covered with snow as he entered Headquarters after a discouraging tour of eleven stores known to sell cartridges with the copper-jacketed type bullets that had spewed from the muzzle of the death gun. None of the proprietors had been able to recall selling such ammunition recently.

At 6:30 p. m. Detective Sergeant George L. Hauger took a long-distance call from police in Ponca City, Oklahoma. And for a few minutes he had other detectives clustering about him in anticipation of a break in the case.

THE name and serial number on the dog tag found at the scene of the slaying had been turned over to Government agents, who later had informed Omaha police that the last they knew of Anthony Hoden, the name on the dog tag, he had left the service and settled in Ponca City.

Omaha police immediately had contacted enforcement officers in Ponca City and asked their aid in locating and questioning Hoden.

The Ponca City officer talking to Sergeant Hauger had electrifying news. He had found Hoden.

"How does he check out?" Hauger asked.

"Hoden says the only time he ever was in Omaha was when he passed through on a troop train years ago," was the reply.

"What was he doing late Saturday afternoon?" Hauger asked.

"He has nothing to worry about in that direction, either," the Ponca City officer replied. "He was working from eight in the morning till four-thirty in the afternoon. His crew foreman verifies that. And he was with friends in the evening. He couldn't possibly have been in Omaha at the time of the killing."

"That tears it," said Hauger disconsolately, after hanging up. "He's in the clear."

He was no happier a few minutes later when the Ponca City officer called again to say that Hoden later had recalled losing a set of dog tags in a swimming pool in Japan in 1959.

"Maybe someone from your area was in Japan at that time and picked up the tags, figuring to use them to his own advantage eventually," the Ponca City policeman suggested.

"That could be the answer," agreed Sergeant Hauger, "but it leaves us absolutely nowhere so far as this case is concerned."

Outside, snow continued to fall and by Tuesday morning the storm had reached blizzard proportions with nine inches on the ground and no letup in sight. Cars were backed up for blocks on Dodge Street and the other main arteries of the city, as tens of thousands of Omahans tried to fight their way through the clogged streets. Most of the uniformed men on the force were attempting to bring some order from this chaos as the detectives, with no solid leads, went into their third day of investigation of the brutal killing.

Captain L. K. Smith had something to say to the 35 detectives before they went out to battle the snowy streets.

"Put the squeeze on your contacts," he ordered. "We have to locate that kid who saw Noodell and the Negro walking out of that grocery store.

"And put the pressure on your contacts for something else," he added. "We're pretty sure the killer has not left town, so find out if anyone in the vicinity of that store is suddenly spreading around more money than usual.

"I know we're not giving you much to go on but . . ." He shrugged his shoulders. "Okay, let's hit it and hope this snow stops before night."

LATER that day Captain Smith, Lieutenants Platner and Coleman and Sergeant Pitmon Foxall talked again to Frank Kawa, the butcher. They recorded the entire session on tape so they could play it again later for the other detectives. However, nothing new was learned from the questioning.

When the snow stopped falling, the city was digging out from under eleven inches.

Wet and tired detectives filed dejectedly into Central Police Headquarters, climbing the worn marble steps to report they had found neither the elusive young witness nor anyone out of work who had been spending money like it was going out of style.

The investigation continued on Wednesday, March 6, with the detectives putting pressure on every contact they had. Several men with no visible means of support who suddenly had turned into free spenders were reported and picked up. But to no avail. Each had a solid alibi for the critical hours on the previous Saturday evening.

The detectives kept talking, questioning, squeezing for more information. The pressure became enormous. The investigators added more. Over and over again they made their rounds. Somebody knew something, of that they were sure. And they had the time and the manpower to make him talk.

Now names were coming in to them. Reluctantly, in many cases, but names just the same. And each name was a lead.

The detectives funneled them back to Headquarters, where Lieutenant Platner typed them all on a case file sheet, with an "X" after each one every time it came in on a separate report.

And as the evening wore on, the name of one man—Harris—cropped up with increasing frequency, the line of X's behind his name grew longer. The man had been dead broke a week earlier, contacts told detectives. Now he seemed in better financial shape than they ever had known him.

Still, the dog-tired detectives didn't put complete faith in this one individual. On countless investigations they had seen promising leads kicked out from under them, so many they automatically denied themselves the relief of attaching unusual importance to any single trail.

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But at 10:45 p. m. a man came into the bureau and asked for Detective Sergeant William Smith.

What he had to say sent a ripple of excitement through the intently listening Sergeant.

"I hear this guy Harris has not only been spending money like he's got a barrelful," he confided to Smith, "but they tell me he was broke last week and was flashing a gun around. Now I hear he is looking for a used car to buy."

"What's his first name?"

"That's where I'm a little hazy," the man said. "But I understand he's tall and thin like they say that killer was supposed to be."

"Wait here—I've got to make a phone call," Smith said.

He then went into another room and telephoned the home of Lieutenant Coleman. "I think we've got a hot one," he said when Coleman answered.

Smith then gave a sketchy resume of his conversation with his informant.

"I'll be in right away," Coleman said. "I want to talk to your man. Phone Foxall and have him come in too."

A FEW minutes later, Coleman, Foxall and Smith were questioning the informant at length. When they were sure the man had told them everything he knew about Harris, the Lieutenant thanked him, warned him not to mention his visit to Headquarters and permitted the man to leave.

Piecing together odd bits of information from the informer, the investigators were able to tell approximately where Harris lived. Further inquiries in the neighborhood revealed his first name was Leon and that he was 32 years old.

Coleman and Foxall then checked on Harris in the Identification Bureau. They found he had served five years of a seven-year sentence in Mississippi for burglary, being released on November 15, 1960, and had been fined $50 for petit larceny in Omaha in March, 1961. Because of his record he had been refused a gun permit when he applied for one in December, 1961.

The two veteran detectives were finding it hard to keep from showing their elation.

They were further encouraged when they found that Harris now was reputed to be living with a woman on North 18th Street only a few blocks from the scene of the killing.

Shortly after three a. m. on Thursday, Coleman, Foxall, Smith and Sergeant Sam Lee, Jr., in two unmarked Detective Bureau cars, glided to a stop a couple of doors away from this address. They carried search warrants.

They stood quietly for a moment, looking at the ghostly silhouette of the rooming house standing out bleakly against the white of the snow.

Then Coleman motioned for Smith and Lee to cover the rear door, and he and Foxall moved silently up on the porch. Coleman knocked on the door.

Silence.

He knocked again, harder.

Finally, a sleepy woman in a shapeless wrapper answered the door. Quietly the officers identified themselves and said they wanted to talk to her. She permitted them to enter.

Sound asleep on a bed they saw a tall, thin Negro. Coleman walked over to him and shook him awake.

"What do you want?" the man demanded sleepily.

"Are you Leon Harris?"

"Sure. What of it?"

"We're police officers; we want to talk to you downtown."

Harris did not seem unduly alarmed.

Smith and Lee took Harris and the woman, Martha DeLong, to their car for the ride to Central Police Headquarters, while Coleman and Foxall remained behind to search the apartment.

They found no gun, the top item on their search agenda. But they did find several receipts for purchases made after Sunday of that week, and more than $100 cash.

Back at Headquarters the arresting detectives and Sergeant Marvin McClarty conferred for a short time and then sent for Harris.

"Start from the beginning, Harris, and tell us all about it—just what you were doing Saturday evening that suddenly put you in the chips."

Harris seemed undisturbed at the question.

He said that his boss, Jerry Gordon, who operated an interior decorating business, had picked him up at home late on Saturday afternoon and took him to a used-car lot where Harris was interested in buying an old Cadillac. Gordon left him there.

Harris said that while walking back to his place he bought some whisky and beer and that he, Martha DeLong, and another woman had listened to records while drinking.

"I got sleepy around nine o'clock and went to bed and that was it until I woke up Sunday morning," Harris concluded.

Under detailed questioning he stuck resolutely with his account of his Saturday night actvities. Miss DeLong told substantially the same story.

But as Sergeant McClarty was taking him back to his cell, Harris stopped a moment and told him:

"Say, I forgot one thing. I didn't sleep all night. I woke up about midnight and Martha and me took one of those jitney taxis over to some people's house and we stayed awhile."

McClarty said nothing but took Harris on back to his cell and then reported the suspect's statement to Coleman.

After hurried breakfasts and quick shaves, the detectives were back on the street, concentrating now on filling in Harris' background.

Coleman and Foxall found that Harris and his girl-friend had been very active the Monday morning after Noodell's slaying. A lawyer told them Harris had paid him $25 when he promised to help him get back his driver's license, which had been taken from him.

Later, the officers discovered that a receipt for $50 found in Harris' apartment represented the initial deposit on a used car.

Then, while talking to the landlord of the apartment where Harris lived with the DeLong woman, they got some information that caused their pulses to quicken.

"You say he was spending money for lawyers, a car and all that stuff," the landlord said indignantly. "Then why couldn't he pay that little old twelve-fifty weekly rent bill he owed me? Saturday afternoon they both told me they were sorry, they just didn't have it."

"You sure of that?" asked Foxall. "It was Saturday afternoon?"

"I'm not about to forget it," the man responded.

"Things are looking up," Foxall said happily as they walked toward their car. "Harris was broke before the killing and loaded afterwards."

"Let's go talk to the man Harris worked for," said Coleman.

Jerry Gordon said he regarded Harris as a good worker when he worked, but that he had not been showing up steadily of late.

He confirmed that he had picked up Harris, as the suspect had said under questioning, and taken him to a used-car lot, where he left him looking at a car.

"Did you ever see him with a gun?" Coleman asked suddenly.

Gordon paused a moment and then blurted out excitedly:

"Yes, I did—late in February! I was driving him to a job when he pulled an old gun out of a white sock. He asked me if I knew a place where he could get it re-blued."

The two detectives exhaled in unison, almost afraid to ask the clincher.

"Do you know where it is now?"

"No," was the disappointing reply. "I only saw it that once."

It was late evening when they walked into the station, but for the first time in several days the detectives hardly were conscious of their weariness.

Some good news awaited them.

Young Sergeant Pitmon Foxall, nephew of the veteran officer who had been traveling with Coleman, had been doing some detective work that would have done credit to his more experienced uncle.

He had found the elusive young buyer of the cigarettes and deck of cards—the youth the police had been imploring to come forward.

The witness gave a complete statement of the events that had transpired in front of him that Saturday night.

Coleman immediately arranged a line-up and the witness unhesitatingly picked out Harris as looking the most like the man he had seen accompanying Noodell out of the store.

A short time later Harris again was brought in for questioning, and it was a confident group of detectives who eyed him silently for a few moments.

"Leon," Coleman asked quietly, "what about that gun you keep in the white sock? Want to tell us about it now?"

Harris jumped from his chair and nervously paced the floor, his eyes averted from those of the waiting officers. For several minutes the room was silent except for the sounds of his footsteps.

Then he wilted.

"Yes, I—I guess I do," he said in a faltering voice.

Coleman sent a detective to telephone newly elected Donald Knowles, one of the all-time great basketball stars from Creighton University of Omaha, who is now Douglas County Attorney.

Knowles and one of his experienced assistants, Arthur O'Leary, had been following the case closely, knowing they would be occupying the two seats on the prosecution's side of the courtroom if a suspect were brought to book.

O'Leary was sent to the station by Knowles, along with a court stenographer who took Harris' statement.

O'Leary and police said that Harris told the following story:

On Saturday, March 2, at about seven p. m., he had left his apartment to buy beer. He had been drinking. When he neared Ben's Super Market he decided to hold up the place.

He said he told Noodell, "This is a stickup!" and ordered him to put all the money from the cash register in a paper sack. He said he kept his hand on his gun in his pocket but did not show the gun.

After getting the money he forced Noodell to leave the store with him. Once outside, he started to walk away, leaving Noodell in front of the store. But looking back he saw the grocer following him and started to run. He said he fell down, got up and ran again.

Harris said when he reached the alley he darted in, hoping to lose Noodell, but that he again lost his footing and Noodell closed with him.

Harris said Noodell had a knife, and as they wrestled in the alley he managed to take it from the grocer and stab at him. Then he allegedly said he fired his gun into the grocer's head several times as Noodell struggled to his knees. He then made his way to the apartment.

Harris, Coleman said, gave several versions of how he disposed of the gun, first saying he threw it into Carter Lake, near the slaying scene, and then insisting he had sold it to someone he did not know.

THE police believed neither version and re-questioned Miss DeLong. Finally she said Harris had given her the gun to put in her purse when they took the jitney taxi to the home of some friends late Saturday night. She said she didn't want Harris to be carrying a gun so she left it with the people they visited.

Coleman and the veteran Foxall immediately went to the house described by Miss DeLong. The gun was handed over without protest.

The revolver was an old .32-caliber model with two live cartridges using copper-jacketed bullets remaining in the cylinder. The knife, gun and slugs taken from Noodell's head were sent to the Federal Bureau of Investigation in Washington to be analyzed.

On Friday, March 8, 1962, Harris was charged with first-degree murder and taken before Municipal Court Judge Ross Newkirk.

Because Harris was without funds, he was scheduled to be represented by Public Defender A. Q. Wolf, one of the most respected defense attorneys in the city, and his assistant, E. T. Hayes.

At a preliminary hearing on March 26, Harris was bound over to District Court on a first-degree murder charge and ordered held without privilege of bond pending further legal action.

The names Anthony Hoden, Darrell Clinton, Martha DeLong and Jerry Gordon, as used in this story, are fictitious.

The Cover Story

ALTHOUGH most big-money crimes are engineered and carried out by men, occasionally a woman will make the big strike. Such is the situation depicted on this month's cover, which is symbolic and not intended to represent a story in this issue.

When this beautiful blonde surprised a small-town bank teller with a gun and a note demanding all the money in his cash drawer, he could do nothing except comply. And the split-second schedule which put her at the train station minutes later—the gun discarded, an innocuous hand case her only baggage—seemed perfection itself. How could she have foreseen that in the last moment a faulty catch would unfasten and dump out her loot before the gaze of a curious and law-conscious train conductor?

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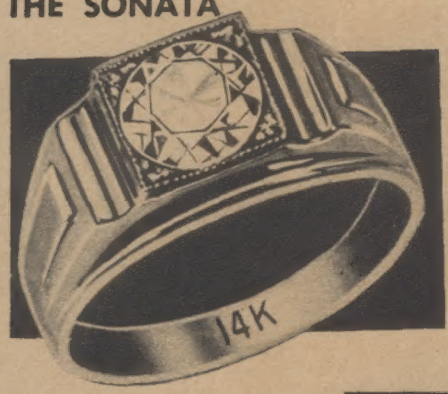

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